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THE PROGRESS OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

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THE rise of the social conscience was at first regarded in the light of an ordinary moral awakening. It was referred, perhaps naturally, but certainly with little thought, to the order of moral and spiritual phenomena with which we were familiar, — the anti-slavery struggle, temperance reforms, and revivals of religion. Gradually, however, it became evident to careful observers that it was of quite a different order: more nearly comparable, if comparisons were to be made, with such a phenomenon as the rise of the spirit of nationality. The spirit of nationality was not a revival of the spirit of race, or of religion, or of any of the traditional forces which had heretofore been dominant. It sprang out of its own environment. It was evoked by those conditions, social and political, which marked the transition from feudalism to democracy. Once evoked, it became in turn creative. Working usually, but not always, in coöperation with the spirit of liberty, it wrought steadily and persistently till it achieved its result in the nationalization of modern Europe.

To what extent the social conscience, called into being under the stress of present social and economic conditions, will effect a like reconstruction of modern society must be a matter of opinion or of faith; but this much is now evi-

dent: its aim is reconstructive as well as reformatory. It has already changed in large degree the moral tone of society. But what is of far more importance, it is giving us a new intellectual perspective through which we view all moral issues affecting society. It has changed the angle of moral vision so that we see the same things differently. The remark of the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour in regard to the mental change effected by the scientific revolution of the latter part of the nineteenth century applies with almost equal pertinency to the mental change which is being effected by the present social revolution: 'The mental framework in which we arrange the separate facts in the world of men and things is a new framework.'

In the following notes I have taken account of certain movements in the progress of the social conscience chiefly within the field of economics and politics. In other fields its activities have been equally marked and often more intense, but here there are clearer signs of sequence and progress. And yet I would not overestimate this distinction. The social conscience has been passing through the stage of knight-errantry. It was not to be expected that the chivalrous approach to social issues would be altogether constructive,

although thereby opening the way most clearly for constructive methods. The actual progress which it has made is best reflected in the changes wrought in public opinion. There lies the real test of the moral value of its activities, and there also is to be found the best measure of its moral development. Public opinion, as the governing force in modern democracy, is the objective of the social conscience.

I

FROM CHARITY TO JUSTICE

Apparently the social conscience sprang into action to resist the encroachments of monopolistic wealth upon the liberties of the people. That was its first conspicuous task. But it was not the beginning of its work. Before the public mind had been stirred by the thought of monopolistic wealth as a menace to liberty, there had been a growing sensitiveness and concern about the general relation of wealth to poverty. It was not true, any more then than now, that as the rich were growing richer the poor were growing poorer. But it was true that, while wealth increased rapidly, poverty remained a constant in the social order. The new social movement had for its immediate object a change in this static condition of poverty. It aimed, not simply at the relief of the poor, but at a reduction of poverty itself corresponding at least with the increase of wealth. Starting out of the broad field occupied by the charities, it put forth as its chief principle of action that in any attempt to solve the problem of economic poverty, the stress should be laid upon justice rather than upon charity.

Charity had long been the accredited means of communication between the rich and the poor. This was true, not only of private charity, but of the organized charities. The church was a

recognized almoner of the rich. Of course the object of charity, especially as privately administered, was to bring the rich and the poor together; but the increasing effect of it under changed economic conditions had been to separate them into classes, to add to the number of the poor and to confirm them in their poverty. The new movement sought to arrest this tendency by changing both the method and the object of social endeavor. The contrast between the old and the new was thus expressed in the language of the time: the old sought 'to put right what social conditions had put wrong,' to relieve, that is, the sufferings incident to existing conditions; the new sought 'to put right the social conditions themselves.'

It was clearly recognized that the attempt 'to put right social conditions' involved two things, — the thorough understanding of these conditions, and equally the coöperation of those living under them. The community was to be made the unit for social study and for associated effort. A neighborhood was regarded as the most practicable field possible for operation. Every neighborhood in a great city had necessities and also resources of its own. It had its own inner life. Relief might come from without, but reform must come from within. 'Social justice,' a term then first employed, must have its counterpart in 'community of interest.'

The movement which embodied these convictions found definite and almost spontaneous expression in the social settlement. With a zeal and self-denial which had been the almost exclusive characteristics of missionary enterprises, many young men and women from the colleges went into residence in the congested districts of the great cities, to study at first hand social and economic conditions, to awaken the neighborhood spirit, to organize for

the common advancement, and, above all, to give personal help, stimulus, and coöperation. Residential or social settlements were established in rapid succession. Within two decades there were over four hundred distributed through two thirds of the states of the Union. Many of them soon became recognized civic centres. Some of them assumed national interest and influence. As a body of coöperative organizations they have made contributions of rare and unique value to the literature of social and economic reform. The investigations carried on invariably show thoroughness of knowledge and sanity of judgment. The settlements have become recruiting grounds for the manifold agencies of social service. Not a few among the residents have been called to positions of high civic responsibility. It is not too much to say that the influence which emanated from these social centres has been the leaven of social reform in our cities. Nor is it too much to say that the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice which marked this inception of the social movement must continue to characterize it if it is to remain the exponent of the social conscience.

I have recalled this initial chapter in the history of the social movement in this country chiefly to show how radical a change has been brought about in the public mind regarding the relation of wealth to poverty. In 1889, Mr. Carnegie published two articles in the *North American Review*, which at the instance of Mr. Gladstone were republished in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the title, 'The Gospel of Wealth.' This term had been used incidentally by Mr. Carnegie at the close of his first article. 'Such in my opinion is the true *gospel concerning wealth*, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the rich and the poor.' This gospel was the now familiar theory of

Mr. Carnegie, that the millionaire should regard himself as the trustee of the wealth in his hands, to be administered by him for the benefit of society, — a theory to which, be it said to his lasting honor, he has clung in practice with fine consistency and splendid optimism, while the premises upon which it rests have been swept away. These premises, to quote his own words, were, first: 'We start with a condition of affairs' (referring to the present economic system) 'under which the best interests of the race are promoted but which *inevitably gives wealth to the few*'; and second: 'The millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor, entrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but *administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself*.'

In the general acclaim which followed the announcement of this gospel the premises on which it rested were almost entirely overlooked, at least in their economic implications. To-day these economic implications, rather than the gospel itself, are foremost in public thought and concern. I know of no community which would now be willing to accept a gift from Mr. Carnegie upon condition of subscribing to his postulates. The consequences to society of such acceptance are everywhere apparent. If the present economic system must 'inevitably give wealth to the few,' then Socialism is near at hand. If the few can 'administer wealth for the community far better than it could or would do for itself,' then democracy has reached the limit of its intelligence and responsibility.

Doubtless it is owing to Mr. Carnegie's theory of the function of wealth that he is not taken quite seriously as a philanthropist. His public gifts are accepted with a good humor corresponding to his own, but hardly with

gratitude. Whatever may be the ultimate effect of some of the benefactions which he has put into permanent form (the good or harm to society depending altogether upon the way in which they are administered), it is evident that the theory lying back of them will expire under personal limitations. The gospel of the millionaire has already been superseded by the law of social justice acting through social responsibility.

II

THE STRUGGLE WITH MONOPOLY

The growth of monopoly came upon the people of this country as a surprise and as a shock. It was a surprise because it had been assumed that monopolies were the special perquisites of a monarchical government. What place could they have in a democracy? How could they enter in? It was to be learned only through experience that a democracy, established in a rich and unexploited country, might become a fruitful field for monopoly; that the bounty of nature might become a lavish substitute for royal favor; that private enterprise might reach larger results than could be secured by intrigue or preferment; that legislation undertaken in the interest of prosperity, as under certain forms of the tariff, might leave unguarded many places for the incoming of privilege; and that combinations effected to prevent the strife and waste of competition might produce the trust. The shock of this apparent invasion of monopoly was due chiefly to the sudden increase and concentration of wealth. This in itself was sufficient to awaken suspicion. But what especially aroused the social conscience was the arbitrary exercise of power and the ostentatious display of luxury which attended the new wealth. The social atmosphere grew thick with suspicion and distrust. Not a few of

those who seemed to profit most by the changed conditions were looked upon as 'social malefactors.' It did not seem possible that so much wealth could be acquired so easily and so quickly, and yet honestly. Certainly the new ways of gaining and of spending money were not in keeping with the traditional and accepted habits of a democracy.

There was at first a sense of helplessness in the endeavor to stay the social effects of so much corrupting wealth. But this feeling only increased and intensified the determination to get at the causes of the sudden and vast increase, and if possible to arrest them at the sources. It is difficult even now to determine how much of the new wealth was due to monopoly. But investigation showed very clearly that far too large a proportion of the national resources had passed into private ownership without any equivalent return; that gross discriminations had been made by the great carrying companies; that combinations of capital acting in restraint of production and of trade had gained control of various kinds of business; and that the government itself, through tariff legislation, had often become a party to privilege. A much more serious fact was brought to light, namely, that the spirit of monopoly had begun to take possession of the business mind of the country. It was no longer a disgrace, but a mark of enterprise, to acquire privileges. Under various names and guises, always bearing some patriotic stamp, the attempt was constantly made to gain privileges and advantages through the state or federal government, which were virtually of the nature of monopoly.

The story of the struggle against monopoly is for the most part told in the record of legislative enactments, state and federal, and of judicial decisions. The record shows remarkable consistency and tenacity of purpose.

The struggle has been maintained as the government has passed from administration to administration and from party to party. It has been not only consecutive but cumulative. An amendment to an anti-monopolistic measure has always been more drastic than the original act. As the occasions for conflict with open monopoly have passed, the spirit of conflict has gone over into the search for monopolistic tendencies, in the attempt, to quote the language of the President, 'to kill monopoly in the seed.'

Within the sphere of federal legislation there has been direct sequence of action, from the Sherman Anti-Trust law of 1890, through the Interstate Commerce act made effective by the amendment of 1906, through the various enactments for the conservation of the national resources, to the more recent acts creating a Federal Reserve Board to restore 'democracy of credit,' and a Federal Trade Commission to attempt the restoration of free competition in business. I do not refer to the tariff in this enumeration because tariff legislation must follow the swing of the political pendulum until the tariff is placed on a non-partisan and scientific basis. So long as tariff legislation is allowed to be reckoned a party asset it can have little moral significance. Under the plea of 'tariff reform' the Democratic party came into power, and within two years the cry of 'tariff and prosperity' very nearly brought back the Republican party into power. The essential tariff reform is to take the tariff out of politics. An income tax, the necessary complement of tariff reduction, has not yet been made in any true sense a democratic measure. Few will question the justice of a cumulative tax, even at a high rate of progression, but surely a tax is far from being democratic which altogether exempts the vast majority of prop-

erty holders, reaching under the present law but one half of one per cent of the whole population. In any conscientious interpretation of democracy it ought to be as humiliating to the average citizen to be exempted from taxation as to be passed over in the call to arms for the defense of the country.

The campaign against monopoly produced certain indirect results, affecting the working of the political system and the method of administering the government, the full consequences of which cannot as yet be estimated. It gave the people of this country what English writers call 'the sense of the state,'—not necessarily more devotion to it, but the sense of its power as a political instrumentality. The attempt of the people to make use of the powers of the state against the encroachments of monopoly showed them how completely they had been anticipated in the use of these powers by those acting in the interest of various monopolies. Powerful interests, often representing non-resident capital, as in California and in some parts of the West, had gained control of state legislatures. Suspicion was rife regarding the financial legislation of Congress. It was charged in particular that the Senate had become the seat of privilege.

The evident remedy for this state of affairs was to prevent the possible alliance of corrupt politics with corrupt business. Two measures were devised for the accomplishment of this purpose: the primary, to do away with the party manager or 'boss' through whom political deals were made; and the recall, to keep the official representative of the people within their reach while in office. Election to the United States Senate was taken from the state legislatures and put directly into the hands of the people. The movement for more direct government as a safeguard against monopoly was widespread and gave

rise to a vast amount of political experimentation, much of which still awaits the test of practicality. Any excess of political machinery in the interest of reform soon defeats its own end unless a suitable corrective can be applied. The most promising corrective for present excesses is the short ballot.

Of much more importance, however, in view of future possibilities, is the change which was effected in the method of governmental regulation, — the change, to so considerable a degree, from general control by the courts to a more immediate supervision by commissions. This modification or enlargement of the federal function looks beyond regulation or even control, and opens the way, when the object may be desired, to government ownership. The history of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that government regulation and control by commission may not only prepare the way for, but also in certain contingencies necessitate, government ownership. It seems improbable that the transportation system of the country can be carried on indefinitely under two masters. Without doubt the commission system will familiarize both the government and the people with the idea and with the methods of government ownership. Without doubt also it may help to develop the unexpended national resources and to recover some that are being wasted or mismanaged under private control. Occasions, like the strikes in the mine industries of Colorado, which call for federal interference, suggest very forcibly the idea of federal operation through purchase or lease. In general it may be said that the struggle against monopoly has tended and still tends to make larger use of the government for the ownership and operation of public utilities. The chief danger in this tendency lies in the displacement or disuse of some of the fundamental

functions of government. So consistent a radical as John Morley remarks, in commenting on the disturbance of the judiciary in a constitutional government, 'Weakening confidence in Parliament would be formidable, but confidence destroyed in courts of justice would be taking out the linchpin.'

III

THE VENTURE INTO 'PRACTICAL POLITICS'

Perhaps it was not to be expected that the newly awakened 'sense of the state' would be satisfied with changes in the machinery of government allowing a freer and more direct use of governmental power by the people. The field of practical politics, always tempting, offered a peculiarly alluring opportunity. Both of the existing political parties had, for different reasons, lost the full confidence of the country. The Democratic party, long out of power, had ceased to fulfill the real function of a party in opposition. The Republican party, grown arrogant through its long lease of power, and showing distinct monopolistic tendencies, had become the object of much popular discontent. This discontent culminated in serious internal dissensions. The open revolt of Mr. Roosevelt, following the action of the Chicago Convention of 1912, gave promise of the success of a new party, pledged to the one aim of social justice, under the banner of a leader of personal magnetism and of tried political sagacity. The Progressive party thus organized drew to its support many of those who had long been at work in various ways under the stimulus of the social conscience. In the enthusiasm of the hour it seemed to them advisable to commit the issues of social reform to the fortune of politics. Great confidence was placed in the assumed analogy between the formation of the

Progressive party and that of the Republican party. It was believed that corresponding results would follow.

The confidence placed in the analogy between the Republican and Progressive parties proved to be misleading at two vital points. In the first place, the Republican party started out with a distinct and commanding issue, an issue also which was pregnant with great possibilities. 'No more slave states' meant a clear line of defense against the extension of slavery and involved the possibility of its extinction. The apprehension of this fact by both North and South made war itself imminent. 'Social justice' was by contrast a vague and indeterminate cause. Restated in terms of specific reforms, it lost the effectiveness of a single and imperative issue. Most of the reforms demanded were matters for state legislation. Some states were far in advance of others in their reformatory work, notably Massachusetts among the older, and Wisconsin among the newer states. The carrying out of social reforms through legislation required much effort to overcome popular inertia, as also at times to overcome the secret opposition of private and corporate interests. But for the success of a reform party there was need of sharper and more exciting antagonism. In fact, it was soon found that there could be no political monopoly in the matter of reform. The unexpected moral renaissance of the Democratic party, with its own progressive programme, greatly reduced the opportunity of a Progressive party. In this political exigency it became necessary to revert more and more to the personal and political issues which had created and which maintained the feud in the Republican party.

In the second place, the assumed analogy between the leaders of the respective parties at their formation was misleading. Mr. Lincoln became the

recognized leader of the Republican party through a process of moral evolution. Other leaders gradually gave place as his supreme qualifications were made clear. But his leadership was essentially moral rather than political. His rare political sagacity was seen to be the practical outcome of his wisdom and rectitude. His moral insight, his intense sympathies, his enduring courage, his undaunted faith, and perhaps more than these, his humility and almost infinite patience, made him the leader he was. These characteristics may be said to have created a new type of leadership. Incapable of self-assertion, he had the far greater power of merging his whole personality in the cause for which he stood, and the equal power of identifying himself with all those with whom he was called upon to act and to suffer. He thus became the leader, because the representative, of the people in their hour of chastisement, of suffering, and of struggle. In the striking epitome of Mr. Emerson, 'He was the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.'

Mr. Roosevelt is at least different, and the difference marks the contrast between the moral and the political leader. Mr. Roosevelt is not wanting in great moral qualities. He is broadly and genuinely human. His manifestations of regard for his fellow men are no affectation. He is incorruptibly honest, quite immune to the temptations of money. He has a true understanding of the elemental virtues. He has ideals, held fast to practical uses through a saving common sense. He has moral

as well as physical courage. He can fling himself with contagious abandon into a political fight. The versatility of his personal power is remarkable. He can do almost anything with himself except subordinate himself. That exception marks his moral limitation. When men or causes come within his personal environment he sees them primarily in their relation to himself. Loyalty or disloyalty to him defines their character. Hence his otherwise inexplicable discrimination between political bosses of the same type. Hence his lapses in the maintenance of personal friendships. Hence his choice of the specific issues to be urged in a political campaign. Mr. Roosevelt is not to be characterized as a selfish man. I believe him to be as capable of sacrifice as of heroism. But his egoism — to keep to the point in question — put him at a wide remove from Mr. Lincoln as a moral leader. It made quite useless any comparison with a view to support from an assumed historic parallelism.

Another characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's leadership in contrast with that of Mr. Lincoln — a characteristic which adds to his attractiveness as a political leader but detracts from the seriousness of his moral leadership — is his sporting instinct. He is the sportsman in politics. He follows the game. He plays the issue which has the immediate political effect. He has his eye constantly on his antagonists, who for the time are his 'enemies.' These must never be lost sight of, though principles may be retired from view. Under Mr. Roosevelt's direction, the New York Progressive platform in the last election treated of Republican bosses rather than of progressive principles. He was evidently more than willing to stay the march into the Promised Land for a return into Egypt to unseat the Pharaohs. This was good sport; it may have been good

politics; it was not moral leadership. Grant that the corrupt or reactionary boss is a vital issue to-day in the political life of the nation, as is certainly true in some localities; then evidently the place to meet the issue is within the afflicted party. There it ceases to be a game and becomes a fight. When Mr. Roosevelt left the Republican party he gave up his vantage ground as a political in distinction from a social reformer, a loss of which apparently no one is more conscious than himself. Had he remained in the party it is hardly presumable that he would have been a negligible quantity in the election in New York, or that he would have failed of his contention in Pennsylvania. The progressive element which he took out of the party might have been employed to far greater advantage within.

It is difficult to estimate the actual moral influence of the Progressive party because of the overshadowing interest or curiosity of the public regarding its effect on the political future of Mr. Roosevelt. The Progressive party has also had to reckon with the fact, always to be reckoned with in the appeal to politics as in the appeal to arms, that the moral result is largely affected by success or failure. Had the party succeeded unmistakably as a political force, its power of moral impression would have been greatly enhanced. To the degree in which it has failed politically, the whole moral movement in which it had a part has been prejudiced in the public mind, because of its insistent claim to be the exponent of the social conscience of the country. At present it seems hardly probable that both of the controlling parties will so far defy the moral sense of the nation as to give occasion for a third party committed to the maintenance and furtherance of social justice. The antagonism of Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Wilson, the disaffection of the busi-

ness interests of the country, the protracted uncertainty in regard to Mexican affairs, or unforeseen complications in the foreign policy of the government, may lead Republicans and Progressives to unite on the sole issue of effecting a change in the administration; but even in this outcome of the political situation it may be fairly assumed, so great has been the advance in public opinion, that the genuine progressive voter, whatever his party affiliations, will continue the contest for social and economic reform, as the independent voter of the earlier part of this generation carried on the contest for civil-service reform, irrespective of party, till the battle was won.

IV

HUMANIZING INDUSTRIALISM

In 1857 John Stuart Mill wrote, 'Hitherto it is quite questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish.'

This sweeping indictment, though written a half-century after the inventions which gave rise to modern industrialism went into operation, must be accepted to-day with very large modifications. And yet the astonishing fact remains, in spite of the many reliefs of labor, and in spite of the great advances in convenience and comfort brought about by mechanical inventions in which the industrial laborer shares, that industrialism is the pre-

vailing and persistent cause of popular discontent in a democracy.

The social curse of industrialism as it now exists lies in its effect upon the disposition and temper of industrial workers. It has taken away from them the zest for work, than which nothing is more necessary to social progress. This alienation in spirit of the man from his work is as evident in the higher ranks of industrial labor as in the lower ranks. The fact in itself ought to be allowed to make its due impression before considering the reasons for it. Whatever may be the causes which have given a distinct character and tone to 'the mind of the wage-earner,' the fact stands out that his 'mind' is the most difficult mental factor to be brought into right relation to the common fellowship of work.

On one side of the industrial worker is the professional or clerical worker, usually a wage-earner or salary-earner. On the other side is the farmer or independent mechanic, a manual worker. Among these, his neighbors and fellow workers, there may be complaints and grievances, but no common dissatisfaction over the work in hand. On the whole the common characteristic of all workers outside industrialism is zest for their work. What makes the difference? Why has industrialism robbed the individual and society of this inestimable boon? If the social conscience is to act effectively, not only for the physical relief of the industrial worker, but also for a reform of the spirit of industrialism, the reasons for the existing state of mind must be understood. It is absurd to assume that the industrial worker has an inborn aversion to work. The causes of this alienation of the man from his 'job' must lie, not in him but in his environment.

There are three definite if not altogether justifiable reasons for his attitude and spirit: industrialism has put

him under the domination of the machine; it has subjected him to various conditions not of his own choosing; and it has deprived him of the stimulus and incentive to private ownership. Much has been accomplished to modify the effect of the first two causes of discontent, and much more is in the process of accomplishment. The social conscience is growing extremely sensitive to the increasing wear and tear incident to employment under machinery, especially upon the physical life of women and children. On their own account and for the welfare of the race, it is seen to be necessary that the most careful safeguards be established and enforced by vigilant supervision. And in general it is seen that the protection of the worker must keep pace with the inventions which intensify the power of the machine. The record of protective legislation is encouraging, and it is also suggestive of the practical value of more humane conditions in the productive industries.

I think that the humanizing of industrialism, so far as it can be expressed in ways of relief and protection, is likely to be achieved by the common, though often unrelated, efforts of those most concerned: by the foresight of the wiser employers, private and corporate, by the steady pressure of trade-unions, and by the persistence of the social reformers. Among these agencies the most uncertain is the employer or manager of labor. At a recent meeting of the Society to Promote the Science of Management one speaker remarked, 'The greatest grievance that any group of employees can have against their employers is lack of intelligence in the conduct of their business. The man who assumes industrial leadership is an industrial menace unless he makes or has made those studies which inform him as to the vital facts of his business.'

According to authoritative testimony given before the Federal Industrial Commission it is not regarded as the business of the directors of a corporation to inform themselves as to the facts concerning the conditions of labor. Those facts are delegated to the manager. What if the manager, as is not infrequently the case, reflects the mind of the director, a mind set to the task of increasing profits? Manifestly every corporation needs for its own intelligent management an advocate of its employees, a kind of tribune of labor, unless it proposes to rely on the labor-unions to correct the faults of its ignorance.

But in the broadest sense all efforts for relief and protection are relatively negative in their effects. They do not reach far enough into human nature to touch those springs of desire and purpose which make the daily work a satisfaction and a possible joy. No man can be satisfied with his work who is not allowed a share in the responsibilities and rewards of private ownership. Industrialism, under present conditions, deprives its workers of this satisfaction. It makes no provision for their individuality. It swallows up the individual in the class, leaving him in just complaint over his unsatisfying lot. And the most disheartening fact is that those who suffer most from this lack in industrialism have sought for compensating equivalents rather than for a reform of the system. Trade-unionism and socialism have their solutions of the problem, but neither finds a solution in the one consistent means of increasing satisfaction with work. Trade-unionism finds its solution in shorter hours and in higher wages. It looks primarily to the man outside his work, not to the man in his work, except for his necessary protection. It does not stimulate to the highest degree of excellence. In this respect it has not inherit-

ed the spirit of the guilds. It tolerates mediocrity. It leaves the question of standards to the 'boss.' I do not now recall any public mention of the meetings of industrial workers in any trade called for the discussion of methods of bettering the product, like those which are frequently held by agricultural workers.

The obvious reply may be made that under the system improvement is not the business of the union. The pertinence of this reply is the ground of my contention against the present working of the industrial system. For trade-unionism I have a profound respect, notwithstanding its shortcomings, and in some cases its unpardonable offenses. It has met the problem of industrialism from the side of the wage-earner as nothing else could have done, and has given him rights and compensations which could have been gained in no other way. But it has not met the problem of industrialism from the side of the wage-earner as a man who is entitled to the human reward of his work. Its solution is, simply, more money for the job and more time outside it. The work still remains drudgery.

Something more may be said for the socialistic solution. The Socialist demands public ownership. This solution gives the industrial worker an equal right in the common product, and it distributes the work over the whole body. The abolition of private property means of course the enforced equality of manual labor. But the redistribution of work will not foster the love of it. Work is still drudgery to be minimized only by its wider distribution. The dissatisfaction of the industrial worker is reduced supposedly in quantity, but his disposition is not thereby changed. Neither can public ownership satisfy or eradicate the instinct of acquisition. The right to pri-

vate property, like the right to a home, is one of the halting places where we stop in the surrender of our individuality to the collective good. Without doubt we yet have very much of our individual holdings to surrender for the good of society, from which surrender every one will receive a return in the way of an investment. Socialism has made many justifiable gains at the expense of what had become an unjustifiable and unremunerative individualism, but there is an irreducible remainder to be accepted and honored if we are to preserve our individuality. We cannot as individuals give up the right to love and the right to work; and the right to work means, if anything, the right to the incentives and satisfactions which belong to work.

I think, however, that Socialism rather than trade-unionism holds the coming alternative regarding industrial labor, — public ownership or the opening of industrialism in larger degree to private ownership. No one can overlook the relative increase of the industrial classes, stimulated alike by capital, by inventions, and by immigration, or their growing separateness in matters social and political. Socially we are coming nearer to one another through our recreations than through work. The automobile, for example, is bringing about a noticeable equality. The equality of the road counts for a good deal in the present state of physical restlessness. But motoring, like baseball or any other recreation, has to do with us out of work hours.

Our work may yield us the means of more outside enjoyment without increasing in the least our satisfaction in the work itself. But it is the daily task, with its rigid requirements, with the conditions it imposes, and the spirit it creates, that determines the character of a democracy. If we are to become in increasing degree an industrial demo-

cracy, it will be the industrial factor rather than the democratic which will give the shaping touch. Hence the concern of the social conscience, far beyond questions of relief or protection, with the problems of industrialism. If the exclusion of the many industrial workers from the field of private property means the probable or possible shifting of society to the basis of collective ownership, it is none too soon to ask how far this exclusion is essential to the working of the system. Must the wage be accepted as the sole means of communication between capital and labor, making labor accessible to capital, but leaving capital inaccessible to labor? Or is the system capable of admitting such supplementary relations as will allow to labor more direct access to management and ownership?

The term 'share' applied to the corporate ownership of many industries has a suggestive meaning at this point. Without doubt the wage was as great an advance for the convenience of industry as the introduction of money for purposes of trade in place of barter. The wage is a well-defined, clean-cut agency for fixing productive values in terms of labor. It has an educative power over the laborer, helping him to measure his relative worth. It relieves him from certain annoying responsibilities, like taxes, incident to all private ownerships, even the least. And it furnishes him with a reasonably stable means of livelihood. But, as has been contended, it does not put him in the right attitude toward his job, chiefly because it does not appeal to the instinct of acquisition. An 'interest' in the business, however small it may be, is always enough to change one's disposition toward it.

From the nature of the case, holdings in so-called industrials are different from agricultural holdings. The industrial plant cannot be divided and sub-

divided like landed properties. But as ownership in the industries is for the most part corporate, that is, collective, there is no inherent reason why it should not be made accessible to those who are otherwise necessary partners in all the productive activities of a corporation. Some noteworthy experiments have shown the practicability of the principle, such as the rating of wages for a given period on the basis of stock and declaring a corresponding dividend to the wage-earner, or the offering to employees of stock in small denominations and at par, whatever may be the premium. The principle of allowing wages to earn an interest in the business, once accepted and duly provided for, would produce a direct moral effect upon the mind of the wage-earner. As has been suggested, any 'interest,' however small, would effect a change of disposition and temper. But the principle admits of a very considerable expansion in the more stable industries, where the wage-earner is reasonably secure of permanent work. The practical result ought to keep pace with the growing intelligence, skill, and thrift of the wage-earner, and above all with his more efficient attitude toward his job. The enormous growth of coöperative production in European countries shows how much room there is in industrialism for experiments in relief of the deadening effect of the wage-system. Industrialism in this country still lacks that courageous initiative on the human side, through which the mechanical inventions may be made to effect, in the prophetic words of Mill, 'those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish.' The time has come to expose and to meet in practical ways the fallacy involved in the much-used distinction between human rights and property rights. Human rights are not furthered or advantaged by the sup-

pression of property rights. Human rights in property rights have yet to be recognized and satisfied. There lies the unfulfilled task of humanizing industrialism.

V

REINFORCEMENT OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE THROUGH THE ENTRANCE OF WOMAN INTO CIVIC LIFE

The development of the social conscience has followed in the main the course of its activities, putting forth those qualities which from time to time have been called for. With a single exception, no new factor has entered into this process of development. That exception is worthy of note for its influence upon the character and efficiency of the social conscience. I refer to the entrance of woman into the responsibilities and opportunities of civic life. This entrance of woman into civic life has been effected quietly but rapidly, while society has been discussing her political status. In fact it may be said to have made suffrage an incident rather than the goal of her civic progress. Without doubt it has worked to the advantage of suffrage in that it has advanced the argument from the stage of rights to that of capabilities.

So long as the movement was known as 'woman's rights' it made comparatively little headway, in spite of the fact that the argument from rights, unvexed by questions of expediency, was really unanswerable. If suffrage is anybody's right, if, that is, the political obligation or privilege is of the nature of a right, it is not logical to make it a matter of sex. The final reference of the question to physical force — the right to vote must rest on the ability to fight — would, if insisted upon, withdraw the ballot from all men unable or unwilling to fight. The ballot should then rest on conscription. The com-

promise frequently suggested — that women be allowed to vote when the majority declare themselves in favor of suffrage — has this to commend it: it seeks to guard against the danger to the state from the extension of unoccupied rights. But even this danger cannot fairly be said to invalidate the rights of the individual as such, whatever others of a given class may or may not care to do. It simply raises the question of expediency. The danger from unoccupied rights is far less than the danger from the denial of rights.

And yet, as I have said, in spite of the unanswerableness of the argument from rights, the movement for suffrage made little headway from the force of the argument alone. Militancy would have brought it to a standstill. The acceleration of the movement for woman's suffrage has come from the demonstration of her capacity for civic life.

This capacity has resulted in large degree from the educational and industrial training of women. A great many are seen to be fitted for doing, and many are seen to be doing, the very things for which it has been assumed that suffrage would prepare the way. Their example has had the twofold effect of making suffrage seem at once less necessary and more logical; certainly it has made more evident the inconsistency of denying suffrage to those so well qualified to exercise it. Such has been the effect of the public services rendered by the residents of Hull House and of like settlement houses operated by women; such the effect of the influence of many women in official positions; such the effect of the executive ability displayed by certain women in the management of estates. I recall a remark of Judge Theodore W. Dwight, that the decline of Rome was marked by the transfer of great

fortunes to the widows of wealthy men, who became thereby the prey of adventurers. The like transfer of fortunes in this country within recent years gives a striking proof of progress, disclosing in many cases an equal if not superior competency on the part of women in dealing with the highest uses of money. A glance through the *Woman's Who's Who* of America shows both suffragists and anti-suffragists to be in agreement in the estimate they place upon civic duties and in their willingness to assume them. Whenever and wherever suffrage comes it is quite sure to appear that it has been anticipated in many of the civic responsibilities, some of them official, at which it aims,—a fact which ought to reduce suffrage to its fit proportion in the general advance of woman, and likewise take away any fear of its assumed unnaturalness or impracticability.

Although the entrance of women into civic life has been complicated by discussions about suffrage, it has had a most stimulating effect upon the social conscience. It has reinforced the social conscience at points where it needed strengthening. Moral reform is quite sure to suffer from the lack of singleness of purpose and from the lack of persistence. The average citizen is willing to support a reform movement if it does not conflict too much with other interests, and if it does not take too much of his time. These limitations characterize the action of most men in business. The professional anti-reformers understand perfectly these elements of human weakness in reform, and simply give them time to produce their effect. There has been a noticeable change in the spirit of civic reforms since women became more directly concerned in them. They are kept to their purpose and held to their accomplishment. The charge is made that where women have the right to vote they sel-

dom register in full numbers for general elections. Doubtless the charge is true. The compensating fact appears in the definiteness of their interests and in their tenacity of purpose when their interests are aroused.

Any one who follows the course of legislation must take note of the vast increase of legislative action on subjects which invite especially the judgment, the intelligence, and the experimental knowledge of women. The widening of the field of investigation for legislative purposes is largely in those directions in which women of trained minds can best act as experts. And many of the administrative positions created within this widening field under legislative supervision can best be filled by women.

I am well aware of the protest which may be made at this point in behalf of the home and its duties, and I am in sympathy with its intent. But there are two considerations to be kept in mind when this protest is unduly urged. In the first place it is unfair to the individual woman and to society to hold all women in reserve for duties which may never come to some of them. It is of no advantage to the home to keep up a large waiting list of unoccupied women. Marriage has the acknowledged right of way. There are very few occupations which cannot be adjusted to its requirements, or which will not be surrendered on its demands. And in the second place, many civic duties are in no way incompatible with those of the home. They are in fact simply an extension of these duties. The question of the use of time is very largely personal. In most families allowance is made for reading, recreation, and the various social conventions. The vast amount of time consumed in 'bridge,' for example, has been taken from the home, rather than from the school, the office, the factory, or the store. There seems

to be no sufficient reason for arresting the progress of women at the line of civic duties. Doubtless here as elsewhere there is a good deal to be learned about wise economies of time through the incoming of new interests into the daily life.

The statement was made at the beginning of this article that the actual progress of the social conscience is best reflected in the changes brought about in public opinion. In any candid review of its progress, even within the limits of those movements which have been under discussion, it will appear, I think, that the social conscience has done very much to refurnish the public mind with ideas and principles, and with conceptions of duty, fit and adequate to the new demands of society. In particular it may be claimed that it has reinstated the conception of justice above that of charity in the ethics of philanthropy;

that it has recalled liberty to a service in behalf of economic freedom equivalent to that accomplished in behalf of political freedom; that it has awakened a 'sense of the state' corresponding to the increase of political responsibilities; that it has made society sensitive to the inhumanities of industrialism and is teaching society how to estimate the property rights which are involved in human rights; and that it is creating an open mind toward the entrance of woman into civic life. This retrospect, bringing to mind the changes in public opinion effected by the social conscience, may have a timely significance if it shall give us any ground to hope that, when the conscience of the nations has been fully aroused, changes may be effected in the public opinion of the world which shall guarantee the restoration of peace and the renewal of civilization.

THE MODEST IMMIGRANT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It is now nearly fifty years since Mr. Lowell wrote his famous essay, 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,' an essay in which justifiable irritation prompted the telling of plain truths, and an irrepressible sense of humor made these truths amusing. It was well for Mr. Lowell that he was seldom too angry to laugh, and he knew, as only a man of the world can know, the saving grace of laughter. Therefore, though confessedly unable to understand why

foreigners should be persuaded that 'by doing this country the favor of coming to it, they have laid every native thereof under an obligation,' he was willing in certain light-minded moods to acquit himself honorably of the debt. When a genteel German mendicant presented a letter 'professedly written by a benevolent American clergyman,' and certifying that the bearer thereof had long 'sofered with rheumatic paints in his limps,' Mr. Lowell rightly considered that a composition so rich in the *naïveté* common

to all Teuton mendacities was worth the money asked. When a French traveler assured him, with delightful *bonhomie*, that Englishmen became Americanized so rapidly that 'they even begin to talk through their noses, just like you do,' the only comment of our representative American was that he felt ravished by this testimony to the assimilating powers of democracy.

Nevertheless, it is well in these years of grace to reread Mr. Lowell's essay, partly because of its sturdy and dignified Americanism, and partly because we can then compare his limited experiences with our own. We can also speculate pleasantly upon his frame of mind could he have lived to hear Mrs. Amadeus Grabau (Mary Antin) say, 'Lowell would agree with me,' — the point of agreement being the relative virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers and the average immigrant of to-day. When the dead are quoted in this fashion and nothing happens, then we know that, despite the assurances of Sir Oliver Lodge, the seal of silence is unbroken. Were the proud souls who have left us able and willing to return, it would not be to reveal the whereabouts of a lost penknife, but to give the lie to the words which are spoken in their name.

The condescension which Mr. Lowell observed and analyzed was in his day the shining quality of foreigners who visit our shores. Immigrants were then less aggressive and less profoundly self-conscious than they are now, and it is the immigrant who counts. It is his arrogance, not the misapprehension of the tourist, or the innocent pride of the lecturer, which constitutes a peril to our republic. We can all of us afford to smile with Mr. Lowell at the men and women who, while accepting our hospitality, 'make no secret of regarding us as the goose bound to deliver them a

golden egg in return for their cackle.' That they should not hesitate to come without equipment, without experience, without even a fitness for their task, seems to us perfectly natural. Perhaps they have written books which none of us have read, or edited periodicals which none of us have seen. Perhaps they have known celebrities of whom few of us have heard. It does not matter in the least. From the days when Miss Rose Kingsley came to tell us the worth of French art (does not the ocean roll between New York and Paris?), to the days when Mrs. Pankhurst came to tell us the worth of womanhood (does not the ocean roll between Boston Common and Hyde Park?), we have listened patiently, and paid generously, and received scant courtesy for our pains. 'I find it so strange,' said an Englishman to me three years ago, 'to see my wife lecturing over the United States. It is a thing she would not dream of doing at home. In fact, nobody would go to hear her, you know.'

But lectures are transient things, forgiven as soon as forgotten. Even the books which are written about us make no painful bid for immortality. And though our visitors patronize us, they seldom fail to throw us a kind word now and then. Sometimes a sweet-tempered and very hurried traveler, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, is good enough to praise everything he thinks he has seen. Before last August, it was not the habit of our guests to scold or threaten us. That privilege had hitherto been reserved for the alien, who, having done us the honor of accepting citizenship, wields his vote as a cudgel, bidding us beware the weapon we have amiably placed in his hands.

Signor Ferrero, an acute and friendly critic, pronounces Americans to be the mystics of the modern world, because they sacrifice their welfare to a senti-

ment; because they believe in the miracle of the melting-pot, which, like Medea's magic cauldron, will turn the old and decrepit races of Europe into a young and vigorous people, new-born in soul and body. No other nation cherishes this illusion. An Englishman knows that a Russian Jew cannot in five years, or in twenty-five years, become English, that his standards and ideals are not convertible into English standards and ideals. A Frenchman does not see in a Bulgarian or a Czech the making of another Frenchman. Our immigrants may be as good as we are. Sometimes we are told they are better, that we might 'learn a lesson' from the least promising among them. But no one can deny that they are different; in many instances, radically and permanently different. And to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse is just as difficult as the reverse operation. Mr. Horace Kallen has put the case into a few clear conclusive words when he says, 'Only men who are alike in origin and spirit, and not abstractly, can be truly equal, and maintain that inward unanimity of action and outlook which makes a national life.'

To look for 'inward unanimity' among the seething mass of immigrants who have nothing more in common with one another than they have with us, is to tax credulity too far. The utmost we can hope is that their mutual antagonisms will neutralize their voting power, and keep our necks free from an alien yoke. Those of us who have lived more than half a century have seen strange fluctuations in the fortunes of the foreign-born. In 1883, when the Brooklyn Bridge was finished, the Irishmen of New York made a formal protest against its being opened on Queen Victoria's birthday, lest this chance occurrence should be misconstrued into a compliment to England. In 1915, a band in the Saint

Patrick's parade was halted and forbidden to play 'Tipperary' before Cardinal Farley's residence, lest the cheerful strains should be misconstrued into an insult to Germany. The Reverend Thomas Thornton, speaking last winter to the Knights of Columbus, prophesied mournfully that the time was at hand when Catholic voters in the United States would be 'reduced to the condition of tribute-paying aliens.' Men smiled when they heard this, reflecting that the Irish officeholder had not yet been consigned to oblivion; but the speaker had seen with a clear eye the marshaling of strange forces, destined to drive the first comer from authority. Some weeks later the *Jewish Tribune* boasted that the angry protest voiced by Catholics against the sending of Signor Ernesto Nathan as commissioner to the San Francisco Fair was 'checked in its infancy' by the power of the Jewish press.

It is all very lively and interesting, but where does the American come in? What place is reserved for him in the commonwealth which his heroic toil and heroic sacrifices moulded into what Washington proudly called a 'respectable nation'? The truth is contemptuously flung at us by Mary Antin when she says that the descendants of the men who made America are not numerous enough to 'swing a presidential election.' And if a negligible factor now, what depths of insignificance will be their portion in the future? I heard told with glee — the glee which expresses pure American unconcern — a story of a public school in one of our large eastern cities. A visitor of an investigating turn of mind asked the pupils of various nationalities, Germans, Polacks, Russian Jews, Italians, Armenians, and Greeks, to stand up in turn. When the long list was seemingly exhausted, he bethought himself of a nation he had overlooked, and

said, 'Now let the American children arise!' Whereupon one lone, lorn little black boy stood up to represent the native-born.

It is hardly surprising that these foreign children, recognizing the strength of numbers, should take exception to our time-honored methods of education. Little boys of a socialistic turn of mind refuse to salute the flag, because it is a military emblem. Little boys of a rationalistic turn of mind refuse to read the Bible, — any portion of the Bible, — because its assertions are unscientific. Little Jewish boys and girls refuse to sing the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' because of its unguarded allusions to Bethlehem and Calvary. Indeed, any official recognition of the Deity offends the susceptibilities of some of our future citizens; and their perplexed teachers are bidden to eliminate from their programme 'any exercises which the pupils consider objectionable.'

A few years ago I was asked to speak to a large class of immigrant working-girls, for whose benefit philanthropic women had planned evening classes, dexterously enlivened by a variety of entertainments. I was not sure whether I ranked as useful or amusing, and the number of topics I was bidden to tactfully avoid, added to my misgivings; when suddenly all doubts were dispelled by the superintendent saying sweetly, 'Oh, Miss Repplier, you were asked to speak for forty minutes; but I think your address had better be cut down to twenty-five. The girls are eager for their ice-cream.'

I said I sympathized with so reasonable an impatience. Even at my advanced age, I prefer ice-cream to lectures.

Moi, je dis que les bonbons
Valent mieux que la raison.

But what did not flatter me was the clear understanding that my audience

listened to me, or at least sat tolerantly for twenty minutes (I curtailed my already cur-tail'd cur), because their reward, in the shape of ice-cream, was near at hand. Just as some manufacturers provide baths for their employees, and then, recognizing the prejudices of the foreign-born, pay the men for taking the baths provided, so the good ladies who had served me up as a mental refreshment for their protégées, paid the girls for being so obliging as to listen to me.

II

Miss Addams has reproached us most unjustly for our contemptuous disregard of the immigrant; and Mrs. Percy Pennybacker, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is wrought to such a pitch of indignation over what she considers our unwarranted superciliousness, that she writes fervidly in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, 'I love my country; I adore her; but at times I hope that some great shock may cause us to drop the mantle of conceit that we so proudly wrap about us.'

This well-wisher is in a fair way to see her desires realized. We may be left naked and shivering sooner than she anticipates. If concessions to the Irish vote failed to teach us humility, — perhaps because the Irish have a winning way of overriding barriers ('What's the Constitution between friends?'), — other immigrants are less urbane in stripping us of our pride. 'A German,' said Mr. Lowell feelingly, 'is not always nice in concealing his contempt'; and if this was his attitude in 1868, to what superb heights of disdain has he risen by 1915! A German ambassador derides diplomatic conventions, and addresses his official communication, over the head of the Administration, to German voters in the United States, sparing no pains to make

his words offensive. German officials juggle with passports, and undermine the nation's neutrality. A German professor at Harvard, who for years has received courteous and honorable treatment from the hands of Americans, threatens us openly with the 'crushing power' of the German vote; and bids us beware the punishment which twenty-five millions of citizens, 'in whose homes lives the memory of German ancestors,' will inflict upon his hospitable hosts. Residents of Madison and Milwaukee are asking timidly why, if President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin has forbidden his faculty to discuss the war, even in private conversation at their clubs, two of the German professors should have felt themselves at liberty to address public meetings in strong and bitter language? The *Frankfort Gazette* publishes a cheering letter from an American Congressman, assuring a German correspondent that his countrymen in the United States will know how to make themselves heard, and expressing hearty hopes that Germany will triumph over her 'perfidious' rival.

Is it any wonder that, stimulated by these brilliant examples, the average 'German-American' should wax scornful, and despise his unhyphenated fellow citizen? Is it any wonder that he should turn bully, and threaten us with his vote, — the vote which was confided to his sacred honor for the preservation of our country's liberty? A circular distributed before the Chicago elections stated in the plainest possible words that the German's first allegiance was to imperial Germany, and not to the republic he had sworn to serve:—

'Chicago has a larger German population than any city in the world, excepting Berlin and Vienna; and the German-, Austrian-, and Hungarian-Americans should, at this coming elec-

tion, *set aside every other consideration*, and vote as a unit for Robert M. Sweitzer. Stand shoulder to shoulder in this election, as our countrymen in the trenches and on the high seas are fighting for the preservation of our dear Fatherland. The election of a German-American would be a fitting answer to the defamers of the Fatherland, would cause a tremendous moral effect throughout the United States, and would *réecho* in Germany, Austria, and Hungary.'

The 'moral effect' of this appeal was not precisely what its authors had anticipated. Men asked themselves in bewilderment and wrath what the dear Fatherland, any more than dear Dahomey or the beloved Congo, had to do with the Chicago elections. They have been putting similar questions ever since.

Some months later, the German-American Central Society of Passaic, uniting itself with the German-American National Alliance, called for assistance in these glowing words:—

'Come all of you German societies, German men, and German women, so that united offensively and defensively [zum Schutz und Trutz verein] with weapons of the spirit, we may help our beloved Germany onward.'

'Weapons of the spirit!' If this means prayer and supplication, the matter lies between the petitioner and his God. If it means exhortations, pamphlets, and platform oratory, the champion of Germany stands well within his rights. But the next paragraph drops all figures of speech, and states the real issue with abrupt and startling distinctness.

'We ask for your speedy decision with respect to your acquiescence, in order to permit of an effective participation and lead in the spring campaign of 1915.'

In plain words the spiritual weapon with which the German-American pro-

poses to fight the battle of Germany is the American ballot. When the franchise was granted to him, or to his father, or to his grandfather (whichever did this country the honor of first accepting citizenship), a solemn oath was sworn. Allegiance to a foreign government was forever disowned; fealty to the government of the United States was vowed. He who uses his vote to further the interests of a European state is a perjured man, and that he should dare to threaten us with the power of his perjury is the height of arrogant ill-doing. That such a question as 'What is the proportion of votes which the Germans of your section control?' should be asked by German agents, and answered by German newspapers, affronts our nation's honor, soils a sacred trust by ill usage, and tears our neutrality to rags.

When the *Lusitania* was sunk, and the horror of the deed shamed all Christendom, save only those strange residents of Berlin who received the news with 'enthusiasm' and 'joyful pride,' the first word tactfully whispered in our ear was that, while we might regret the drowning of Americans, we were impotent to resent it. And this impotence was a concession to the foreign vote. God only knows of what material Germany thought we were made, — putty, or gutta-percha, or sun-baked mud? Certainly not of flesh and blood. Certainly not with hearts to bleed or souls to burn. Every comment vouchsafed by the German press placed us in the catalogue of worms warranted not to turn.

III

The contempt which the German 'is not always nice in concealing' shines with a chastened lustre in the words and deeds of other foreign-born citizens. They accept the vote which we

enthusiastically press upon them, regarding it as an asset, sometimes of marketable value, sometimes serving a stronger and more enduring purpose, always as an esteemed protection against the military service exacted by their own governments. They do not come to us 'with gifts in their hands,' — to quote Mr. Lowell. They are for the most part destitute, not only of money, but of knowledge, of useful experience, of any serviceable mental equipment. Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, who knows whereof he speaks, confesses ruefully that the immigrant seldom brings in his intellectual baggage anything of use to us; and that the admission into our electorate of 'backward men' — men whose mental, moral, and physical standards are lower than our own — must inevitably retard our social progress, and thrust us behind the more uniformly civilized nations of the world.

Meditating on these disagreeable facts, we find ourselves confronted by sentimentalists who say that, if we would only be kind and brotherly, the sloping foreheads would grow high, the narrow shoulders broad, the Pole would become peaceable, the Greek honest, the Slav clean, the Sicilian would give up murder as a pastime, the Jew would lose his 'monstrous love of gain.' On the other hand, the immigrants themselves, wholly and happily free from sentimentalism, cherish no illusions concerning us or our country. Aware that their only real opponent is the American workingman, they pin such faith as they possess to the Industrial Workers of the World, because lawlessness and violence are weapons they understand. And as our political system gives more weight to sheer numbers than to intelligence or respectability, the Industrial Workers of the World may eventually triumph over older labor organizations.

That saving phrase, 'It is the law,' which made possible the civilization of Rome, and which has been the foundation of all great civilizations before and since, has little weight or sanctity for our immigrants. They resent legal interference, especially the punishment of crime, in a very spirited fashion. When Mr. Samuel Gompers defended the McNamaras and their 'social war' murders before a sub-committee of the United States Senate, he said with feeling that the mere fact that these men should have come to look upon dynamite as the only defense left them against the tyranny of capital was a 'terrible charge against society.' It was an appeal very pleasantly suggestive of the highwayman, who, having attacked and robbed Lord Derby and Mr. Grenville, said reproachfully to his victims, 'What scoundrels you must be to fire at a gentleman who risks his life upon the road!'

If Cicero lowered his voice when he spoke of the Jews, fearing the enmity of this strong and clannish people, the American, who is far from enjoying Cicero's prestige, must be doubly cautious lest he give offense. Yet surely, if there is an immigrant who owes us everything, it is the Jew. Even our spasmodic and utterly futile efforts to restrict immigration always leave him a loophole of escape, because he controls the National Liberal Immigration League.

It is our custom to assume that the Russian Jew is invariably a fugitive from religious persecution, and we liken him in this regard to the best and noblest of our early settlers. But the Puritan, the Quaker, and the Huguenot sacrificed temporal well-being for liberty of conscience. They left conditions of comfort, and the benefits of a high civilization, to develop the resources of a virgin land, and build for themselves homes in the wilderness. They prac-

ticed the stern virtues of courage, fortitude, and a most splendid industry. Had the Pilgrim Fathers been met on Plymouth Rock by immigration officials; had their children been placed immediately in good free schools, and given the care of doctors, dentists, and nurses; had they found themselves in infinitely better circumstances than they had ever enjoyed in England, indulging in undreamed-of luxuries, and taught by kind-hearted philanthropists, what pioneer virtues would they have developed, what sons would they have bred, what honors would history have accorded them? If our early settlers were masterful, they earned the right to mastery, and the price they paid for it was endurance. To the sacrifices which they made, to their high courage and heroic labors, we owe law, liberty, and well-being.

It is because the Jew has received from us so much and given us so little, that his masterfulness affronts our sense of decency. When the Jewish Anti-Defamation League boasts that it has taken 'the first and most important step in excluding the *Merchant of Venice* from the curriculum of the grammar and high schools of this country, by having the play removed from the list of requirements laid down by the Collegiate Entrance Requirement Board,' we feel that a joke has been carried too far. Nobody can seriously associate the *Merchant of Venice* with a defamation of the Jewish character. Heaven knows, the part played by Christians in that immortal drama has never left us puffed up with pride. Nevertheless, being less thin-skinned, or perhaps more sure of ourselves, we have grown attached to the play, and do not relish its banishment by the decree of aliens.

And what if our Italian immigrants should take exception to the character of Iago, and demand that *Othello* should

be excluded from the schools? What if the Sicilians should find themselves wounded in spirit by the behavior of Leontes (compared with whom Shylock and Iago are gentlemen), and deny us the *Winter's Tale*? What if the Bohemians (a fast-increasing body of voters) should complain that their peddlers are honest men, shamefully slandered by the rogueries of Autolycus? If all our foreign citizens become in turn as sensitive as Hebrews, we may find ourselves reduced to the fairy scenes from the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Another victory claimed by the *Jewish Tribune* is that the Associated Press has been made to feel that the words 'Jew' and 'Hebrew' should be avoided in connection with criminals. 'The religious denomination of malefactors should not be referred to. It is now generally understood by newspapers that it is just as improper to describe a malefactor by stating that he is a Jew, as it would be to describe such a person as a Catholic or a Methodist.'

Does this mean that the Jew no longer claims any racial distinction, that he has no genealogy, no pedigree, no place in history, nothing by which he may be classified, but church membership? Is the simple dictionary definition, 'Jew. An Israelite; a person of the Hebrew race,' without any significance? We may call a Greek pickpocket a Greek, or a Polish rioter a Pole, or an Italian murderer an Italian; but we may not call a Jewish procurer a Jew, because that word refers only to his attendance at the synagogue. May we then speak of a scholar, a musician, a scientist, a philanthropist, as a Jew? Only — by this ruling — as we might speak of one as a Catholic or a Methodist, only in reference to his 'religious denomination.' If he chances to be unsectarian, then, as he is also raceless, he cannot be called anything at all. If the word

'Jew' be out of place in the police courts, it is equally out of place in colleges, learned societies, and encyclopædias.

It will be remembered that, after the publication of *Oliver Twist*, a bitter protest was raised by English Jews against the character of Fagin, or rather against the fact that the merry old gentleman is alluded to frequently as a Jew. The complainants said, — what the *Jewish Tribune* now says, — that the use of the word as an indicatory substantive was an insult to their creed. Dickens, who had never thought of Fagin as having any creed, who had never associated him with religious observances of any kind, was puzzled and pained at having unwittingly given offense; and strove to make clear that, when he said 'Jew,' he meant an Israelite, and not a frequenter of the synagogue. Years afterward he made a peace-offering in the person of Riah, who plays the part of a good Samaritan in *Our Mutual Friend*, and who is to Fagin as skimmed milk to brandy.

It would seem as though the immigrants who have been best received, and who have best responded to the opportunities offered them by the superb liberality of the United States, should feel some charity toward the American's manifest shortcomings. Most of us are ready to admit that, like 'Elsie Dinsmore,' we are 'not yet perfect'; but we do not admit that those whom we have befriended should be the ones to dwell too lingeringly upon our imperfections. There are in this world situations which imperiously dictate urbanity. 'Steadily as I worked to win America,' writes Mary Antin, 'America advanced to lie at my feet,' — a lamb-like attitude which ought to disarm criticism. When this clever young woman tells us that she 'took possession of Beacon Street' (a goodly heritage), and there 'drank afternoon

tea with gentle ladies whose hands were as delicate as their porcelain cups,' we feel well content at this swift recognition of energy and ability. It is not the first time such pleasant things have happened, and it will not be the last. But why should the recipient of so much attention be the one to scold us harshly, to rail at conditions she imperfectly understands, to reproach us for our ill-mannered children (whom we fear she must have met in Beacon Street), our slackness in duty, our failure to observe the precepts and fulfill the intentions of those pioneers whom she kindly, but confusedly, calls '*our* forefathers.'

It is the hopeless old story of opposing races, of people unable to understand one another because they have no mutual standards, no common denominator. Mary Antin is perfectly sincere, and, from her point of view, justified, in bidding us remember that among the Harrison Avenue tenants, 'who pitch rubbish through their windows,' was the grocer whose kindness helped to keep her at school. And she adds with sublime because unconscious egotism, 'Let the City Fathers strike the balance.' But Elizabeth Robins Pennell is also sincere, and from *her* point of view justified, when she says with exceeding bitterness that, if Philadelphia blossomed like the rose with Mary Antins, the city would be but ill repaid for the degradation of her noble old streets now transformed into foul and filthy slums. Dirt is a valuable asset in the immigrant's hands. With its help he drives away decent neighbors, and brings property down to his level and his purse. The ill-fated Philadelphian is literally pushed out of his home — the only place, sighs Mrs. Pennell, where he wants to live — by conditions that he is unable to avert, and unwilling, as well as unfitted, to endure.

IV

It is part of the unreality of modern sentimentalism that we should have a strong sense of duty toward all the nations of the world except our own. We see plainly what we owe to the Magyar and the Levantine, but we have no concern for the Virginian or the Pennsylvanian. The capitalist and the sentimentalist play into each other's hands, and neither takes thought of our country's irrational present and imperiled future. We go on keeping a 'civic kindergarten' for backward aliens, and we go on mutely suffering reproach for not advancing our pupils more rapidly. In the industrial town of New Britain, Connecticut, the foreign population is ten times greater than the native population, which is a hideous thing to contemplate. Thirty nationalities are represented, eighteen languages are spoken. The handful of Americans, who are supposed to leaven this heavy and heterogeneous mass, take their duties very seriously. Schools, playgrounds, clubs, night-classes, vacation classes, gymnasiums, visiting nurses, milk-stations, charitable organizations, a city mission with numerous interpreters, a free library with books and newspapers in divers tongues, all the leavening machinery is kept in active service for the hard task of civic betterment. Yet it was in New Britain that an immigrant was found who, after sixteen years' residence in the United States, was not aware that he might, if he chose, become a citizen; and this incident Mary Antin considers a heavy indictment against the community. 'It makes a sensitive American,' she writes passionately, 'choke with indignation.'

It makes an exasperated American choke with angry laughter to have the case put that way. The ballot is not necessary to safe, decent, and prosper-

ous living. A good many millions of women have made shift to live safely, decently, and prosperously without it. If it is to be regarded as an asset to the immigrant, then his own friends, his own people, the voters of his own race, might (in the welcome absence of political bosses) be the ones to press it upon his acceptance. If it be considered as a safeguard for the republic, we cannot but feel that this highly intelligent alien might be spared permanently from the electorate.

For months last winter, when Italy's neutrality swayed in the conflicting currents of national pride and national precaution, and no one could foretell what the end would be, a young Italian gardener, employed near Philadelphia, was in a painful quandary about his naturalization papers. He was a frugal person, devoid of high political instincts. He did not covet a vote to sell, and he did not want to pay the modest cost of becoming an American citizen. He preferred keeping his money and staying what he was, provided always that Italy remained at peace. But the prospect of Italy's going to war disposed him to look favorably upon the safeguard of a foreign allegiance. Being

unable to decipher the newspapers, he made anxious inquiries every morning. If the headlines read, 'Italy unlikely to abandon attitude of neutrality,' he settled down contentedly to his day's work. If the headlines read, 'Austria refuses guarantee. Italy sending troops to northern frontier,' he became once more a prey to indecision. Then came the May days when doubt was turned to certainty. Italy, long straining at the leash, plunged into the conflict. Thousands of Italians in the United States stood ready to fight for their country, to give back to her, if need be, the lives which they might have held safe. But one peace-loving gardener hurried to Philadelphia, applied for his naturalization papers, failed utterly to pass the casual tests which would have secured them, and growing frightened and demoralized by failure, appealed to his employer, and, with a little timely aid, was pitched shivering into citizenship.

If ever there comes a cloud between the United States and Italy, this doughty 'Italian-American' will, I am sure, be found fighting with 'weapons of the spirit' for the welfare of his adored and imperiled 'Fatherland.'

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AS GERMANS SEE IT

BY HERBERT KRAUS¹

ON November 20, 1908, Sir Edward Grey remarked that foreign governments were living, as the English were, a hand-to-mouth existence, and did not have so many deep-laid plans as were generally accredited to them.

Naturally I do not doubt his personal belief as reflected in this statement, but I am inclined to question its fundamental correctness, especially in view of the uniformity of Great Britain's foreign policy, which has been so often and so conclusively set forth, and which has found a memorable and marked expression in the consummate perfection of detail and secrecy of the political attitude of Edward VII.

Assuming, however, that Sir Edward Grey's assertion is to be considered applicable to England, and should the statement prove justified in the case of every other nation of the world, even so, to be entirely correct, he should have made an exception in the case of the United States. Her statesmen do not live from hand to mouth; up to the present time — whether always consciously or not does not at present come under our consideration — they have been led, at least in the administration of the foreign policies they have seen fit to adopt, by the principles of everyday politics.

Strange as this assertion may sound, and little as it may seem consonant with the nature of the popular tenden-

cies attributed to the American people, one can, nevertheless, characterize the foreign policy of the United States, superficially at least, by no better catch phrase than 'the policy of principles.'

From the first dawn of independent American diplomacy this tendency has made itself felt; and it soon found expression in three basic theories, namely: the principle of recognizing only such states and governments as are founded on the will of the people; the tendency to shun alliances; and, lastly, the Monroe Doctrine.

Undeniably, the political face of the world has undergone a great change since those times; undeniably, the position of the United States, both in its internal identity and in its relation to other members of the family of nations, has suffered fundamental alterations. New ideas and new theories have sprung up, and, partially and temporarily at least, have influenced the United States, particularly at times when various waves of expansion have swept over America. To a certain degree these newer policies have won for themselves a lasting place in American political thought, as is particularly evident in the 'principle of the big brother toward the weaker American Republics,' — termed by its antagonists 'the principle of the big stick.'

The three theories which I have stated above have, like 'the stationary poles in the earth's flight,' kept their place among the fundamentals of American foreign policies; if not unvaried by the changes in the international

¹ This paper, written at the request of the *Atlantic* by an eminent German authority, was translated from Professor Kraus's manuscript by John Heard, Jr. — THE EDITORS.

position of the United States, they have been at least unimpaired in their efficiency and significance. Relatively speaking, the first of the three, that dealing with the recognition of only such states or governments as are founded upon the will of the people, has undergone the greatest change, and has been, of the three, the most disputed. Whereas at the close of the eighteenth century it stood foremost in the minds of American statesmen, and in the opinion of the public, — especially in connection with the struggles for freedom waged by the various Spanish-American colonies on both continents, — and to a considerable extent formed the substance of political agitation, it now occupies only the modest place to which diplomacy and the political thought of a mighty and firmly established nation have relegated it. Quite recently, however, it has come vigorously to life, and, during President Wilson's administration, it has made a deep moral impression. General Huerta can testify most eloquently to that!

In sharp contrast we find the second principle — relatively the least changed of the three — thrusting its granite foundations in the path of all invitations to enter into alliances. It forms a protecting bulwark against the real and imaginary dangers which menace the Union from abroad, and especially against the threat 'to entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice.'¹ In the interest of the American people, one can only hope that the veil which just now seems to cloud the historical memory of its leading statesmen will soon be lifted. One can only hope that before it be too late the American people will again grasp the full significance of, and will place the correct interpretation upon, this warn-

¹ Washington's Farewell Address of September 17, 1796.

ing, which Washington wrote in conspicuous and impressive letters above the gateway of American diplomacy.

Because it has remained untouched by the evolutions and changes wrought by time, and because of its rigid conservatism, this principle of avoiding alliances distinguishes itself preëminently from the Monroe Doctrine. Of the three guiding principles, the latter has had the most eventful existence, and has exercised the strongest positive effect upon the development of the foreign policy of the United States. Were it not that one would, in some aspects, be doing the Monroe Doctrine an injustice in so characterizing it, superficially at least, one could most strikingly compare it to a will-o'-the-wisp. It is not a will-o'-the-wisp in so far as it affects American diplomats, since it is at their behest that the Monroe Doctrine flits hither and thither; and yet, to the rest of the world of nations, it remains none the less a will-o'-the-wisp. This similarity to a will-o'-the-wisp is in fact its most salient characteristic, and is unquestionably the secret of its practical efficiency and beneficial effect upon the policies of the United States. It will retain this characteristic until it has discovered the true boundaries of the territory it embraces. Champions of the idea of defining the Monroe Doctrine are constantly springing up, and attempts are constantly being made to bring Congress to take action to this end. So far, there is not the slightest indication that the thing will ever be accomplished. The general conviction exists that when the Monroe Doctrine has been defined, its value will be extinguished; this fact, combined with the impossibility of framing a correct and comprehensive formula, and yet one which will not be too uncertain, forms the greatest stumbling-block to the accomplishment of this aim.

On the other hand, the lack of an au-

thentic and correct interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine lies at the root of the preponderance of false statements as to its scope, object, and contents which one constantly hears and reads, — misrepresentations often far-reaching, of which the American press and American public opinion are quite as much the victims as are those of European countries. One result of these errors may be seen in the bitter arguments which have arisen as to whether, in the event of an invasion of Canada by Germany, in the course of the present war, the United States, in pursuance of the Monroe Doctrine, would be obliged to oppose such a movement. In the solution of this problem, the question was raised whether sending Canadian troops to the European theatre of war did not militate against the Monroe Doctrine. Technically, the Monroe Doctrine does not have the remotest bearing on either point. This should be evident after the outcome of the well-known complication as to the Venezuelan debts. Ex-President Taft decided quite rightly, as to the former question, that the Monroe Doctrine would be in no way involved by a German attack upon Canada.

When one comes to discuss the correct scope of the Monroe Doctrine, one cannot pass by without observing that more mistakes occur in this respect in the United States than in Europe. The tendency to stretch this principle, so generally popular in the United States; to use it as a shield against actual and imaginary dangers threatening from abroad, even if it neither applies nor assists, is but the too natural outcome of the sharply defined American patriotism. There is a great measure of truth in the words of one of the ablest and most discriminating American antagonists of the Monroe Doctrine, Hiram Bingham, who recently wrote, 'I believe that . . . these two words,

"Monroe Doctrine," have come to be used by us in place of two other words that are less interesting and less significant, namely, "foreign policy." Our foreign policy is the Monroe Doctrine. Whatever our foreign policy happens to be for the moment is called the Monroe Doctrine.'¹

Quite the opposite construction is applied by the rest of the world. At the present time they accept it in a spirit of cold aloofness. The result is that, abroad, efforts are made to restrict its scope as far as possible; and since its scope is actually but a very limited one, Europe, on the whole, comes closer to a true interpretation than does the United States.

I should be loath to have the foregoing statement so understood as to convey the idea that to my mind the whole world is, without exception, hostile to the Monroe Doctrine. In so far as it affects Europe, naturally one will find but few true enthusiasts to champion it, although in England, during recent times, persons in high office have repeatedly spoken in the friendliest terms of the Monroe Doctrine. Their utterances have been eagerly transmitted to America and there believed. None the less, one should mistrust them; no Englishman *can* favor the Monroe Doctrine. Any such affection would be unnatural, and analogous to a child's love of the rod, or to the pseudo-fraternal enthusiasm of democratic France for Russia the absolute. More fully to grasp this fact, it is only necessary to remember that, with the exception of the intervention of Napoleon III in Mexico, and the episode of Magdalena Bay, every blow that the United States has struck with the aid of the Monroe Doctrine has been dealt to

¹ For an able statement of the case against the Monroe Doctrine, see Professor Bingham's "The Monroe Doctrine: An Obsolete Shibboleth," in the *Atlantic* for June, 1913. — THE EDITORS.

England, and put up with by her. One can hardly fail to make the interesting observation that this doctrine, in the origin of which England took such an active part, is the strongest weapon of which the United States disposes in the long-protracted, and by no means concluded contest which she and England are waging for supremacy in America.

A certain reticence and aloofness in the attitude of official Europe toward the Monroe Doctrine, 'a watchful waiting, mixed with a certain amount of mistrust,' should in no way surprise an unbiased observer when applied to a doctrine which in itself is a challenge to European statesmanship. In connection with this point, it should be noted that the feeling of general hostility to the Monroe Doctrine throughout Europe gathered force but very slowly until the outbreak of the present war. Even now, the sentiment of Europe is far more favorable to it than is that of the states of Central and South America, for whose protection it was originated.

In so far as Germany is particularly affected, it should be stated that recently, under the influence of the ever-increasing relations between the two countries, — at the moment, alas, so wantonly threatened, — and because of a growing mutual comprehension, there has been a daily increasing number of persons who recognize the tremendous value which the Monroe Doctrine possesses for the purposes of the United States. In it they see the master-key to the political power of that country; they envy her the theory, and they have formed their ideas as to its significance in connection with the minimizing of possible bones of contention between the members of the family of nations.

To be sure, now and again in Germany, as in all countries, even in the

United States, one reads and hears attacks upon the Monroe Doctrine. To draw conclusions from them as to the public opinion of Europe as a whole, and more especially of Germany, would be an anticipatory and unpardonable generalization of the sort for which the American press has such a deplorable weakness. This has been very clearly demonstrated over and over again by the present war; and no better example can be found — if this slight digression be permissible — than the continued tearing to pieces of Bernhardt's book as an instance of the 'German spirit.' Figures will show that this work is almost unknown in Germany, and is much less widely read there than in America. The theories set forth are energetically denied by the German spirit, to which they stand in absolute opposition. In no way do they coincide with the teachings which are promulgated and supported by, and under the auspices of, Kaiser William II.

As a result of my personal and very minute observations as to German sentiment in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, I can emphasize most strongly the fact that there is not the slightest indication of any actual hostility. Even at the present time the impression produced by sundry reports in connection with the anti-German inclination of certain parties in the United States has in no way altered the general feeling.

Should one wish to generalize superficially concerning public opinion, it would be necessary to give a certain predominance to fear and to surprise. One must point out 'the dread of the will-o'-the-wisp'; and even this dread of the Monroe Doctrine is traceable to its course and historical development. It is easily accounted for, since, until now, almost every expansion of this doctrine has found its inception in a concrete example, — *quasi post factum*.

It is not as if this newly applicable aspect of the Monroe Doctrine were unexpected, or had sprung into prominence while the world was unprepared, like the outgrowth of some political phase. One can, by looking back, point out quite clearly each new incident of its inception and development; one can note how the new thought originated and grew to maturity, until, at last, it stood out as a definite attitude, finding its expression in a concrete example. Even the Monroe message of 1823 did not, like Pallas Athene, spring suddenly, full grown and fully armed, from the head of Zeus; it was rather the outcome of a long series of separate, and yet consecutive, historical theories. It is, however, characteristic, that it was not primarily enunciated, and subsequently applied to isolated incidents, but — and thereby it can be distinguished from a legal axiom — had its origin in its application to incidents. One must admit that, as its origin was justifiable, so is its continuation. The normal result is that, even for him who has devoted much careful study to the Doctrine, it is impossible, at any given time, to state its future scope concisely, clearly, and comprehensively. Any one attempting this must produce his representation in the garb of the present, yet with the superscription, 'Future Tendencies.' This holds particularly true in the immediate present. Beyond question, the Monroe Doctrine is now passing through a period of transition, and passing through it so entirely and comprehensively that no equivalent precedent can be found.

In making this statement, I do not anticipate any possibilities more remote than that the Monroe Doctrine may extend to the protection of the European colonial possessions remaining on the American continent, — that is, in its relation to the political world of Europe, namely, England, Holland, France, and

Denmark. The intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs has certainly cleared the road for the realization of this conception of American-European relations. In those hundred days of war, the United States transgressed the law imposed upon her by her own Monroe Doctrine not to interfere with such foreign colonies as still existed in America. Without question, the American political conscience has fully conceived that there is no room for non-American colonies in the American hemisphere. Furthermore, all powers are warned, not only that they may, in the future, acquire no new territory, but that they must relinquish any possessions they have previously held, and still control, in America. Even so, this theory has never been logically and simply formulated; it still sleeps the untroubled sleep of the embryo. And yet from time to time there are indications of incipient life. Instinctively, we call to mind Champ Clark's memorable utterance of February 14, 1911, in which he expressed the wish that he might live to see the day when the American flag should float over the American continent from the North Pole to the Equator.

Be that as it may, this question is not one for our solution; the future will vouchsafe an answer; and the date of that future is unascertained.

On the other hand, one may unhesitatingly state that the Monroe Doctrine, at this moment, is passing through a stage of acute transition and evolution.

I. The Monroe Doctrine in the immediate present is engrossed by the idea of absorbing, controlling, and commercially restricting non-American states. The inception of this theory dates back to the administration of President Grant. The episode of Magdalena Bay, when Japan for the first

time came in contact with the Monroe Doctrine, demonstrated the fact that, under certain conditions, this doctrine could be made to apply to, and to restrict, private business relations with America. The well-known Lodge Resolution clearly formulated this theory; and under President Wilson's administration it has been widely extended. Judging from first appearances, President Wilson, in his departure from the Taft-Knox dollar-diplomacy, which incorporated this standard, was disposed to oppose the natural development of the Monroe Doctrine. In his speech delivered in Mobile on October 28, 1913, and in his first Annual Message, in which he spoke of his oil-concession policy, he has proved the contrary. President Wilson contended that the grant of oil concessions to foreign promoters, through the agency of the weaker American states, was a menace to the Monroe Doctrine and upheld a principle antagonistic thereto. He thereby added weight and scope to various still questionable conceptions dealing with restrictions of foreign trade in America.

It becomes self-evident, without further discussion, that the 'Wilson Doctrine' contains the power and the initiative to restrict without discrimination all trade between foreign nations and America. Basing her arguments on the same assumption of right — namely, the Monroe Doctrine — by which she opposes and denies the grants of oil concessions through Mexico, Columbia, Nicaragua, or Ecuador, the United States can raise the same objections to beneficial contracts entered into between Americans and citizens of foreign countries. She can — to use another example — veto any or all Asiatic or European immigration into Central or South America. And here we are brought face to face with another contingency, — the only one,

indeed, which might eventually cause the Monroe Doctrine to militate against German interests. Germany has never yet made a serious attempt to establish colonies in America. The agitation of 1870, when it was claimed that she intended to acquire Porto Rico from Spain, was newspaper talk pure and simple; and the representations against such action which Mr. Cushing made in Madrid at that time were as unnecessary as they were groundless. Sticklers might call attention to the only other exception: in the year 1901, Germany made overtures for the purchase from Venezuela of the island of Marguerita in market-overt, — if the term is applicable, — but abandoned the plan immediately upon the expressed opposition of the United States. On closer examination it will be found that this was hardly a colonization project. It was an enterprise actuated solely by the desire not to see a naval supremacy established without, to a moderate degree, following in the course arbitrarily imposed upon us. By her policy of naval supremacy, England continued to establish a cordon of naval bases around the whole world.¹ The heroic fate of the German cruisers on the high seas in the present war has demonstrated to every unprejudiced observer the justice of Germany's attempt.

In view of what has been said, the expectation should by no means be expressed that the commercial element of the Monroe Doctrine will cause friction between the United States and Germany. Such a contingency can arise only in the course of relations with England, whose every transaction has been actuated by underlying motives, and who, up to the present, has always

¹ It seems appropriate here to point out that the following islands, and groups of islands, are at the present moment in English possession: the Bay Islands, Galapagos Islands, Falkland Islands, Corn Islands, Tortuga, Trinidad, and Tiger Island. — THE AUTHOR.

made use of her political supremacy to advance her commercial influence.

Just so long as this undertone is absent, — and it is entirely foreign to the relations between Germany and the United States, — it would clearly contravene the principles of the United States to impose restrictions upon, or to seek to control, international commerce. This is especially true since she prides herself on being the parent and protector of the 'Policy of the Open Door,' even though, at this moment, she boasts but a precarious title to this honorable pretension.

II. Looked at under still another aspect, it must be admitted that the Monroe Doctrine is at present passing through a stage of transition and is undergoing a fundamental change. It is struggling to establish the United States as 'international policeman of America.' It is under this heading that the question arises whether, as a supplement to the other pretensions embodied in the Monroe Doctrine, the United States is bound to supervise, assist, and guarantee the good behavior of the other American republics in their relations with the other powers.

This conception of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated for the first time, — carefully, to be sure, yet quite distinctly, — by Theodore Roosevelt. His message to the United States Senate, on February 15, 1905, afforded him the opportunity; in it he urged the acceptance of the contract already drawn up between the United States and the Dominican Republic, dealing with the government debts of the latter state.

Since that time, this idea has continued to influence and agitate American thought, although its fusion with the Monroe Doctrine has not yet taken place; there still exists some opposition; its justification and amalgamation with the Monroe Doctrine are still mat-

ters of debate, and the American government has by no means adopted it. The attitude of that country toward the Mexican complications is proof positive; for in this respect she has shown more patience than she ever has, or ever would, in dealing with any of her powerful European neighbors, should they find themselves in the throes of acute anarchy.

The question naturally obtrudes itself, whether this idea will ever become incorporated in the Monroe Doctrine; and at the present time this question remains unanswered. To accomplish such a purpose, it will first be necessary for the Monroe Doctrine to emerge victorious from the conflict against the Pan-American agitation in which it is now engaged.

It is not in the opposition of Europe, it is not in the antagonism at present existing in the other American states, that the perpetuation of the Monroe Doctrine finds its most serious menace. It is rather in this Pan-American movement that the greatest danger lurks.

Fundamentally, the Monroe Doctrine and the idea of Pan-Americanism are based on diametrically opposed conceptions. On its own statement, the object of the Monroe Doctrine is to be a doctrine primarily for the benefit of the United States and incidentally for the protection of the weaker by the stronger states. It is a theory depending on a status of superiority and inferiority as a condition precedent. Opposed to this is the uncompromising hypothesis of the brotherly equality of the American republics, on which the Pan-American contention rests.

One can readily grasp that through the historical evolution of time Monroe's Monroe Doctrine has been metamorphosed from a doctrine for the protection of the United States only, to one embracing the welfare of the whole of America. To-day, unfortunately,

the theory of brotherly equality is untenable when the pretension of an existing duty on the part of the United States to supervise the affairs of the other American republics oversteps the Monroe Doctrine proper. Such a pretension effectively abolishes the theory of equality between supervisor and supervised.

The outcome of this conflict between the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-Americanism cannot now be predicted. It is possible that the Monroe Doctrine will succumb to Pan-Americanism. It is possible that this newer agitation will continue to exist for some time, as it does to-day, hampered by the natural sterility of its conception, and will eventually die a slow and natural death. It is possible, and in fact probable, that the result will be a middle course by which the Monroe Doctrine will develop into a doctrine common to a number of the larger American states, — one acceptable to the United States and to the A B C states, — and will incorporate in itself the idea of guardianship over the smaller American republics. This could mean but one thing — the establishment of a concert of states. Such a concert, in the face of the total failure of a similar experiment in Europe, would arrogate to itself a supremacy over the lesser American states.

It is possible also that the ultimate result will be a modification of this arrangement, and that the United States will follow the old interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in its bearing on Central America, including Venezuela and the West Indies, and will make that region a sphere of her special political influence. It is noteworthy that so far it is especially these states that have come under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, which has, in fact, been but rarely applied to the other American nations. This is at most but a political pipe-dream.

III. There is, however, a third question which is thrown into sharp relief by the interest of the immediate present: will the Monroe Doctrine ever be recognized by the other world powers? Repeatedly it has been pointed out that this has already been answered, especially by the attitude of the members of the two Hague Conventions toward the stipulations made by representatives of the United States. Actually no recognition of the Monroe Doctrine is to be deduced from this attitude, in the sense in which alone it would have any material value, namely, as implying that in the future the United States shall have the authority to enforce the pretensions of the Monroe Doctrine under all contingencies, even, if necessary, by the use of force. The silence of the members of the Hague Conventions as to the exposition of the demands of the United States Government should be interpreted as nothing more than giving a hearing to a declaration which the other participants in the Convention did not care to discuss.

Had some of the nations whose interests were imperiled during the recent Mexican disturbances intrusted those interests to the United States, — as, in fact, has been reported, more especially from England; in connection with which rumor one must bear in mind the Benton episode, — such action would add weight and importance to the above assertion. Or had England, in the course of the present war, requested the United States to take steps against Venezuela and Ecuador for alleged breaches of neutrality tending to assist Germany, it would be exceedingly difficult not to interpret such a request as a complete recognition by England of the Monroe Doctrine.

Whether an implicit acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine by any or all of the world powers will ever be brought about, depends entirely on the attitude

of the United States toward the present war. Confidence and might must be coexistent, since together they form a *sine qua non*. The world must be convinced that it can safely rely upon the attitude of the United States in regard to international relations.

I will express no opinion as to whether the countenancing by the American government of the exportation of war munitions should, or should not, be deemed a breach of neutrality. It is none the less as contrary to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine as the present tone of the American press. All of this will make itself felt in the subsequent relations between the United States and Germany, and it will doubtless play a part unfavorable to the Union in the general accounting, when her attitude toward Germany's opponents is considered. Partiality in international crises has always brought its own reward.

Still more significant, when viewed in this light, is the passive position assumed by the United States in regard to the attack made by Japan (her natural enemy) upon defenseless China, in spite of her decisive and frequently enunciated policy of the 'Open Door' in the Far East. Most important of all is her inaction in the face of Japan's latest efforts to gain a foothold on the Mexican coast.

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How can the United States expect that in the future the world will place any weight upon her assurances, when in the critical hour she is not willing to bear the results of her policy; to insist upon her rights, or to perform the duties which she has undertaken? With this depreciation of the prestige of the United States, the chances of a general and international recognition of the Monroe Doctrine are necessarily lessened.

Side by side with this moral factor, a second stands in natural sequence, — that of power. So far in this war the United States has stood aloof, posing as a disinterested spectator, wrapped in a garment of power. This is particularly true of her behavior in connection with Japan's attitude toward Mexico and China.

How can the United States expect that in future the world will respect, fear, or even heed her protests and demands, when she has demonstrated that she is not prepared to act when the gravest international interests are at stake?

The destinies even of the United States may be affected by this war. Let us hope that she may find what, just now, every nation of the world needs more than anything else, — wise and far-sighted statesmen.

UNION PORTRAITS

VI. WILLIAM H. SEWARD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Seward is exactly the reverse of that with Stanton. In Stanton's case we had to discover the strong qualities which enabled the man to make his way in spite of an extreme and well-founded unpopularity. Seward, on the other hand, was generally popular, and aimed to be so, to such an extent that it might at first be questioned whether this was not the main basis of his distinguished success.

He played politics as naturally as he breathed. In 1830, when only twenty-nine years old, he entered the Senate of his native state, New York. With suitable intervals of law, he became Governor and United States Senator, and did all that a party leader could do to be nominated for the presidency, instead of Lincoln, in 1860. Failing this, he was content to be, on the whole, the ablest and most influential member of the Cabinet under Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

He studied, or acquired without study, the art of influencing and persuading men. He was not a great orator, like Webster, or even Sumner, had no stately and impressive manner, no orotund and swelling declamation. His voice was not attractive and his carriage not always graceful. Yet what he said had great force, because it was simple, direct, and natural. He spoke in public like a man talking at his fire-

side, and persuaded you, because he seemed to be taking you right into the movement of his thoughts. Yet with this appearance of candor he had the very great art of combining the most careful study and preparation. Halleck's scornful remark about him, that 'these infernal old political humbugs cannot tell the truth even when it is for their interest to do so,' is quite inappropriate. Seward knew perfectly well when to plan to tell the truth and when not.

He worked out his speeches with the utmost care, turned them over to the reporters before he delivered them, and always, always looked far beyond the immediate audience, — whether it was the United States Senate, or a nondescript political gathering, — to the vast congregation of the American people. Few of our statesmen have made themselves so widely listened to and appreciated as he. This Lincoln knew, and estimated Seward's eloquence exactly at its true value. They were once making a trip in a sleeping-car together, and when they stopped, there was great clamor for a speech. Lincoln absolutely refused, said he had to do enough of it in Washington. Then, rolling over in his berth, he murmured, 'Seward, you go out and repeat some of your poetry to the people.'

But Seward had resources of political management far broader than his tongue. His partial biographer says

that he had no capacity for political intrigue. On the other hand, one who knew him well and admired him greatly declares that 'he combined men largely through their selfishness, not their holier affections; their love of themselves, rather than of their fellow creatures or of God. As a consequence he was followed to his grave by only a few men beholden to him for political favors — outside of his own townsmen.'

It is certain that, whether by intrigue or not, Seward had an extraordinary faculty of developing and directing political movements. He had two qualities of the greatest value in this regard. One was the ability to give an impression of power, whether he had it or not. This particularly affected Schurz. 'He made upon me, as well as upon many others, the impression of a man who controlled hidden, occult powers which he could bring into play if he would.' Seward's other gift was that of enlisting the devoted service of men who admired and believed in him and were able and willing to do things he did not care to do himself. By far the most important among these followers was Thurlow Weed, who may be regarded as Seward's evil angel or his familiar devil, just as you please. Accident brought them together and mutual usefulness bred a deep affection. Weed was by no means the thoroughly corrupt New York politician of later days. He played the game more for the pleasure of it than for personal profit. But he knew every move and invented some not known to others, and as manager, mentor, and scapegoat, all in one, he was an indispensable aid in the perfecting of Seward's ample career.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Seward's popularity was all a matter of political calculation. He was liked because he was likeable, because he was amiable, because he met with courtesy, not only courtesy but dis-

courtesy and churlishness as well. He himself said, 'We never can succeed by making people mad'; and though there are some who pursue this policy to the point of exasperation, Seward apparently did not. If his antagonists abused him, he turned it off with a soft answer. 'Benjamin,' he said, after the Jewish senator had been particularly violent, 'give me a cigar, and when your speech is printed, send me a copy.' Lincoln said of him that he was 'a man without gall,' and Dana that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies.

Seward himself repeatedly contributes his own testimony as to this beatific atmosphere in which he lived. He had no enemies, he tells us; he was on good terms with every one; all the senators were well disposed toward him. As to his own state, he asserts, with touching candor, 'I have not one enemy in this section to forgive. I know not one who will utter a personal complaint against me.'

It is true, there are some discordant voices. The temper on which the Secretary prided himself did flaw occasionally, as when he told the President that there were too many secretaries of state in Washington, or snapped out at a troublesome applicant for office, 'Why come to me about this? Go to the White House! I, who by every right ought to have been chosen President, what am I now? Nothing but Abe Lincoln's little — clerk.'

Also, there is the crusty Welles, who leaves no illusions unshattered and liked Seward very little better than he liked Stanton. Temper? He can tell stories of the Secretary's temper! No enemies? It sounds well, but the truth is, Seward is universally distrusted and disliked, and not without some cause. As for the state of New York, Welles accompanied a presidential party to the Secretary's home town, Auburn,

and found it a nest of little political bickerings and jealousies.

But Welles must not mislead us, and Seward's great personal charm, in private life as well as in public, is undeniable. Socially he seems to have been delightful. He liked ease and good cheer to such a point that absurd charges of excess were sometimes brought against him. He was a most interesting and vivid talker; and what is curious about the record of his conversation is that it is not in the least that of a man who was making an effort to please or to seduce, but of one who was frank, straightforward, and thoroughly personal, sometimes even to the point of indiscretion or oddity. Above all, he had the art, so rare in great talkers and in men who have made their way in the world, of being a good listener. In short, it appears that he had a remarkable and often exquisite gift of adaptability.

Then, he was by nature full of joy and hope. Occasional hints of depression do occur in the enormous mass of his correspondence, like the following: 'This day has been a worthless one. I feel wretchedly always, when I have to retire to bed with the reflection that I have accomplished nothing that I ought to have done, and learned nothing that I ought to know.' But these bits are very rare, and sound, like the above, as if written partly for effect. There are few men who have been so charmed at birth by the goddess of good humor. The touch of that deity sometimes gets her favorites into trouble. But, after all, could a man desire a sweeter eulogy than that bestowed upon Seward by his son: 'The house was always cheerful when he was in it'?

Whether back of this constant amiability and gayety there was any very profound sympathy or tenderness is open to doubt. Do these bright cheer-

ful spirits ever deal extensively in overpowering and concentrated emotion? Seward's love for his wife and children is always manifest and always attractive. To his wife, especially, he writes with intimate candor and deep respect and regard for her most helpful judgment. Also, he did many acts of thoughtful kindness. As a single example of these one should read Mrs. Jefferson Davis's account of his frequent visits to her husband during a severe illness and of the benefit derived from his serene and comforting presence. Another significant bit of real human feeling is the Secretary's attempt to keep a diary when he first entered Lincoln's Cabinet, and his decision to drop it, after a very few days, because, if veracious, it would involve recording so much that was petty and disagreeable. These scruples do not seem to have beset the worthy Gideon Welles. Moreover, Seward had unquestionably a keen sensitiveness to the sight of trouble and distress. Although an experienced lawyer, the torture to which one poor criminal was subjected in court affected him so deeply that he was obliged to leave the courtroom, completely overcome by tears.

Yet, in spite of all this, I do not get the impression of a man whose affections could ever seriously disturb his equanimity. There are even those who say that the amiability and kindness were largely rooted in wordly wisdom. Thus, the venomous Gurowski, after remarking that the Secretary of State is by no means given to speaking evil of any one, feels constrained to add that this is a matter of policy. And a far juster observer than Gurowski asserts, in contradiction of Seward's own confession that he had no memory for injuries, that 'he was a good hater and lay in wait to punish his foes,' instancing the disasters which fell upon New York Republicans who had op-

posed the Senator's nomination for the presidency.

So the penalty that falls upon a generally amiable and courteous manner — that of being called insincere — fell upon Seward, as upon many others. At the beginning of his public life Clay said of him that he had no convictions. At the end of it Andrew Johnson, with fine ingratitude, repeated, in his odd vocabulary, that 'Mr. Seward seems to have no cardinals.' Blair believed that the Secretary would betray any man who stood in his way, and Welles expresses or implies a similar view *ad libitum*.

Seward's half-ironical fashion of talking encouraged many of these interpretations. Thus, he said to Piatt, condemning his own 'higher law' speech, 'My young friend, we are warned to keep to ourselves what we do not believe. It is well, frequently, to conceal what we do believe. There is apt to be public damnation in both.' In the very remarkable scene described so vividly by Mrs. Davis, when Seward had smilingly avowed to her husband that a good deal of his anti-slavery talk was merely for political purposes, and the great Southern leader, scandalized, asked, 'But, Mr. Seward, do you never speak from conviction alone?' the answer was, 'Nev-er.' To which Mrs. Davis adds the Secretary's frank confession that truth should always be made subsidiary to an end, and that if another statement could subserve that end, he made it. Now, we see perfectly well that Seward was insincere in asserting his own insincerity. But such talk does harm with the uninitiated.

II

And so much for Seward the popular orator, the dexterous and insinuating politician. But there is another side of the man, a most important side. Per-

haps I cannot introduce it better than with a striking passage written by Godkin, in 1859: 'He has, through twenty-five years of public life, been the steady and fearless champion of an unpopular cause, and he has every year, in speeches and state papers, given abundant evidence of the possession of the highest order of talent. . . . Perhaps the greatest constitutional lawyer in America, the clearest-headed statesman, a powerful and above all a most logical orator, and of all the public men of this country perhaps the least of a demagogue and the most of a gentleman.'

While Seward's keenest admirers today would hardly insist upon all of this eulogy, much of it can be supported by indisputable evidence.

Thus, however often he may have trifled, or appeared to trifle, there were times, many times, when he took life with energetic earnestness. He made his governorship a serious business, he made his senatorship a serious business, he made his secretaryship a serious business. It may be urged that in age he was more inclined to take things lightly than in youth; but I doubt it, though his own observation that in his younger years men were more serious than later may be read either way. Some say that he catered to temporary popularity; but did ever any fighter speak out with more trumpet-like resonance against unmanly yielding? 'They tell us that we are to encounter opposition. Why, bless my soul, did anybody ever expect to reach fortune, or fame, or happiness on earth, or a crown in heaven, without encountering resistance and opposition? What are we made men for but to encounter and overcome opposition arrayed against us in the line of our duty?'

Again, he could be, not only earnest in thought, but a tremendous worker. As a lawyer, indeed, he shirked work, when he could, because he hated it.

Law to him was a waste of time and an enemy to the peace of life, whether lawyer's life or client's. In his vivid, petulant way he cries out, 'I fear, abhor, detest, despise, and loathe litigation. The irascible, the headstrong, and the obstinate pity my peaceful disposition; yet they solicit my aid to extricate them.' Still, even in law he could do more in hours than others in days, and in his political calling he would labor enormously. As governor, as senator, as secretary, he performed cheerfully more than the duty thrust upon him; and he had that instinct for system which doubles the result of labor while it halves the burden. As with other things, he saw clearly what his own faculty of labor was, and, as with other things, he could make a jest of it. To Weed, who had suggested various matters that needed attention, he writes, 'I thought I had as much industry as anybody around me, and with it a little versatility. But I know nobody and never did know that one man who could do all you seem to think I neglect, as well as all the labor I actually perform.'

Some survey of the various lines of his activity will bring out more clearly how positive and unfailing it was. Of course the great political question all through his career was slavery, and on this he certainly cannot be ranked among the ardent idealists. It is true that in the earlier years of his senatorship the great wave of anti-slavery enthusiasm lifted him, to some extent, off his feet, and carried him to the climax of asserting that there was a law higher than the Constitution, a climax which probably astonished him as it did every one else, especially when it became one of the most telling catchwords of the reforming party. But we have seen him admitting to Davis that his sympathy with the slaves was at least partly assumed, and in his very

remarkable conversation with Godkin and Norton, after the war, the same attitude is even more obvious. 'The North has nothing to do with the Negroes. I have no more concern for them than I have for the Hottentots. They are God's poor; they always have been and always will be so everywhere. They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level.'

Schurz remarks, with much justice, that in his conduct of diplomacy Seward would never take the full advantage that the slavery question afforded him. He was careful to instruct our representatives at foreign courts not to insist too strongly on the moral issue at the bottom of the struggle, and to make it clear that the government was not endeavoring so much to destroy slavery as to maintain the Union.

It is on this last point that Seward's abundant and energetic patriotism is at all times manifest. The unity, the solidarity of the American people, in the light of their historic past and their incomparable future, was such an intense reality to him that he would not allow for an instant that it could be shattered, that there was any danger of its being shattered. This overconfidence may at times have made him blind to the perils of the situation, but beyond doubt it was a splendid, animating force to him and to others.

It was this love of the Union which, during his senatorship, made him resist what he felt to be the fatal encroachments of the slave-power, while at the same time he studied every legitimate means of compromise and harmony.

It was the love of the Union, and not merely personal motives, which made him disappointed when the nomination for the presidency went to an insignificant Illinois lawyer instead of to himself.

It was the love of the Union which made him accept the position of secre-

tary under the said lawyer, with the feeling that as the real head of the Cabinet and of the government he could accomplish almost as much as in the presidential chair. And it was in the same spirit of patriotism that he fought desperately against what he believed the disastrous plan of relieving Sumter, keeping up a semi-diplomatic intercourse with the Confederate commissioners, and deceiving them, in fact, if not in intention, because he had first deceived himself.

It was still the love of the Union, as well as the love of personal leadership, which prompted the secretary to submit to his chief those extraordinary 'Thoughts for the President's Consideration,' which show how the wisest of men may be misled by a too high estimate of his own importance. I know how to run the government, I can run it, and I will run it — if you wish me to, said this document in effect. The President's mild reply that he did not wish it began the gradual adjustment of relations between the two. But Seward's love of the Union was as present as ever in his loyal acceptance of the supremacy of the natural ruler whom destiny had set over him.

The growth of confidence and affection between Lincoln and Seward is delightful to study. To be sure, it was not in Seward's nature to recognize a superior, and to the end he retained the delusion of the importance of his influence, a delusion which Lincoln appreciated and gently encouraged. To be sure, there is shrewd insight in Welles's remark that if Lincoln had written one of Seward's ill-judged letters, 'he would not have hesitated a moment to retrace his steps and override it; but that is the difference between Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward.' We must not ask too much of humanity.

Yet Welles records elsewhere Sew-

ard's admirable confession, after his views as to Sumter had been rejected, that 'old as he was, he had learned a lesson from this affair, and that was, he had better attend to his own business and confine his labors to his own department.' He did not learn the lesson. Who of us ever does? As long as the war lasted, he showed more or less disposition to advise about the affairs of others. But he did this, not as a meddling busybody, though Welles often thought so, but from an intense and passionate zeal for the triumph of the cause, just as similar zeal, mingled perchance with a little natural delight in the exercise of power, led to his apparently harsh treatment of the political prisoners who came within the jurisdiction of the State Department.

The same enthusiastic devotion to the Union that manifested itself in domestic affairs, showed in Seward's conduct of his special department of foreign relations. At first, indeed, it does not appear that this enthusiasm was always guided by discretion. The sense of power in controlling the intercourse of the country with the great nations of the world produced a sort of intoxication which appeared in words and deeds not wholly appropriate. The picture drawn by Russell, at the very beginning of the war, is as unfavorable as it is vivid: 'A subtle, quick man, rejoicing in power, given to perorate, bursting with the importance of state mysteries and with the dignity of directing the foreign policy of the greatest country — as all Americans think — in the world.' Seward himself denied having uttered, even jocosely, the threat quoted by the Duke of Newcastle, that he would soon be secretary of state and it would then be his duty to insult England. But no one can question the authenticity of the account given by Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, of a scene at his own

table, when, finding that Seward 'was getting more and more violent and noisy, and saying things which it would be more convenient for me not to have heard, I took a natural opportunity, as host, to speak to some of the ladies in the room.'

But as time went on, this effervescence — after all rather superficial — quieted, and the Secretary applied his keen intellect and his vast industry more and more skillfully to the service of his country. His conduct of the Trent affair, involving the return to England of the Confederate commissioners who had been captured by Captain Wilkes, though perhaps rather on the level of the clever advocate than of the great statesman, was deft, patriotic, and eminently successful. And his letters and instructions to ministers abroad, while sometimes verbose and not always free from errors of judgment, were framed on broad and definite lines of policy and were unquestionably of very great value in preserving the friendships and averting the enmities which were both so closely connected with the preservation of the Union. There is certainly much to justify Bigelow's remark that of all the departments of government during the war, the Department of State was the only one 'the conduct of which was never seriously assailed by Congress, by the press, or by the public.' And this was wholly the result of Seward's management.

Perhaps the two concrete achievements that best illustrate Seward's diplomatic success are the expulsion of the French from Mexico and the acquisition of Alaska. In regard to Mexico how admirable, in a statesman accused of undue bluster, is the letter to Bigelow making clear the necessity of tact and conciliation while our own struggle lasted. 'I regret that you think my course toward the French

government is too conciliatory and courteous. . . . We have compromised nothing, surrendered nothing, and I do not propose to surrender anything. But why should we gasconade about Mexico when we are in a struggle for our own life?' Then, when the war was over, it was made perfectly evident to France that there was no place for her in Mexico any longer; yet this also was done with entire consideration and courtesy.

The Mexican affair was negative. The purchase of Alaska was a piece of constructive statesmanship, broadly conceived and energetically carried out. Who will say, after the developments of the last twenty years, that it was not as felicitous as it was enterprising?

Also, the Alaskan purchase, important as it was, was only a detail in Seward's conception of the needs, the possibilities, and the future development of America. From his earliest activity in politics, he looked forward, far forward, and refused to be limited by the petty efforts of the passing hour. It was this sense of the vast meaning of American democracy that made him utterly incredulous of secession as a practical issue and forever insistent on the mighty, cumulative march of progress. Canada must be ours, Mexico must be ours. In thirty years, he said, Mexico City will be the capital of the United States. Railroads? Of course we must have railroads! Canals? Of course we must have canals! Commerce? Of course we must have commerce! Every day we must be busy thinking and planning to do our part toward the vast consummation which the Creator has planned for these great, growing democratic states.

So, as he was a cheerful person to have in the house, he was also a cheerful person to have in the country. When others were downcast and despairing, he was hopeful; and while no

doubt such confidence might lead to delusion and deception and undeception, there were plenty to look at the dark side and provide for it, without him. He did not think the war would come; he did not think it would last; he was sure it could have but one result, if it did last; and he was inclined to believe that it was a natural stage of development which might not impossibly have beneficial consequences.

Nor was his optimism wholly of the comfortable sort which has no anxiety about the misfortunes of others, but is doubly solicitous about its own. When Bigelow warned him, early in the war, of the danger of assassination, which was so near being fatal to him at the time when it annihilated Lincoln, his buoyant answer was, 'Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system. This conviction has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it.'

Also, the cheerfulness was not a mere matter of temperament, not the smooth and quiet utterance of a spirit always tranquil and content. One most remarkable passage, written to his daughter, in August, 1862, after McClellan's misfortunes, shows him deeply oppressed by the burden of others' depression and complaint. 'My table groans, and my heart sinks, under the weight of complaints that I can put to no practicable use. If I should let a shade of this popular despondency fall upon a dispatch, or even rest upon my own countenance, there would be black despair throughout the whole country.' Perhaps the illumination of the whole country did not so absolutely depend upon the light of his countenance as he believed, but much of it did. In any case, so believing, he made an admirably and nobly patriotic effort, and the ringing, resounding assurance

that echoes through all his foreign correspondence was of the very highest value to his cause.

It was not only in ardent patriotic activity that Seward differed from the common type of politician, to which the first part of our study might seem to assimilate him. In financial matters he was absolutely honest. This may not have been true of all his associates and supporters. With his easy-going light-heartedness, he accepted the political methods common in his day, especially among men like Weed, and regarded the lobbyist and the office-seeker with far too much good nature. But he boasted, and justly boasted, that so far from making anything out of politics himself, directly or indirectly, he had always spent well beyond his official salary.

Nor was this made easy by any unlimited supply of private means. On the contrary, he was often in financial trouble, and he neither liked nor understood the shrewd and frugal management which is so helpful to the maintenance of honesty in high places. On one occasion, at the height of his career, he writes, 'All excesses leave a train of penalties behind them. Those Rathbone notes fall due about this time. I am ashamed to confess that as to one of them, I don't know when or where, any more than I know how, it is to be paid.' A statesman in such a position as that is driving very near to a dangerous abyss. Too many fall in. Seward did not.

And as he was no politician in money matters, so he was perfectly ready to stand up against popular enthusiasm, and to sacrifice personal advantage, when duty or humanity seemed to demand it. The most striking instance of this in his legal practice is his defense of the Negro murderer, Freeman, when the whole community was howling for his punishment. Seward took

the case, in defiance of public opinion, and demonstrated so completely that the wretch was irresponsible that the jury was obliged to acquit him.

In public life, also, Seward did not hesitate a moment to support an unpopular cause. When the Catholics were a comparatively small minority and were in disfavor, he, as Governor of New York, recommended 'the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language and professing the same faith.' He was a consistent and energetic advocate of unlimited immigration, and his readiness to help the ignorant and the oppressed, even when such action seemed contrary to the party outcries of the hour, was sufficiently marked to elicit from Charles Francis Adams, in his enthusiastic eulogy, the declaration that 'Very few public men in our history can be cited who have shown so much indifference, in running directly counter to the popular passions when highly excited, as he did.'

Enemies of Seward, and some of his warm friends, have pointed out that in all these instances of apparent sacrifice there was, or might have been, some clever perception of future political advantage. But it is difficult to find any such selfish motive in the broad and patriotic attitude which he adopted after his loss of the presidential nomination in 1860. There was no sulking, no repining; just a steady resolve to make the best of it and, above all, to go on serving the country. Even finer is the complete abandonment, from that time, of all ambition for the presidency. Other supporters of Lincoln hoped and schemed to succeed him. Seward was the loyal, earnest Secretary of State, and that only; or, if he aspired to be more, it was that he might make the Lincoln government more efficient and more successful.

III

It is by this time very evident that Seward was a complex personage. Mr. Rhodes confesses himself puzzled by some of these apparent inconsistencies. He says of one case, 'Whether the course of Seward was dictated by a noble independence of party trammels, or whether he was trimming to catch the moderate element among the Republicans and Democrats at the North, it seems impossible to decide.' Mr. Bancroft, in his admirable biography, one of the very best dealing with the Civil War, is driven to the conception of two distinct Seward, living, *à la* Jekyll and Hyde, in the same body: one the admirer and imitator of such ideal statesmen as John Quincy Adams; the other the close associate, and, if not the tool, at least the confederate, of astute politicians like Thurlow Weed.

There is, I think, a theory, which, although we should not emphasize it too much, will help us to reconcile all these inconsistencies. Let us admit at once that Seward's temperament was not that of a great statesman. His career requires too much apology. When you have explained away half of him, what is left may have distinct claims to greatness. But put him beside a really big man, with square shoulders, a square head, and a square heart, and he shrivels. Why, his face is incompatible with greatness. All the portraits of him but one, that I have seen, give an impression of wizened inadequacy. And even that one suggests a soul not fitted for executive success.

No, Seward's temperament was essentially that of an artist. We need not force the argument too far; this key will unlock for us a great many of the secrets of his brilliant and complicated career. It is curious how much that is puzzling slips into its true place in the light of this explanation, curious how

often Seward himself directly or indirectly indicates this clue to the vagaries of his thought. It was the artist in him that quivered at the coming of crocuses and tulips and longed to spend hours watching the roses in luxuriant bloom. It was the artist, above all, that summed up his own instincts in the following comment: 'Few people are capable of an artistic conception about anything. Of the multitudes whose daily occupation is with our dinner, how few ever attain to a proper notion of how to cook it.'

To prepare the great concoction of American history according to an artistic recipe, and to be head *chef* in the process, — that was the instinctive longing of William H. Seward. And this is as true of his old age in Reconstruction days as it is of his buoyant youth, when he first sported with the passions of anti-masonry.

He was an artist in words. He was not a great man of letters and never could have been. He was too diffuse, in fact thought more about the words than about the ideas they carried with them. But from his college days, when he wrote a thesis entitled, 'Virtue is the best of all the vices,' he had the real literary man's love for the jingle and clatter and sparkle and resonance of those dainty and dangerous instruments which were given us to conceal our thoughts. All his speeches are entertaining reading, and that is a great deal to say of a dead speech. After going through fifteen volumes of Sumner's orations, till you hate the name of oratory, you can take up any speech of Seward's and be really diverted. There is plenty of verbiage, plenty of platitude. But he knows it just as well as you do, and does not in the least care, — in fact serves it out on purpose. And you enjoy cunning periods like the following, because you feel how exceedingly he enjoys them: 'If I fall here, let

no kinsman or friend remove my dust to a more hospitable grave. Let it be buried under the pavements of the Avenue, and let the chariot wheels of those who have destroyed the liberties of my country rattle over my bones until a more heroic and worthy generation shall recall that country to life, liberty, and independence.' Now, is n't that fun?

He was an artist in political management and this explains many things he did and many things he did not do. It has been denied as well as asserted that he called politics 'a harmless game for power,' but much in his attitude suggests the phrase. While he would have abhorred the morals, whether political, or general, of Talleyrand and Metternich, there are indications that he admired their tact, their patience, their self-control, and their indifference. It was the artist who remarked naïvely, 'I am disgusted with politics, yet how long will I remain so?' It was the artist who modeled the little incident about Benjamin and the cigar, above referred to, on a similar occurrence between Van Buren and Clay. It was the artist who recounted, as vividly as a scene on the stage, the conversation between himself, Weed, and Whittlesey, which resulted in Seward's nomination for governor. It was the artist, finally, who luxuriated in Sterne, the most thoroughly artificial of literary men, and could cite him as follows: 'Sterne is the only philosopher who resolves for me what I feel to be my art of living. "We get forward in the world," says he, "not so much by doing services as by receiving them."' He might have found even more application in another bit of Shandyism, when Sterne shows his compassionate tenderness by feeding the starved ass, but also murmurs, with his subtle self-analysis, 'At this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that

there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon, — than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.' All his life Seward felt that whimsical curiosity to see how the constituent ass would munch the political macaroon.

This sense of detachment, of watching the game, of amusement in the antics of the puppets and their insignificance, including his own, is ever-present and most characteristic. Mr. Bancroft justly points out that Seward on himself is always delightful. It is for this reason, — because he surveyed himself as one among the other asses and laughed at his own contortions with that macaroon. He is annoyed with himself, ashamed of himself, surprised at himself, but always as if he were somebody else. He told Bigelow that 'He had been astonished to find how much he had done since he had been in public life, how well some things had been done which he had entirely forgotten.' It was the same detachment which led him to laugh at the outrageous treatment of Motley in 1867 and to say calmly to Bigelow that he had to sacrifice Motley to save himself.

This detached, remote attitude is that of the humorist, and Seward was a humorist. He himself denied that Lincoln was, and in a sense justly. Lincoln, he said, was a grave and serious man who told his stories only to make a point. He might have said, further, that to the Lincoln of the war, as to the Shakespeare of the tragic period, comedy was merely a relief in the terrible tragedy of life. To Seward there was no tragedy of life. The most strenuous effort, the most ardent hope was all a part of the game, and even suffering, more particularly that of others, was insignificant compared with eternity. Therefore, in his speech and in his thought there was always the light and

dainty play of humorous fancy, as when he ends a letter to Weed, summing up all his semi-serious woes and difficulties, 'With love to Harriet, I am ever your unfortunate friend who has faith in everybody and enjoys the confidence of nobody.'

Also, he was capable of keen wit. To a lady who was begging for military information he said, 'Madam, if I did not know, I would tell you.' When Piatt had made him known to the guard at the War Department — Stanton's War Department — and asked in turn to be passed in himself, in the name of common politeness, Seward remarked, 'Young man, the politeness of this department is not common.'

With the humor and the detachment went also the vanity of at least a certain type of artist. It need hardly be said that this is not the highest type. Seward did not represent the highest type. The defect obviously springs from not surveying one's self with quite the same complete detachment that one bestows upon the rest of the world. Whatever the cause, a certain vanity, at times vexatious, is undeniable in Seward. 'He had a canine appetite for praise,' says Bigelow, quoting Jefferson on Lafayette. And the astute Lord Lyons comments patronizingly, 'He has, besides, so much more vanity, personal and national, than tact, that he seldom makes a favorable impression at first. When one comes really to know him, one is surprised to find much to esteem and even to like in him.'

This vanity showed both in candid statement of the Secretary's own undeniable merits and in a certain amount of delusion as to merits and abilities which he did not possess. It accounts for his being 'intoxicated with power,' as a good observer expresses it, for his long-cherished belief that he could run and was running the whole government of Lincoln, for many remarks and ob-

servations almost equal to the following: 'Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along so far.' It is, perhaps, most delightfully manifested in the amplified reminiscence of a well-known saying of Cæsar: 'I always held on to my country home at Auburn, because, come what might, there I could always be sure of ranking with the first. I would not live in New York City because there one becomes cheap. You are lost in the crowd. By keeping outside of the city I was always a lion in the city. I patronized instead of being patronized.'

As this quotation shows, such vanity as Seward's — or Cicero's — is not at all incompatible with keen self-analysis. Indeed the two naturally occur together. It is precisely because one is so sensible of one's own defects that one does not wish others to see them. Such vanity is even consonant with a fine humility. Above all, it often accompanies a quite admirable candor, as suggested by the remark of one of Meilhac and Halévy's characters, who was accused of coquetry because he looked in the glass. 'Oh, no, it is n't coquetry at all. It is just simply that it gives me great pleasure to look at myself.'

Finally, the most attractive and most serviceable element of the artist in Seward was the imaginative outlook, which I have indicated earlier in this study. Others about him were more or less opportunists, absorbed in the immediate political necessity of the hour. From his earliest manhood he looked far ahead into the immense regions of American possibility and guided his course steadily by what he saw there. He was not a profound thinker in any respect. In religion he moved always in the vague limbo in which many of us nowadays pass our spiritual lives. In philosophy and art he seldom went beyond conventionalities. His

force in these lines is well shown in Mr. Bancroft's excellent observation that 'he had a philosophical theory for everything he wished to believe.' But he had the seer's enthusiasm and the seer's hope. The present, the result actually achieved, however great, was never enough for him. A new desire, a new effort, a new ideal, perpetually spurred him onward; and in this nervous restlessness he was thoroughly American and of immense service to America.

You could not fatigue him. You could not disgust him. Hear with what a *clamorous appeal* he *stirs the sloth* of his fellows in the dead atmosphere of routine legislation. 'I see rising before me hundreds of thousands, millions, even tens of millions, of my countrymen, receiving their fortunes and fates, as they are being shaped by the actions of the Congress of the United States, in this hour of languor, at the close of a weary day, near the end of a protracted and tedious session.' One phrase sums up as well as any this splendid, energetic, triumphant, imaginative optimism, which is perhaps Seward's greatest merit and surest claim to the affection of posterity. 'The improbability of our race is unlimited.' When the immediate prospect looks blackest and most hopeless, it is well to stimulate our courage with that watchword, which one statesman at least believed in: 'The improvability of our race is unlimited.'

Without insisting too strongly, I believe that this explanation of the artistic temperament is the best clue to all the spiritual problems affecting Seward. The point is interesting because it differentiates him from almost all his political contemporaries, who were workers, doers, practical men, too busy with the immediate battle about them to get out of it and survey it as a spectacle merely.

In any case, he was a many-sided, many-colored, many-featured, most fascinating spirit, whom I part from with the greatest regret. Yet I confess that, after all, what comes closest to

me in regard to him is Lincoln's rolling over in his berth and murmuring sleepily, —

'Seward, you go out and repeat some of your poetry to the people.'

UNDER THE ARCH

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

EVERY now and then a big warm drop would splash down on me from the dome. It was right over me, the dome, irregularly pierced by translucent bull's-eyes. From them a greenish light wavered through the haze of steam. It gave one a curious sensation of being out of the world, under the sea. A little imagination made mermen out of the figures about me, with their nude torsos tailing off into striped red towels. It amused me to wonder what my Puritan forbears would have made of such an underworld, and whether I owed it to their hard New England winters that the heat of the marble crept so deliciously through my nomad skin. That reminded me of some one in the *Thousand and One Nights* — not as we read them in our school days, but as Dr. J. C. Mardrus has translated them in sixteen big French volumes — who made a poem of that world, and keeps breaking out into an ecstatic '*O hammam!*' It struck me that a Debussy could find an *Après Midi d'un Baigneur* in the hollow echoes, just this side of music, that rippled and rumbled through the place — the different-keyed splashings of water, the ring of

metal bath-bowls, the duller click-clack of wooden clogs on marble, the rise and fall of voices, punctuated occasionally by the muffled slam of a door.

In an alcove near me a young man was singing. Every other phrase of his song began with '*Aman! Aman!*' which you must understand as meaning something between *Alas!* and *Have mercy!* I could see no more of him than a dark poll and a muscular brown shoulder, by reason of a panel of Byzantine sculpture that closed the end of the low marble dais on which he sat. The floor of his alcove, too, was inlaid with colored marble in a Byzantine pattern of interlaced garlands. Who knew out of what Greek church they came, long ago? And there a Turkish peasant — or so it pleased me to fancy him — sat singing one of those endless old unhappy love songs of Asia, knowing no more of Byzantines and their carvings than if his fathers had never knocked over a Byzantine empire. '*Aman! Aman!*' he sang, sending the strangest reverberations quivering up into the misty green twilight of the dome.

A moment later another young man, wrapped from his waist to his heels in the red towel of rigor, click-clacked across the marble floor, stepped out of

his clogs on to the central platform where I lay, knelt beside me, and began to knead my wrists. He was rather a striking-looking young man, not so much because he was tall and well made, as because of two strangely sombre eyes he had, under heavy black brows and a low-growing thatch of black hair. There was something vaguely familiar about him, withal. And I noticed that his left arm was tattooed. But what I chiefly noticed was what he began to do to me. Turkish massage is very much like any other massage, except that it goes into refinements of torture which I have not suffered in Christendom. Starting as mildly as you please, it culminates by removing your vertebræ, one after another, turning them inside out, and replacing them with more or less care. When it is done with more care you feel as if you had just broken the bank at Monte Carlo and were about to take Cleopatra to wife. When it is done with less care you feel as if you had broken your neck — and sometimes you have. This particular bathman showed that he happened to be an expert in his art. So I let him do his worst, while I closed my eyes and drifted into a state of beatific semi-consciousness.

When this part of the complicated rite of the bath was at an end, my *tellak* clapped his hands as a signal thereof and led the way into one of the alcoves. There, setting me down on the hot marble step that ran around the three sides and squatting on his heels in front of me, he proceeded to put me through the humiliation of peeling. Heavens! Such rolls of grime as come off one under a bathman's horsehair mitten! And we imagine that we are a cleanly race! The Turks do not share our good opinion of ourselves in that regard. They never wash so much as their own little finger in standing water. Conse-

quently in a real Turkish bath there is no such thing as a tub or a pool. There are merely small marble basins set about the walls. Out of the one beside which I sat my bathman dipped a little water now and then with a brass bowl and sluiced away such portions of my anatomy as he had separated from me. Up to this time no word had passed between us. But at last he made an overture.

'Eh, say,' he invited me.

Now that we were forced to sit nose to nose, it seemed to me again that I knew him. Yet if it had been in a bath that I had seen him I surely would have remembered the tattoo on his arm. It was not an anchor or a heart or a butterfly or any other of the devices dearest to the artist in India ink. It looked like writing.

'What shall I say?' I answered. 'What do you want to know?'

He stared at me for a moment with an intensity that my fatuous question did not deserve. Then, —

'Are you from Austria?' he asked.

It was a query, I must confess, that left me a little cold. I had expected something more in keeping with those melodramatic eyes. I wondered, too, why Turks so often take me for a German, and why I so distinctly fail to be flattered.

'No,' I promptly replied. 'I come from much farther away — from America.'

'Ah,' said he, as if disappointed.

I am always seeing myself act the Fat Young Man to other people's Will o' the Mill, and am almost always saddened by their failure to play up to my cue. I can, however, play up to theirs.

'Where is your country?' I inquired, knowing perfectly well beforehand what he would answer.

'I come from the Black Sea,' he said, 'from Castambol.'

'From Castambol!' I exclaimed,

beginning to cheer up again. I had not known beforehand what he would answer, after all; for I had known that he would answer Sivas. All bathmen do, with such tiresome unanimity that I have about given up that line of conversation. 'I have heard that there is an old castle, there,' I went on. 'Is it true?'

'Yes. It is from the time of the Genoese.' The Turks, despising their Greek subjects, attribute everything that antedates their own era to the Genoese. 'But I have never seen it. I am not from the city. I am from a village outside.'

So far so good. But what next? Nothing is more tantalizing than the way people walk about the world full of the most interesting information and without any reason for keeping it in the dark, yet totally unable to impart it to any human being. That village near Castambol — I could make my fortune if I knew about it a tenth of what this black-browed bathman did. What surgery or magic, however, could get it out of him? I am not, alas, of those gifted personalities who turn inside out at will their most casual acquaintances. On the contrary, people I have known all my life daily become for me darker mysteries. So I felt doubtful about seeing the true inwardness of a Turkish village spread out before me by an inhabitant thereof. Still, he did finally volunteer something out of a clear sky.

'In my country,' he began, 'there is a lake. And in the lake there is an island. And on the island there is a tree. And under the tree there is a hole. And down the hole stairs go, to a palace under the lake. And there a girl sits, a Christian girl with yellow hair, combing her hair with a golden comb. And she has a golden ball in her lap, and all around her are pearls and emeralds and I don't know what.'

'Oh!' exclaimed I with ravishment. This truly was a bathman among bathmen. I had heard of lakes and islands and subterranean princesses before, but never from a serious-looking person rather taller than I. After all, we were getting on! 'Have you ever been down the stairs?' I inquired.

'No. We are afraid. A man went once and he did not come back.'

'Well, perhaps you would not have wanted to go back,' I suggested.

But he only shrugged his shoulders. And there was the end of that! He should, of course, have gone on and told me a long and complicated story, which I would quickly have run home and written down and sent to America and got an enormous price for. Instead of which he began to scrape the under side of my upper arm so ferociously as to make me bawl out that I was n't made of shoe leather. And I presently added, borrowing a leaf from his book, —

'Eh, say.'

'What is there to say?' he replied. 'It is you who have things to say. You go, you come, you hear, you see, while we are always shut up. It is as if we were under the lake in my country. See how little light comes through the water!'

He pointed to the greeny bull's-eyes in our own little dome. That rather pleased me, you know.

'Then you did n't go back! Only — where is the yellow-haired girl?'

'Where?' he assented. And silence fell heavily again between us.

'What is that on your arm?' I asked at last, thinking to try a new tack.

'What should it be? It is nothing.'

'Let me see,' I insisted, taking hold of his arm to keep him from moving it.

The tattooing was in writing, but in a writing I could n't make out — till I suddenly realized that although it was on a Turkish bathman's arm it was in

German script. Then I managed to read it. And what I read was '*Ach, Lisa, ach!*'

'*Ach, Lisa, ach!*' I repeated aloud, smiling at him in the knowing way of men with regard to women.

As for him, he pulled his arm away. It occurred to me to wonder if one took one's bathman seriously, and I began to see where Austria came in. Still, I continued to smile my knowing smile. And I asked, —

'Have you ever been Under the Arch?'

'I went once,' he replied gravely. 'But that is finished.'

But it seemed to me, from the way he looked, that something was not altogether finished. For me at least it was not, for I suddenly began to remember. What I remembered, primarily, was what I am always forgetting — that the world does n't stand still, particularly in one's teens.

'It is well that you tell no lies,' I said, 'for I have seen you Under the Arch.'

'Then it was a long time ago.'

'It was a long time ago. It was five or six years ago, when you were still a boy.'

He looked at me more strangely than he had looked at me yet. In his eyes it was as if something began to smoulder.

II

Flaring lights, slippery cobblestones, overhanging grapevines, a pervasive odor of mastic, a no less pervasive jingle of crank pianos, and scraps of every language under heaven, and vivid ladies picking their way on high heels between house-fronts that climb through the dark to some quiet star, or lounging, much touched up as to complexion and much cut down as to toilette, in open windows of the ground floor; not unready to pluck the cap off the head, the purse from the pocket, or even the

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heart out of the body, of the men of every land and every sea who find their way Under the Arch in Galata — That is what suddenly came back to me — that and the picture of a Turkish peasant boy, with a gay handkerchief knotted about his fez and colored tassels bobbing below the knees of his loose blue knickerbockers, who strolled down a certain garish lane with his hands in his pockets. He attracted my attention because Turks are comparatively few Under the Arch, being the only true Puritans left in the world, and because the eyes with which he stared at this and that, from under heavy black eyebrows, made such an intensity of darkness in the color of his handsome face, and because he was evidently so young. It was also evident that everything he saw was perfectly strange to him — as if he had wandered Under the Arch by chance. As I watched him he stopped and looked into a lighted window. The window belonged to a wineshop of a kind not uncommon Under the Arch. The clients were served by gaudy girls, whom it was not too difficult to induce to sit down and share a glass. In one corner a gypsy turned the handle of a *lanterna* — the crank piano of the country. Near the window were sitting two women and a man — also a Turk, apparently. One of the women, catching sight of the boy outside, got up, went to the door, smiled at him, and beckoned. She was a creature in scarlet satin, with a mop of hair trailing over one eye. The boy blushed, half smiled in return, shifted his feet uneasily, but did not move. Then the creature, still smiling, went up to him, took his hand, pulled him after her into the wineshop, and sat him down beside her at an empty table.

I, who stood in the street and watched, found myself strangely affected. I am not much of a missionary.

Otherwise I would hardly have been standing in that street. My temperament inclines me to believe with the Frenchman that to understand is to pardon. I also believe that there is too much meddling with other people's affairs, and I am for letting a man hang himself with his own rope. Yet when it comes to a boy — ! Of one's own youth one fancies that if one had known this or that, or if at a certain moment one set of accidents had turned up instead of another — Youth is so priceless a thing, it lasts so little time, such endless consequences hang on its ignorant decisions — But what, I asked myself, watching youth's encounter through the lighted window, is one to do? One can't put youth in a padlock. It is no use to snatch it by the hair of the head from experience. The bitterest experience is better than none. Is it, though? Still, if I marched in and pulled the boy out, what would prevent his marching back as soon as I disappeared?

His encounter, I could see, was too embarrassing to be pleasant. His cheeks became the color of his companion's dress and he did n't know where to look or what to say. The creature continued to smile, patted his hand, ordered him a glass of mastic. He hesitated before taking a sip. Then he set down the glass so hurriedly that he tipped it over, coughing and wiping his eyes. At that everybody laughed. The creature laughed too. In a moment, however, she put her arm about him and whispered in his ear. She got up, and he got up. But all of a sudden he bolted out of the door.

III

It is curious, is it not, what things will stick in the memory of a refined, cultured, and liberally educated gentleman — as the women's clubs put it

— who cultivates a taste for letters and who would have liked to see himself a creator of memorable houses and gardens. If you are shocked, I can't help it. Of course I am tempted to argue that the fault is life's, not mine, — that makes so unending and so engrossing a spectacle, that prospers in the unkindest soil, that ironically loves to discover Under the Arch the simplicity, the directness, the impatience of ruse which sometimes fail in your guarded drawing-room. But argument never helps a story — particularly when it is a story like this one, that you must mostly tell yourself.

I looked at my bathman, then, in whose sombre eyes something began to smoulder. Yes, those must be the same eyes, and the same eyebrows. He had grown tall, though, and his young country color was gone. Had the bath boiled it out of him, or — what?

'Then you have seen her?' he demanded.

Ach, Lisa, ach! For the moment a smile almost flickered out of me. I remembered how moved I had been, watching through the lighted window so long ago, and how relieved when he ran away. It had confirmed me anew in my policy of non-intervention. And he had gone back, naturally enough. And the scarlet creature had eaten him up after all. The Scarlet Creature, or The Bathman's Romance! I could see it all. Life will be life, even Under the Arch. That was what had become of the golden hour of his youth. And all he had to show for it was the label on his arm — and the smouldering in his eyes. *Ach, Lisa, ach!*

'Yes, I have seen her,' I answered. 'I saw her come to the door, beckon to you, pull you in, give you something to drink, and whisper to you, and then I saw you run away. But you went back, eh?'

And I reproduced a remnant of my

knowing smile. He, however, looked at me rather oddly.

'That was not the one!' he exclaimed at last, with abrupt contempt.

He turned away and began to prepare for the next stage in operations by making soapsuds with a tuft of raffia in a big copper bowl. I watched him with an access of curiosity which would make it appear that one may, after all, take one's bathman seriously. Perhaps he felt the intensity of my silent questioning. Perhaps the accident of my having seen him before, of my having been a witness of that moment in his life, made a sort of bond between us. Perhaps the smouldering in him had never found vent. At all events he suddenly dropped his raffia and turned back to me.

'What is it, *effendim*,' he broke out, 'that a woman does to a man? The world is full of them. Why will not one do as well as another? Why —'

He stopped. And from the way he looked at me I knew he did not see me. Presently he went on, in another tone.

'You know, my *effendim*, what it is to be young. After I ran away that night I was ashamed. I heard men talk, they told me things, they laughed, they would not let me forget. How should I know anything? I was only sixteen. I had always lived in my village, in Anatolia. I had never thought of women or seen them. And suddenly to see them like that, with bare faces, bare arms, in clothes made to fit them, of silk and velvet — not such bags as our women wear! And the lights, and the music! I did n't know there were such things in the world. It was like the palace under the lake in my country. So I went back. I went back to the same place, to show them I was not afraid. I sat down at a table and I ordered *raki*. The girl who had spoken to me before was there, sitting in a corner with a sailor. She remem-

bered me and she laughed. "There is my little Anatolian!" she said. "Come here, little Anatolian!"'

He stopped again and pulled up the copper bowl, as if uncertain whether to go on with his story or to shampoo my head. I waited for his decision with a curious suspense.

'Just then another girl came and sat down beside me,' he finally said. '*Effendim*, she was the princess under the lake in my country. Her hair was like gold, as I had never seen hair before, and her eyes were so blue they frightened me. We say, you know, that people like that have the Evil Eye. I was frightened and my heart began to beat as if I had run from St. Sophia to the Taxim. At first she only looked at me and smiled, in such a way that I was both less frightened and more frightened. Then she began to talk to me. "Why did you order that *raki*?" she asked. "It is bad. Don't drink it." When she spoke I began to tremble. I always trembled when I heard her voice — to the last time.' He paused an instant. 'I could not say anything. I did not know what to say. She saw it and she went on talking to me. As my mother never spoke to me, *effendim*, she spoke to me. She told me I must n't go again to such places. She asked me where I lived, what work I did, when I was going to my country. And at last she sent me away.'

I almost smiled again, remembering my own attitude on a certain occasion. But I could tell myself that I had no Evil Eye, and that in me the voice of intervention would never have made him tremble! It was curious, though, what a power he had, with so little of a story, to move me so much a second time. It was partly the intensity of his tone and of his sombre look. It was also the curiosities within curiosities he set alight — about the world he lived in, about his strange lost princess. I

must say he did very little to satisfy them.

'When she sent me away that night,' he went on, 'she thought it was finished. But it only began. Every night I went back and watched in the street until I found her again. And after that, for three years, I saw her nearly every day; but not as you think. She never would let me come to her house. I always saw her in wineshops, in coffee-houses, in the street. She made me go to school, too, and she paid for it. I can read, *effendim*, because of her. She could read too, and she could write, and she could sing, and she could play — your piano, our lute. She knew everything. But she did n't know how to keep me from becoming mad. I thought of nothing else but her. I wanted to take her away from Galata. In the three years, you see, I became a man. But she would not listen. She said she was too old, she said she was too bad, she said she loved me too much, she said she could never live in Anatolia or I in Europe. How do I know what she said,' he broke off, 'or where she is now? Akh, Lisa! Akh!'

My eye followed his to the inscription pricked on his arm. It became more and more evident that the story, such as it was, was one which you have to tell yourself. There was enough obvious interplay in it of East and West,

of blue eyes and black, of innocence and — must I say corruption? — the eternal lure of the contrary. And one could more or less make out the case of the dark-browed young peasant lover. But what of the obscure courtesan, cast out from her own land into that place of all vulgarity and disaster, who had become for him a princess of fairy lore?

'She wrote it there,' he said. 'She always told me I did n't know how to say anything else! She wrote it there the last time I saw her — the first time I went to her house. At last I made her open the door to me. And I begged her as I had never begged her to go away with me. "Akh, Lisa!" I said. "Akh, I can't go on like this. I can't work in the day. I can't sleep at night. All the time I see your eyes. They make a fire in my heart." She smiled a little, as she knew how to smile, then wrote this on my arm with a needle. And then —'

Another bathman came into the alcove, followed by an old gentleman who sat down opposite me. My bathman stirred his copper bowl again and then put me past all power of sight or speech by pouring soapsuds over my head. Across the vaulted room the bather in the Byzantine alcove was singing his melancholy old love-song of Asia. '*Aman! Aman!*' he sang, making strange reverberations quiver up into the dome.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

ADVENTURES IN THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE¹

BY MILDRED ALDRICH

HUIRY-SUR-MARNE,
September 8, 1914.

I HAD gone to bed early on the night of Friday, September 4, and passed an uneasy night. It was before four when I got up and opened my shutters. It was a lovely day. Perhaps I have told you that the weather all last week was simply perfect.

I went downstairs to get coffee for the picket, but when I got out to the gate there was no picket there. There was the barricade, but the road was empty. I ran up the road to Amélie's. She told me that they had marched away about an hour before. A bicyclist had evidently brought an order. As no one spoke English, no one understood what had really happened. Père had been to Couilly — they had all left there. So far as any one could discover there was not an English soldier, or any kind of a soldier, left anywhere in the *commune*.

This was Saturday morning, September 5, and one of the loveliest days I ever saw. The air was clear. The sun was shining. The birds were singing. But otherwise it was very still. I walked out on the lawn. Little lines of white smoke were rising from a few chimneys at Joncheroy and Voisins.

¹ This is an authentic letter written by an American lady to a friend in this country. Earlier letters in the correspondence were published in the July and August numbers. — THE EDITORS.

The towns on the plain, from Montyon and Penchard on the horizon to Ma-reuil in the valley, stood out clear and distinct. But after three days of activity, three days with the soldiers about, it seemed, for the first time since I came here, lonely; and for the first time I realized that I was actually cut off from the outside world. All the bridges in front of me were gone, and the big bridge behind me. No communication possible with the north, and none with the south except by road over the hill to Lagny. Esbly evacuated, Couilly evacuated, Quincy evacuated. All the shops closed. No government, no post-office, and absolutely no knowledge of what had happened since Wednesday. I had a horrible sense of isolation.

Right after breakfast I had the proof that I was right about the Germans. Evidently well informed of the movements of the English, they rode boldly into the open. Luckily they seemed disinclined to do any mischief. Perhaps the place looked too humble to be bothered with. They simply asked — one of them spoke French, and perhaps they all did — where they were, and were told, 'Huiry, commune of Quincy.' They looked it up on their maps, nodded, and asked if the bridges on the Marne had been destroyed, to which I replied that I did not know, — I had not been down to the river. Half a truth and half a lie, but goodness knows that it was hard enough to have to be

polite. They thanked me civilly enough and rode down the hill, as they could not pass the barricade unless they had wished to give an exhibition of 'high school.' Wherever they had been they had not suffered. Their horses were fine animals, and both horses and men were well groomed and in prime condition.

Luckily for me, part of the morning was killed by what might be called an incident, or a disaster, or a farce — just as you look at it. Just after the Germans were here I went down the road to call on my new French friends at the foot of the hill, to hear how they had passed the night, and incidentally to discover if there were any soldiers about. Just in the front of their house I found an English bicycle scout, leaning on his wheel and trying to make himself understood in a one-sided monosyllabic dialogue with the two girls standing in their window.

I asked him who he was. He showed his papers. They were all right, — an Irishman — Ulster — Royal Innisfall Fusiliers — thirteen years in the service.

I asked him if there were any English soldiers left here. He said there was still a bicycle corps of scouts at the foot of the hill, at Couilly. I thought that funny, as Père had said the town was absolutely deserted. Still, I saw no reason to doubt his word, so when he asked me if I could give him his breakfast, I brought him back to the house, set the table in the arbor, and gave him his coffee and eggs. When he had finished he showed no inclination to go — said he would rest a bit. As Amélie was in the house, I left him and went back to make the call that my encounter with him had interrupted. When I returned an hour later I found him fast asleep on the bench in the arbor, with the sun shining right on his head. His wheel, with his kit and gun on it, was leaning up against the house.

It was nearly noon by this time, and hot, and I was afraid he would get a sunstroke; so I waked him and told him that if it was a rest he needed, — and he was free to take it, — he could go into the room at the head of the stairs, where he would find a couch and lie down comfortably. But his sleepiness seemed suddenly to have disappeared, so he asked for the chance to wash and shave; and half an hour later he came down all slicked up and spruce, with a very visible intention of paying court to the lady of the house. Irish, you see, — white hairs no obstacle. I could not help laughing. 'Hoity toity,' I said to myself, 'I am getting all kinds of impressions of the military.'

While I was, with amusement, putting up fences, the gardener next door came down the hill in great excitement to tell me that the Germans were on the road above, and were riding down across Père's farm into a piece of land called 'la terre blanche,' where Père has recently been digging out great rocks, making it an ideal place to hide. He knew that there was an English scout in my house and thought I ought to know. I suppose he expected the boy in khaki to grab his gun and capture them all. I thanked him and sent him away. I must say my Irishman did not seem a bit interested in the Germans. His belt and pistol lay on the *salon* table, where he put them when he came downstairs. He made himself comfortable in an easy chair, and continued to give me another dose of his blarney. I suppose I was getting needlessly nervous. It was really none of my business what he was doing here. Still he was a bit too *sans gêne*.

Finally he began to ask questions. 'Was I afraid?' I was not. 'Did I live alone?' I did. As soon as I had said it I thought it was stupid of me, especially as he at once said, —

'If you are, yer know, I'll come back

here to sleep to-night. I'm perfectly free to come and go as I like, — don't have to report until I'm ready.'

I thought it wise to remind him right here that if his corps was at the foot of the hill, it was wise for him to let his commanding officer know that the Germans for whom two regiments had been hunting for three days had come out of hiding. I fancy if I had not taken that tack he'd have settled for the day.

'Put that thing on,' I said, pointing to his pistol, 'get your wheel out of the barn, and I'll take a look up the road and see that it's clear. I don't care to see you attacked under my eyes.'

I knew that there was not the slightest danger of that, but it sounded businesslike. I am afraid he found it so, because he said at once, 'Could you give me a drink before I go?'

'Water?' I said.

'No, not that.'

I was going to say 'no,' when it occurred to me that Amélie had told me that she had put a bottle of cider in the buffet, and — well, he was Irish, and I wanted to get rid of him. So I said he could have a glass of cider, and I got the bottle, and a small, deep champagne glass. He uncorked the bottle, drank it off, and thanked me more earnestly than cider would have seemed to warrant. While he got his wheel out, I went through the form of making sure the road was free. There was no one in sight. So I sent him away with directions for reaching Couilly without going over the part of the hill where the Uhlans had hidden, and drew a sigh of relief when he was off. Hardly fifteen minutes later some one came running up from Voisins to tell me that just around the corner he had slipped off his wheel, almost unconscious, evidently drunk. I was amazed. He had been absolutely all right when he left me. As no one understood a word he tried

to say, there was nothing to do but go and rescue him. But by the time I got to where he had fallen off his wheel, he was gone, — some one had taken him away, — and it was not until two days later that I discovered the truth of the matter.

Yesterday afternoon an exhausted soldier was in need of a stimulant, and one of his comrades, who was supporting him, asked me if I had anything. I had nothing but the bottle out of which the Irish scout had drunk. I rushed for it and poured some into the tin cup held out to me. Just as the poor fellow was about to drink, his comrade pulled the cup away, smelt it, and exclaimed, 'Don't drink that — here, put some water in it. That's not cider. It's *eau-de-vie des prunes*.'

I can tell you I was startled. I had never tasted *eau-de-vie des prunes*, — a native brew, stronger than brandy, and far more dangerous, — and my Irishman had pulled off a full champagne glass at a gulp, and never winked. No wonder he fell off his wheel. The wonder is that he did not die on the spot. I was humiliated. Still, he was Irish and perhaps he did n't care. I hope he did n't. But only think, he will never know that I did not do it on purpose. He was probably gloriously drunk. Anyway, it prevented his coming back to make that visit he threatened me with.

All this excitement kept me from listening too much to the cannon, which had been booming ever since nine o'clock. Amélie had been busy running between her house and mine, but she has, among other big qualities, the blessed habit of taking no notice. I wish it were contagious. She went about her work as if nothing were hanging over us. I don't believe she shirked a thing. It seemed to me absurd to care whether the dusting was done or not, whether or not the writing-table was in

order, or the pictures straight on the wall.

As near as I can remember, it was a little after one o'clock when the cannonading suddenly became much heavier, and I stepped out into the orchard, from which there is a wide view of the plain. I gave one look; then I heard myself say, 'Amélie,' — as if she could help, — and I retreated. Amélie rushed by me. I heard her say, 'Mon Dieu!' I waited, but she did not come back. After a bit I pulled myself together, went out again, and followed down to the hedge where she was standing, looking off to the plain.

The battle had advanced right over the crest of the hill. The sun was shining brilliantly on silent Mareuil and Chauconin, but Montyon and Penchard were enveloped in smoke. From the eastern and western extremities of the plain we could see the artillery fire, but owing to the smoke hanging over the crest of the hill on the horizon, it was impossible to get an idea of the positions of the armies. In the west it seemed to be somewhere near Claye, and in the east it was in the direction of Barcy. I tried to remember what the English soldiers had said, — that the Germans were, if possible, to be pushed east, in which case the artillery at the west must be either the French or English. The hard thing to bear was, that it was all conjecture.

So often, when I first took this place on the hill, I had looked off at the plain and thought, 'What a battlefield!' forgetting how often the Seine et Marne had been that, from the days when the kings lived at Chelles down to the days when it saw the worst of the invasion of 1870. But when I thought that, I had visions very different from what I was seeing. I had imagined long lines of marching soldiers, detachments of flying cavalry, like the war pictures at Versailles and Fontainebleau. Now I

was actually seeing a battle, and it was nothing like that. There was only noise, belching smoke, and long drifts of white clouds concealing the hill.

By the middle of the afternoon Montyon came slowly out of the smoke. That seemed to mean that the heaviest firing was over the hill and not on it, — or did it mean that the battle was retreating? If it did, then the Allies were retreating. There was no way to discover the truth. And all this time the cannon thundered in the southeast, in the direction of Coulommiers, on the route into Paris by Ivry.

A dozen times during the afternoon I went into the study and tried to read. Little groups of old men, women, and children were in the road, mounted on the barricade which the English had left. I could hear the murmur of their voices. In vain I tried to stay indoors. The thing was stronger than I, and in spite of myself, I would go out on the lawn and, field-glass in hand, watch the smoke.

Between me and the terrible thing stretched a beautiful country, as calm in the sunshine as if horrors were not. In the field below me the wheat was being cut. I remembered vividly afterward that a white horse was drawing the reaper, and women and children were stacking and gleaning. Now and then the horse would stop, and a woman, with her red handkerchief on her head, would stand, shading her eyes a moment, and look off. Then the white horse would turn and go plodding on. The grain had to be got in if the Germans were coming, and these fields were to be trampled as they were in 1870. Talk about the duality of the mind — it is sextuple. I would not dare tell you all that went through mine that long afternoon.

It was just about six o'clock when the first bomb that we could really see came over the hill. The sun was set-

ting. For two hours we saw them rise, descend, explode. Then a little smoke would rise from one hamlet, then from another; then a tiny flame — hardly more than a spark — would be visible; and by dark the whole plain was on fire, lighting up Mareuil in the foreground, silent and untouched. There were long lines of grain-stacks and mills stretching along the plain. One by one they took fire, until, by ten o'clock, they stood like a procession of huge torches across my beloved panorama.

It was midnight when I looked off for the last time. The wind had changed. The fires were still burning. The smoke was drifting toward us — and oh! the odor of it! I hope you will never know what it is like.

I was just going to close up when Amélie came to the door to see if I was all right. My mind was in a sort of riot. It was the suspense, — the not knowing the result, or what the next day might bring. You know, I am sure, that physical fear is not one of my characteristics. Fear of Life, dread of Fate, I often have, but not the other. Yet somehow when I saw Amélie standing there I felt that I needed the sense of something living near me. So I said, 'Amélie, do you want to do me a great service?'

She said she'd like to try.

'Well then,' I replied, 'don't you want to sleep here to-night?'

With her pretty smile, she pulled her nightdress from under her arm: that was why she had come. So I made her go to bed in the big bed in the guest-chamber, and leave the door open; and do you know, she was asleep in five minutes, and snoring, and I smiled to hear her, and thought it the most comforting sound I had ever heard.

As for me, I did not sleep a moment. I could not forget the poor fellows lying dead out there in the starlight — and it was such a beautiful night.

It was about my usual time, four o'clock, the next morning, — Sunday, September 6, — that I opened my blinds. Another lovely day. I was dressed and downstairs when, a little before five, the battle recommenced.

I rushed out on the lawn and looked off. It had moved east — behind the hill between me and Meaux. All I could see was the smoke which hung over it. Still it seemed nearer than it had the day before. I had just about room enough in my mind for one idea: 'The Germans wish to cross the Marne at Meaux, on the direct route into Paris. They are getting there. In that case to-day will settle our fate. If they reach the Marne that battery at Coutevroult will come into action,' — that was what Captain Edwards had said, — 'and I shall be in a direct line between the two armies.'

Amélie got breakfast as if there were no cannon, so I took my coffee, and said nothing. As soon as it was cleared away I went up into the attic, and quietly packed a tiny square hat-trunk. I was thankful that this year's clothes take up so little room. I put in changes of underwear, stockings, slippers, an extra pair of low-heeled shoes, plenty of handkerchiefs, just the essentials in the way of toilette stuff, a few bandages and such emergency things, and had room for two dresses. When it was packed and locked it was so light that I could easily carry it by its handle on top. I put my long black military cape, which I could carry over my shoulder, on it, with hat and veil and gloves. Then I went downstairs and shortened the skirt of my best walking suit, and hung it and its jacket handy. I was ready to fly, — if I had to, — and in case of that emergency nothing to do for myself.

I remember that it was about four in the afternoon, and I was sitting in the arbor under the crimson rambler, which

was a glory of bloom, when Père came and stood near by on the lawn, looking off. With his hands in the pockets of his blue apron, he stood silent for a long time. Then he said, 'Listen to that. They are determined to pass. This is different from 1870. In 1870 the Germans marched through here with their guns on their shoulders. There was no one to oppose them. This time it is different. It was harvest time that year, and they took everything, and destroyed what they did not take. They bedded their horses in the wheat.'

You see Père's father was in the Franco-Prussian War, and his grandfather was with Napoleon at Moscow, where he had his feet frozen. Père is over seventy, and his father died at ninety-six. Poor old Père just hates the war. He is as timid as a bird — he can't kill a rabbit for his dinner. But with the queer spirit of the French farmer he has kept right on working as if nothing were going on. All day Saturday and all day Sunday he was busy digging stone to mend the road.

The cannonading ceased a little after six, — thirteen hours without intermission. I don't mind confessing to you that I hope the war is not going to give me many more days like that one. I'd rather the battle would come right along and be done with it. The suspense of waiting all day for that battery at Coutevroult to open fire was simply nasty.

I went to bed as ignorant of how the battle had turned as I was the night before. Oddly enough, to my surprise, I slept, and slept well.

I did not wake on the morning of Monday, September 7 — yesterday — until I was waked by the cannon at five. I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. This time there could be no doubt of it: the battle was receding. The cannonading was as violent,

as incessant as it had been the day before, but it was surely farther off to the northeast of Meaux. It was another beautiful day. I never saw such weather.

Amélie was on the lawn when I came down. 'They are surely retreating,' she called as soon as I appeared.

'They surely are,' I replied. 'It looks as if they were somewhere near Lizy-sur-l'Ourcq'; and that was a guess of which I was proud a little later. I carry a map round these days as if I were an army officer.

As Amélie had not been for the milk the night before, she started off quite gayly for it. She has to go to the other side of Voisins. It takes her about half an hour to go and return; so — just for the sake of doing something — I thought I would run down and see how the little French family at the foot of the hill had got through the night.

Amélie had taken the road across the fields. It is rough walking, but she does n't mind. I had stopped to tie a fresh ribbon about my cap, — a tri-color, — and was about five minutes behind her. I was about halfway down the hill when I saw Amélie coming back, running, stumbling, waving her milk-can and shouting, 'Madame — un anglais, un anglais.' And sure enough, coming on behind her, his face wreathed in smiles, was an English bicycle scout, wheeling his machine. As soon as he saw me, he waved his cap, and Amélie breathlessly explained that she had said, 'Dame americaine,' and he had dismounted and followed her at once.

We went together to meet him. As soon as he was near enough, he called out, 'Good morning. Everything is all right. Germans been as near you as they will ever get. Close shave.'

'Where are they?' I asked as we met.

'Retreating to the northeast — on the Ourcq.'

I could have kissed him. Amélie did. She simply threw both arms round his neck and smacked him on both cheeks, and he said, 'Thank you, ma'am,' quite prettily; and, like the nice clean English boy he was, he blushed.

'You can be perfectly calm,' he said. 'Look behind you.'

I looked, and there along the top of my hill I saw a long line of bicyclists in khaki.

'What are you doing here?' I asked, a little alarmed. For a moment I thought that if the English had returned, something was going to happen right here.

'English scouts,' he replied. 'Colonel Snow's division, clearing the way for the advance. You've a whole corps of fresh French troops coming out from Paris on one side of you, and the English troops are on their way to Meaux.'

'But the bridges are down,' I said.

'The pontoons are across. Everything is ready for the advance. I think we've got 'em.' And he laughed as if it were all a game of cricket.

By this time we were at the gate. He stood leaning on his wheel a moment, looking over the hedge.

'Live here with your daughter?' he asked.

I told him that I lived here alone with myself.

'Was n't that your daughter I met?'

I did n't quite fall through the gate backwards. I am accustomed to saying that I am old. I am not yet accustomed to have people notice it when I do not call their attention to it. Amélie is only ten years younger than I am, but she has the figure and bearing of a girl.

The lad recovered himself at once, and said, 'Why, of course not, she does

n't speak any English.' I was glad that he did n't even apologize, for I expect that I look fully a hundred and something. So with a reiterated 'Don't worry — you are all safe here now,' he mounted his wheel and rode up the hill.

I watched him making good time across to the route to Meaux. Then I came into the house and lay down. I suddenly felt horribly weak. My house had taken on a queer look to me. I suppose I had been, in a sort of subconscious way, sure that it was doomed. As I lay on the couch in the salon and looked round the room, it suddenly appeared to me like a thing I had loved and lost and recovered, — resurrected, in fact; a living thing to which a miracle had happened. I even found myself asking, in my innermost soul, what I had done to deserve this fortune. How had it happened, and why, that I had come to perch on this hillside, just to see a battle, and have it come almost to my door, to turn back and leave me and my belongings standing here untouched, as safe as if there were no war, — and so few miles away destruction extending to the frontier?

The sensation was uncanny. Out there in the northeast still boomed the cannon. The smoke of the battle still rose straight in the still air. I had seen the war. I had watched its destructive bombs. For three days its cannon had pounded on every nerve in my body; but none of the horror it had sowed from the eastern frontier of Belgium to within four miles of me, had reached me except in the form of a threat. Yet out there on the plain, almost within my sight, lay the men who had paid with their lives — each dear to some one — to hold back the battle from Paris, — and incidentally from me.

(The End.)

THE ART OF ASIA

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

THE art of Asia, with its revelation of so rich a world of beauty hidden so long from Western eyes, has in quite recent years assumed more and more of importance, and attracts new students and new lovers every day. It is a vast subject, as vast almost as the art of Europe. In the brief space of this paper it would be impossible to attempt more than the briefest outline; and I shall perhaps be condemned for my rashness in attempting so much as that. But even in this brief space it may, I think, be possible to indicate something of the diverse elements which have formed the character of Asiatic art; to emphasize what is typical in the genius of the art of India, of Persia, of China and Japan; and to note the relation in which the arts of these countries stand to one another.

A complete survey of the field would of course include the monumental and powerful art of Assyria and ancient Persia, as seen in the imposing sculptures still preserved. But of these I shall say nothing, partly for lack of space, partly also because these creations of antiquity have had no such direct and vital influence on the later art of Asia as the classic art of antiquity has had on European traditions. Roughly, we may take as our starting point a date corresponding to the Christian era.

What was the state of Asia in the first century A.D.?

The invasion of Alexander, who had

passed through Persia and Bactria into the valley of the Indus, had been a momentous event. Indirectly it had brought about the creation of a strong central power in India, and the subsequent conversion of the great Indian Emperor Asoka to Buddhism was of vast importance for the history of the whole of Asia. Hellenic influence had been brought far into the continent. It took no vital hold, and was soon an ebbing tide. But one great result of Alexander's conquest was the setting free of a great current of various activities between East and West. Right from China to the Mediterranean stretched the highroad by which the precious silks were brought by traders to the markets of imperial Rome. The two main ports of traffic at the Western end were Antioch and Alexandria; and from these cities the fomenting ideas of the period, the new cults and religious speculations with which it was so rife, were carried by the Jews, by whom the silk trade was maintained, into the heart of the continent. During the first Christian centuries the Central Asian region was a kind of whirlpool of religious thought. The mystical doctrines of the Gnostics, as well as Christianity proper, spread from Alexandria eastward, meeting the faith of Zoroaster in Persia and the full tide of Buddhism in its outward triumphant flow from India. Mani, a Persian, tried in the second century to form a new religion, — Manichaeism, — fusing the vital elements of Zoroastrianism, Christianity, and Buddhism into a

single world-religion. And with this deep stirring of religious thought arose a manifold activity in art.

Sir Aurel Stein brought back in 1908 from his last memorable expedition a set of frescoes painted about the third century A.D., on the wall of a Buddhist shrine built in the desert within the borders of Chinese Turkestan. Among these frescoes is a series of lunettes of winged angels. It is surprising how thoroughly Western these paintings are in style, in feeling, in sense of form. We are reminded at once of the few remaining relics of classical painting in Europe; we are reminded of the late Greek portraits found on mummy cases in Egypt, with their large, prominent eyes and broad, vigorous outline. And yet in this same shrine are painted groups of Buddha and his disciples, and scenes from the Buddha legend. Well, strange as it may seem, there can be little doubt that the painter of these frescoes was a citizen of the Roman empire, — a Syrian, perhaps, from Asia Minor, who had carried his art, derived from Hellenistic tradition, into the border of the Chinese empire. On one of the frescoes he has signed his name, Tita, — a variant, probably, as Stein suggests, of the Roman Titus.

Such evidence as this might lead us, and has already led some theorists, to the conclusion that Western art, penetrating so far into Asia, provided the art of that continent, not only with material to work upon, but with a dominant inspiration. Yet in truth the evidence supports no conclusion of the kind. The painter of these angel frescoes was plainly not in sympathy with the world of thought which he was commissioned to express. His treatment of the Buddha figure is entirely unimpressive. If we compare for a moment any work of the mature art of Asia with these frescoes, we can find no point of connection between them.

A like theory of Greek inspiration being at the source of Asian sculpture was propounded by various scholars when the sculpture of Gandhara was first brought to light. Gandhara is a small kingdom outside the northwest of India; and there a school of sculptors, working in a late Hellenistic tradition, attempted to create images of Buddha and his legend in response to the fervor of Buddhist faith which, arriving from India, had seized on the people of Gandhara. But here again it is the same story. Art works from within. It may borrow externals; but it is the spirit within which moulds it. Something of bodily grace, something in the folds of drapery, remains in the Buddhist art of China and Japan as a legacy from far-off Greece; but that is all. We have literary evidence that in India, as in China, the art of painting on the walls was practiced at least some centuries before Christ. There still exist in India, at Orissa, paintings on the walls of a cave which date from the second century B.C. The technique of these frescoes, with strong outline and the use of colors confined to red and black on white, reminds us of the earliest paintings known to us, — the prehistoric paintings found in Spain and Southwestern France.

II

The traditions of craftsmanship in the East are fixed and persistent. Everywhere, in India, in Turkestan, in China, in Japan, we find the same method of fresco-painting on lime, with a strong expressive outline and clear coloring. It corresponds to what is known of the earlier type of painting in Greece itself. The presumption of an Early Asiatic style of painting diffused as widely as the shores of the Mediterranean is one that is likely to win general acceptance. It was from

this primitive style, we may presume, that the various countries of Asia developed each a national character of art, always however retaining a common base of character.

In the greatest series of early Indian frescoes which are still preserved, art has become mature. In a remote ravine among the mountains of Haiderabad a great scarp of precipitous rock sweeps in a horseshoe curve above a stream. It is a place of wild and solitary beauty. All along the surface of the cliff the rock has been hollowed out into what are often called caves, but are really spacious halls elaborately hewn in imitation of actual structure. There are twenty-nine of these, four being churches, the rest monastery dwellings. Many of them contain paintings, — not all of one date; the earliest are perhaps of the first century A.D., the latest and finest of the seventh century.

These paintings are all of Buddhist subjects. The types of Buddhist art with which students are most familiar are those contemplative, hieratic figures in which the sculptors and painters of China and Japan sought to embody the intense, impersonal spirit of peace and of pity. Those figures, isolated like supernatural visions on a background of darkness, are far removed from the actual world. But the frescoes of Ajanta, at least the most characteristic of them, are warm and human. They are concerned less with sublime visions of the Bodhisattvas than with the stories of the Buddha's lives in his various incarnations on earth; and on these walls the actual life of the India of the time is portrayed before our eyes. In a palace with colored pillars a prince is seated, and girls are bringing offerings. We are astonished by the easy mastery of the attitude and movement; and how natural in their grace is the action and the pose of these supple limbs and bod-

ies! Still more remarkable are the outdoor scenes. We are reminded of frescoes by the primitive Italian masters; but these Indian paintings show less of stiffness and struggle with materials, though they have an equal simplicity and largeness. And if not so masculine in design, and lacking in the instinct for drama and passion so characteristic of European masters like Giotto or Altichieri, they show a maturer conception of the world, in that the painters are less engrossed by man and the doings of man: their vision includes and rejoices in the world of animals and vegetation. The deer, the wild geese, above all, the elephants, are drawn with extraordinary vigor and knowledge both of form and of movement. This sympathy with, and insight into, the life outside humanity expresses the Buddhist tenderness for all created things. The Buddha himself is incarnated now in the deer, now in the wild goose, now in the elephant; and in each case teaches a lesson of magnanimity and forgiveness to men. These scenes, therefore, are very different in spirit from any European hunting scene, although one who knew nothing of the stories and their meaning might only observe the noble naturalism of the animal-drawing of which these Indian painters had the secret.

The pervading spirit of compassion and of gentleness, impressed on these animated groups of many moving figures, with their courteous grace of gesture, is concentrated in one sublime figure which is the quintessence of the art of Ajanta. This is a superhuman form standing detached among a number of smaller figures, and, lotus in hand, looking down upon the world in pity and renunciation. It is doubtful whether it is meant for the Prince Siddhartha renouncing the delights of the senses, or the great Bodhisattva, the incarnation of Mercy, Avalokitesvara. Assur-

edly the day will come when this wonderfully expressive figure will receive recognition among the great creations of the world's art.

The publication of the copies made on the spot by Lady Herringham and her Indian assistants, which the Indian Society of London has undertaken, and which is shortly to take place, will increase the fame of these frescoes and make them known to a far wider circle than has hitherto been possible; for the caves themselves are difficult of access, even to the traveler in India. Yet Ajanta is not less worthy of a pilgrimage than is Assisi; and these paintings are more important in the history of the art of Asia than is any one group of Italian frescoes in the history of the art of Europe.

Indian painting here dawns in splendor. Besides Ajanta, there are a few other sites where frescoes, similar in style and inspiration, and belonging to the same period, have been found. But the destruction by Mohammedan invaders, one must surmise, has been immense, to say nothing of the ravages of time and neglect; for from the seventh century onward, so far as is known, practically nothing seems to have survived till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the art of painting reappears in a different form and on a smaller scale. Buddhist art was to flourish exceedingly outside the borders of India, — in Turkestan, in China, in Tibet, in Japan; but in the land of its birth it died out, like the religion itself.

Most of the mediæval sculpture of India is inspired by the Hindu religion. Here the weaknesses of Indian art are, on the whole, more apparent than its excellences. While single figures and groups are often beautiful, there is a general lack of organic design. The tendency is to load and crowd, with an effect like language that is all superla-

tives; the forms are apt to be at once flaccid and heavy. Nevertheless, the copious mass of Indian sculpture has many interests, and deserves more study than it has yet received, though the recent works of Mr. Harell, the enthusiastic champion of Indian art, and the comprehensive history of Mr. Vincent Smith have made the subject easier to grasp.

One or two single sculptures may be mentioned as indications of what the Indian genius could achieve at its best. In the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London is a torso of rare beauty. The date of this work has been disputed, but it certainly belongs to a quite early period, perhaps even dating before Christ. It represents a young hero, possibly the Prince Siddhartha who was to become the Buddha. The sense of vigorous graceful youth reminds us of Greek marbles, but a kind of spiritual rather than mere bodily charm allies it, on the other hand, to the beauty of Gothic figures. It is akin to the art of Ajanta in its inspiration; noble and restrained in contour, with a delicate richness in its ornament. Assuredly this torso will hold its own with the classics of the sculptor's art. Another memorable work is the seventh-century relief, cut deeply from the rock, of a famous sage, Kapila, in Ceylon. There is grandeur in the gesture of this boldly hewn figure seated in absorbed meditation, with one arm thrown out: the latent power and the concentration it expresses make it strangely striking. Here also there is a rare purity of form. Magnificent, too, are the colossal statues of horses and elephants at a temple in Orissa, one of which is reproduced in Harell's *Indian Sculpture and Painting*, although when compared with works of equal rank we feel that they are lacking in the finest economy of style; there is something superfluous and barbaric

betrayed in the lines of their contours. None the less, in their grandeur and powerful movement these sculptures are immensely impressive.

III

The Buddhist religion — which had inspired the greatest monument of Indian pictorial art, the frescoes of Ajanta, as well as some of the finest Indian sculpture, including the great series of reliefs at Borobodur in Java — the Buddhist religion died out in India, but swept northward in a triumphant movement across Asia to Japan. The advancing tide of Buddhism, carrying with it a rich store of Indian imagery, arrived at last in China. There it met a race which had already a vigorous art of its own. All representations of the Buddha legends which the Ajanta frescoes illustrate in a character so entirely Indian, were not only treated by the Chinese artists in their own manner, but with the personages portrayed as Chinese, in type and feature and in every detail of costume as well. This convention, once fixed, was adhered to and never abandoned, even in Japan. Sakyamuni has become a Chinese prince, in purely Chinese surroundings. As China became more familiar with Buddhist symbolism and with the actual images of the Indian faith brought from Khotan and Gandhara, and as the Mahayana doctrine, with its worship of the great Bodhisattvas, began to supersede the simpler primitive teaching of Buddha, Chinese artists eagerly assimilated the forms and symbols of the conquering faith. What they borrowed was, however, always subdued to the genius and idiom of their own art.

What was the character, then, and what the dominant features of native Chinese art? Apart from bronze vessels and incense-burners dating from vari-

ous centuries before Christ, there is very little Chinese art surviving before the advent of Buddhism. One of the chief monuments is a series of low reliefs on a tomb in Shantung. These sculptures date from the second century of our era. We do not know precisely what the subjects mean. But we seem to be in presence of a race of great original energy and vitality. Above all we have the impression of mass. But the masses are never immobile and inert: there is a strong sense of movement, whether actual or latent. If one had to characterize this art in the briefest manner, one might say that it was especially distinguished by the feeling for volume and momentum. This power of expressing movement, and also of expressing the volume of life within the outline of a form, persists throughout Chinese art.

When we come to painting, we find another characteristic element. The Chinese write with a brush; and painting in their view is not only intimately allied with writing, but is reckoned as actually a branch of writing. We now possess letters of the first century A.D., and these indicate almost as much mastery of the brush as any later writing. In a people trained from childhood to write expressively and sensitively the strokes of the intricate Chinese characters, we should expect that their painting would, even in primitive times of art, show a high skill in the manipulation of the brush. The painting attributed to Ku K'ai-chih in the British Museum may or may not be an original work; but the fineness and subtlety of the 'handwriting,' to use a term quite appropriate in speaking of Chinese art, are, I think, in themselves no ground for judging it to belong to a later date. Ku K'ai-chih was a famous Chinese master of the fourth century A.D.

In the painting at the British Museum, instead of the impression of mass,

proper to sculpture and its material, the fine writing line on the smooth silk is used to express human character with singular subtlety and intensity. Even thus early we arrive at the sense of intimacy and refinement which comes only to a ripe art, and we feel convinced that a long tradition must lie behind work so sensitive and mature. There is no trace whatever of Indian influence in this picture, or in the picture attributed to the same master which has lately passed from the most famous of Chinese collections into that of Mr. Freer at Detroit. Mr. Freer's picture is of gods and goddesses, and is remarkable for its expressive rendering of swift and buoyant movement in delicate nervous line. I think it is certain that, whether these pictures are originals or early copies, they represent the style of the fourth century. Now Ku K'ai-chih, we know, painted Buddhist pictures. What these were like we cannot tell, but at any rate his art as we know it is essentially and entirely Chinese.

The native tradition of painting in China, then, had for one of its chief characteristics a beauty of handwriting, a power of modulating the strokes of the brush and making them expressive of the artist's nature, the intensity and force of his spirit. Such an art as this readily allies itself with the instinct for communicating the sense of movement. The great draughtsmen of Europe have for the most part been distinguished by this searching grasp of structure and this power of suggesting roundness and mass. They have seconded their powers by close studies of anatomy. The Chinese recall rather exceptional artists like Botticelli, with whom the love of sinuous, rhythmical line is an inborn passion, and whose instinct for representing movement became at last a mannerism.

The love of movement, the dwelling

on continuous flowing lines, which pervades Chinese art, is the outcome of a certain attitude of mind and philosophy of life. The conviction that life consists of change, that without change and without movement there is no life, — this conviction seems to be ever present in Chinese art, underlying even its chosen patterns of decoration. The decorative ornament of the West is mostly of a static character. It is made up of stable forms, and relies on the principle of symmetry. Persian and Indian ornament are not essentially different from this. But Chinese decoration, with its recurring motives of cloud and wave, and its sinuous dragons, takes the most fluid elements for its matter and imparts to its patterns a vibration as of things alive.

Indian thought — like Chinese thought — is full of the fact of change and impermanence in everything, including human personality. But while the Indian spirit accepts it with resignation, and pines always for a place of rest from the endless chain of existence, the Chinese spirit seems rather to be exhilarated by the consciousness that every life is part of the streaming, ever-changing energy of the universe. Take, for instance, the series of drawings recently published by Dr. F. R. Martin, the well-known authority on Persian art. Of these fifty drawings, ten are especially remarkable. They form a separate series, illustrating an old Chinese folk-tale about animals fighting with demons.

In these drawings, which are very likely copied from large wall-paintings of the T'ang period (seventh to tenth century), the conviction of an energy of movement as the essence of life is vividly expressed. We seem transported into a world of stream and flow, where elemental creatures move untrammelled by corporeal weight, yet endowed with superhuman force. We

talk of demonic energy; and here that phrase is embodied to the life. A gust of electric storm seems to sweep through the whole design, and to carry us along with it. The same peculiar power which appears in a primitive form in the relief of the Han period is now displayed to its utmost capacity. Though only line is used, nothing could surpass the volume and momentum of these figures. And now the beasts and reptiles, carved with rude vigor by the early sculptor on the stone, are drawn with a brush of supreme mastery. Leonardo could not have surpassed them.

In comparing these with Indian drawings, we feel at once the inborn superiority of the Chinese genius for design. I mean that faculty which creates from the pictorial elements it uses an organic unity, holding the parts in equilibrium. 'Balance is the pivot of art,' says Rodin; and in the attainment of this balance the Chinese have not been rivaled by any other race. Through this balance of organic unity even the stormiest and most violent forms can be held as in a charmed repose; and this repose is what we miss most often in Indian design, grandiose and fecund as it is, and rich in particular beauties.

As Chinese art develops, it gradually invents a system of spacing which is quite new in the art of the world, and quite unique, though carried out with special variations by the Japanese who inherited it. Whatever China has borrowed from outside, — and probably, like most original races and original talents, she has borrowed much, — this genius for spacing remains her own and is of the indestructible essence of her art. It is the miraculous faculty of design, of pure art, that without recourse to symbol it can take the simplest of living things and convert them from fact into idea, so that we no long-

er see merely the object represented, but are somehow admitted with seeing eyes into the mystery of life itself, the something sacred at the heart of things which appeals to what is profoundest in ourselves. Something in us of which we were not conscious, far below the surface of our intelligence, comes up into the light.

With all the genius for design which pervades the whole of their art, the Chinese did not spend themselves on abstract problems of decoration, but kept their design animated and nourished by an intimate observation of nature. And this was not mere observation for its own sake; it was prompted by an impassioned love of all that had most power to liberate and enchant our spirits in the world without: the miracle of flowers forever springing and fading, the passage of the moon, the purity of the snow, the airy motion of birds, the endurance and the vastness of the mountains. So the landscape art of China, in all its various phases, remains, in richness and poetic depth of mood, unsurpassed even now.

We feel no veiling interval of time between the most typical Chinese paintings of a thousand years ago and ourselves. Of how much of European art can we say this? How modern in spirit are the Chinese paintings of so many centuries ago, we shall realize if we turn to Persia.

IV

For Persian painting really begins with the fall of Bagdad and its destruction by the Mongols in the thirteenth century. The Mongols had conquered China in the same century. But now the invading Mongols brought in their wake Chinese artists, and China from that time exercised a constant influence on Persian painting. The Arab painting which existed be-

fore the fall of Bagdad is relatively of slight importance, being, so far as we know, but a timid and meagre flower that grew from the débris of classic art.

The real foundation of the Persian painting which began to flourish in the Middle Ages is less this Arab tradition than that tradition of art which had certainly been long established in Turkestan. Just as this ancient and traditional Asian style received a special development under the influence of the powerful Chinese genius, so on the west of Turkestan another process of development from the same or similar origin was set in motion by the genius of the Persian race. For whatever the influence of China, the creative and essential part of Persian painting is truly Persian; and the race of Ivan seems always to have been gifted with a fine sense of color, and with the instinct for design. At the back of these, however, there is nothing parallel to the atmosphere of ideas from which Indian art in its way, and Chinese art in its quite different way, were nourished and renewed. Mohammedanism condemned expressive art; and although the prohibition was not literally obeyed where the natural bent for art was strong, it acted as a sterilizing influence by restricting the artist's subject-matter. The themes of Persian painting are, when not portraiture, almost all taken from romance. Visions of deity, spiritual forms and présences, apparitions of power or of pity, — all these are absent from an art dominated by a doctrine which forbade imagination to play about its austere conception of the Divine Unity. Instead of these the Persian fancy seems ever intent on thoughts of an earthy paradise.

Persian painting, as we know it in its purest and finest form, is an art of miniature. It is small in scale, whether in the form of illustrations to manuscripts or of albums of single drawings. The

drawings are often in outline of an exquisite quality, with perhaps a few touches of color. But while the line drawing of the Chinese is of the most varied character, now of an incredible fineness, now broad, bold, and sweeping, or again rough and jagged or violent with splintering strokes, the tone of the Persian artists is suave, smooth, and clean, rhythmically used indeed, but presenting little variety of expression.

But the most characteristic Persian painting is richly colored. And in certain qualities Persian color is unsurpassed. Most of the paintings have been preserved from exposure between the pages of books, and retain their original lustre.

The high horizon and bird's-eye-view perspective of Persian painting are common to Asiatic art and to much of the earlier art of Europe. But in Persia there is no development, as with the Chinese and Japanese, in the direction of a landscape art. The study of atmosphere is unknown. The climate of Persia may partly account for this, and also the right instinct of artists working on the decoration of a page. None the less, the fact remains that Persian design after a certain period stagnates. The painters remain content with a prescribed convention and their efforts seem wholly absorbed in getting the utmost possible richness from their chosen materials.

Accepting these narrow limitations, they achieved wonderful things. At times a master like Bihzad, the most famous of Persian painters, could rise to dramatic invention. But no dramatic, no passionate motive ever so grips and possesses a Persian artist as to absorb his whole imagination. His sensuous love of beauty cannot resist filling in the accessories of the scene with just as much care and intention in every detail as he devotes to the central fig-

ures. In the great works of Chinese and Japanese painters, as in masters like Rembrandt, accessories are subdued or suppressed, the color is limited, and the figures which create the motive of the design are so emphasized, so dominant in the eye, that they seem to transcend the limits of the framing space, they seem alive with all the latent energies of actual men and women. No Persian painting imposes itself thus on the imagination. Everything remains within the frame, inlaid as in a lustrous mosaic. The Persian method has, it is true, its own compensations. Just as in the early pictures of Rossetti and Millais, everything is realized with a dreamlike vision; and this is always a real achievement for the painter. The freshness and glory thus brought to the eye, as of a world washed clean, with every object magically distinct and burning with clear color, make a vivid impression of strangeness. Strangeness, remoteness from the routine of every day, — that is the essence of romance; and no art in the world is more steeped in romance than the painting of Persia.

I have in my mind the page of a gorgeous manuscript, where a king and his counselor ride up to a ruined village. The original blazes with color and fine gold; and we see, as with heightened faculties, and in a rarefied air, the minutest details of the scene, the gazelles grazing in the doorway of the ruin, the detached fragments of painted tiles, the herons in their nest against a sky of dappled blue and white, the delicate single plants of red, or yellow, or purple iris that border the little stream. The splendor of articulated nature is brought home to us with a kind of intoxicating effect.

Persian painting corresponds most nearly, I suppose, to the popular conception of the East and Eastern art, founded on the glowing pages of the

Arabian Nights. In the history of the world's art it is a kind of backwater; but it is certainly a chapter that we could ill afford to lose.

The Persian style and Persian example were carried into India by the Mogul conquerors and the descendents of Tamerlane. The great emperor, Akbar, who died at the beginning of the seventeenth century, encouraged art at his court. Though the Persian tradition by this time was enfeebled and degenerate, it was taken up by the Hindus. The great majority of the Indian paintings generally seen belong to the Mogul school thus created. The classic Persian themes of romance were handled again by the Indian artists; but the great strength of the school is in portraiture. No period in all history is more vividly illustrated for us in the persons of its prominent men than this. But after all the Mogul school represents a hybrid art. It is neither wholly Indian nor wholly Persian. And there is more living interest in the purely Indian styles which existed side by side with the Mogul school. This genuine Indian painting, the product chiefly of valleys of the Himalayas to which the Mohammedan conquerors had not penetrated, is still very little known. Yet it deserves our study. For here, after so many centuries which remain a blank, we recapture something of the early spirit of Ajanta, — the humanity, the joyousness, the tenderness, the spirituality diffused in life itself. The themes of this art are drawn from the life of a race preserving its ancient ways and its ancient legends; above all, the legends of Krishna, the Divine Cowherd, and of his beloved Radha. Untouched by Persian influence, these Indian drawings contrast strongly in their airy delicacy and intimate humanity with the extravagant, feverish effort, the loaded ornament and inchoate design, which mark so much of later

Indian sculpture. These draughtsmen love to contain their figures within continuous rhythmic lines; and in this and in their feeling for the innate beauty of natural gesture and attitude they remind us of another popular art, the art of the color-print designers of Japan. To Japan we must now turn.

v

In a sense Japan owes everything to China. But it is in the same sense that the nations of the West may be said to owe everything to Judæa, Greece, and Rome. Only a race of the finest creative gift as well as the finest susceptibility could have been able to do what the Japanese have done; their art, even when most closely following Chinese example, has always in it something of native mood and fibre. That they should have kept so close to Chinese tradition for so many centuries and yet have produced a variation so alive and so continuously and freshly inventive, proves their originality as much as it proves their unique docility. It is a superficial view which sees in a painter like Ingres only an inferior imitation of Raphael; and it is a superficial view which sees in the art of Japan only an inferior imitation of the art of China.

Even in the periods in which the main aim of Japanese masters was to emulate the Chinese they adored, there is always that spontaneous difference which reveals a creative element. But for my present purpose I shall single out only those phases of Japanese art which are most purely Japanese.

A certain fastidiousness, a certain love of scrupulous and cleanly order, belongs to the Japanese character; we find it in their manners, their habits, their furniture, in all their workmanship. The word exquisite, so often vaguely misapplied, is an epithet truly applicable to the art of Japan.

The faults of this character are a tendency to the smallness that often goes with neatness. The Japanese do not work under the pressure of abundant ideas and torrential emotions; they do not fall into the excessive extravagance which sometimes besets the Chinese. But, their unfailing sense of style compensates in great measure for their lack of more genial exuberance. Taste with them, as with artists like Velasquez and Whistler, becomes no mere negative avoidance, but a positive and vitalizing factor. One might well compare the Japanese genius in some aspects with the Latin genius, as it is shown in much of the poetry of the Romans and of the French, where a telling economy of words and fineness of handling are made to compensate for a slightness or even complete absence of matter.

Again, we must never forget that, while the Chinese are a pacific people, the Japanese are a martial people; and this is not without its effect even on their art. And with their high spirit goes a gay temper and a vivacity that again reminds us of France.

In the early periods it is in the themes of war and battle that the genius of Japanese painters is most effectively disengaged. No battle pictures in the world have surpassed those of the Japanese masters of the thirteenth century, of which the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is so fortunate as to possess a splendid example. The *makimono* or long rolls which they preferred were indeed signally adapted to the portrayal of the various incidents of warfare, with its shocks, alarms, and surprises. We watch the advance of haughty warriors, or see them making ready in their camp where the ox-drawn chariots are ranged in order; we see flights of arrows from an ambush; furious onslaughts on stockades; the burning of palaces; the confused stampede of

flight, — the whole moving scene of war, in fact, pictured far more truly than when, as with us, a single scene must be contracted within the confines of a frame. And in these Japanese paintings the suppression of all but essentials is matched by the extreme intensity and energy of the figures. These do not strike heroic attitudes, but they are living, daring, desperate men.

But alongside this martial energetic design we find an extreme delicacy, as in illustrations of romances and scenes from voluptuous court life, where the color is of extraordinary richness, and where flowers are drawn with the same isolation of delicate forms that we find in Persian miniatures.

In the fifteenth century the Chinese style had captured and overwhelmed well-nigh the whole art of Japan. Sesshin and his compeers were emulating the inspired Sung masters in impassioned visions of mountains, mists, and torrents, or in figures of the great saints and sages boldly struck on to the paper by the ink-charged brush. It was a wonderful burst, a brilliant period. But I must pass over this splendid and enthusiastic revival of Chinese ideals and Chinese style, because, though it is associated with men of commanding genius, and though it is by no means to be dismissed as a mere imitation of Chinese art, I have not the space to deal with anything but what is most characteristically Japanese.

The Chinese movement lost, as it was bound to lose, in time, its strength and energy. It fell off into academic routine; it lost touch with the real genius of Japan. And yet its influence remained: art could not be as if this great revival had never taken place. The problem was now to graft the Chinese strain, the Chinese largeness and depth, on to the native principles of design. The problem was most successfully solved by a group of artists whose fav-

orite means of expression was screen-painting. Here at any rate is no smallness, no pretty elegance, such as some people imagine to be the constant attributes of Japanese art. On the contrary a sympathetic grasp of nature, learned from Chinese example, is in these great screens united with the utmost audacity of design and with a splendor of color inherited from Japan's own ancient schools. I do not think the world has at all yet realized what a magnificent page of art, unique in history, and of its kind incomparable, is presented by these paintings. In them perhaps more than anywhere else the peculiar genius of Japan flowers most triumphantly. And they have this special interest for us to-day, that they offer masterpiece on masterpiece created on the very lines which the latest artists of Europe tentatively, rebelliously, and as yet with little success, are trying to pursue. These artists are not preoccupied with nature, sitting down before a landscape and grappling with its structure, its atmosphere, its light and shade, its color. No; they start with their own free design, leaving themselves absolute liberty in the handling of whatever elements they choose to absorb from the visible glory of the world. But they do not turn their backs on nature; whatever natural form or appearance they seize, they seek to press out of its quintessence. And so in such a screen as Mr. Freer's Pines on Snowy Mountains, by Yeitoken, the natural element impresses us even more vividly and powerfully than if the main elements of it were obscured by all the accident and detail involved in what is called fidelity.

Again, in the few magnificent flower screens by Koyetsu, subtle and complex in reality, how broad and bold is the design! It is as if we had a magic glimpse into the teeming breast of Earth, from which the flowers are

tossed up in their force and splendor. How tame and unreal seem our flower paintings beside such work as this, superb as decoration but also full of the essential mystery of life and growth!

VI

What I have had to say in these few pages is of course the merest index to some of the predominant phases of the art of Asia. But it will serve at least to illustrate both the real relation that exists between the arts of these various countries and the inherent difference of character which has made each what it is.

The absence of the scientific spirit, which has had so potent an influence on the art of Europe since the Renaissance, — the absence of this spirit and its application to all the problems of representation, — is perhaps the source of the most obvious differences between the painting of East and West. If we take a deeper view, the essential likeness between all fine creative work becomes more apparent the more we study.

But within the art of Asia itself we note a real division. Indian art may be broadly compared with the mediæval art of Europe. It is practically anonymous. Very few names of individual artists are recorded. There are no great outstanding personalities. It is an art of popular tradition, still able,

at least in architecture, to work wonders, with none of the scientific apparatus and divided labor that are necessary with us. It is also, like mediæval art, pervaded by religion and the religious spirit. That makes it immensely interesting for us in an age when the popular crafts have so much died out and have lost all touch with the expressive arts. On the other hand its limitations are very great; how great, we realize when we turn to China and Japan, where, though the crafts have remained in touch with the arts, painting has developed within itself movements, corresponding to the movements in Western painting, and where a surprising amount of work that is centuries old seems modern in feeling and contemporary with ourselves. Chinese painting touches every side of human life, every relation of the human spirit to the world of nature.

While the art of Europe has been pored over in minutest detail, we are still only at the beginning of the study of the art of Asia. Only the main outlines are apprehended, hardly even these. Indeed the special study required is so exacting and the subject has been approached from such different standpoints, that there may be a danger, in the fascinating task of detailed exploration, of losing sight of just those large relations which it has been the object of this paper to bring out.

THE DROVE-ROAD

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

'T WAS going to snow — 't was snowing! Curse his luck!
And fifteen mile to travel — here was he
With nothing but an empty pipe to suck,
And half a flask of rum — but that would be
More welcome later on. He'd had a drink
Before he left; and that would keep him warm
A tidy while; and 't would be good to think
He'd something to fall back on, if the storm
Should come to much. You never knew with snow.
A sup of rain he did n't mind at all,
But snow was different with so far to go —
Full fifteen mile, and not a house of call.
Ay, snow was quite another story, quite —
Snow on these fell-tops with a northeast wind
Behind it, blowing steadily with a bite
That made you feel that you were stark and skinned.

And those poor beasts — and they just off the boat
A day or so, and hardly used to land —
Still dizzy with the sea, their wits afloat.
When they first reached the dock, they scarce could stand,
They'd been so joggled. It's gey bad to cross,
After a long day's jolting in the train,
Thon Irish Channel, always pitch and toss —
And heads or tails, not much for them to gain!
And then the market, and the throng and noise
Of yapping dogs; and they stung mad with fear,
Welted with switches by those senseless boys —
He'd like to dust their jackets! But 't was queer,

A beast's life, when you came to think of it
From start to finish, — queerer, ay, a lot,
Than any man's, and chancier a good bit.
With his ash-sapling at their heels they'd got
To travel before night those fifteen miles
Of hard fell-road, against the driving snow,
Half blinded, on and on. He thought at whiles
'Twas just as well for them they could n't know.

Though, as for that, 't was little that he knew
Himself what was in store for him. He took
Things as they came. 'T was all a man could do;
And he'd kept going, somehow, by hook or crook.
And here he was, with fifteen mile of fell,
And snow, and — God, but it was blowing stiff!
And no tobacco. Blest if he could tell
Where he had lost it — but, for half a whiff
He'd swap the very jacket off his back.
Not that he'd miss the cobweb of old shreds
That held the holes together. Thon Cheap-Jack
Who'd sold it him had said it was Lord Ted's,
And London cut. But Teddy had grown fat
Since he'd been made an alderman. . . . His bid?
And did the gentleman not want a hat
To go with it, a topper? If he did,
Here was the very . . .

Hell, but it was cold:
And driving dark it was — nigh dark as night.
He'd almost think he must be getting old,
To feel the wind so. And long out of sight
The beasts had trotted. Well, what odds! The way
Ran straight for ten miles on, and they'd go straight.
They'd never heed a byroad. Many a day
He'd had to trudge on, trusting them to fate,
And always found them safe. They scamper fast,
But in the end a man could walk them down.

THE DROVE-ROAD

They're showy trotters, but they cannot last.
He'd race the fastest beast for half a crown
On a day's journey. Beasts were never made
For steady traveling: drive them twenty mile,
And they were done; while he was not afraid
To tackle twice that distance with a smile.

But not a day like this! He'd never felt
A wind with such an edge. 'T was like the blade
Of the rasper in the pocket of his belt
He kept for easy shaving. In his trade
You'd oft to make your toilet under a dyke —
And he was always one for a clean chin,
And carried soap. — He'd never felt the like —
That wind, it cut clean through him to the skin.
He might be mother-naked, walking bare,
For all the use his clothes were, with the snow
Half blinding him, and clagging to his hair,
And trickling down his spine. He'd like to know
What was the sense of pegging steadily,
Chilled to the marrow, after a daft herd
Of draggled beasts he could n't even see!

But that was him all over! Just a word,
A nod, a wink, the price of half-and-half —
And he'd be setting out for God-knows-where,
With no more notion than a yearling calf
Where he would find himself when he got there.
And he'd been traveling hard on sixty year
The same old road, the same old giddy gait;
And he'd be walking, for a pint of beer,
Into his coffin, one day, soon or late —
But not with such a tempest in his teeth,
Half blinded and half dothered, that he hoped!
He'd met a sight of weather on the heath,
But this beat all.

'T was worse than when he'd groped
His way that evening down the Mallerstang —
Thon was a blizzard, thon — and he was done,
And almost dropping when he came a-bang
Against a house — slap-bang, and like to stun! —
Though that just saved his senses — and right there
He saw a lighted window he'd not seen,
Although he'd nearly staggered through its glare
Into a goodwife's kitchen, where she'd been
Baking hot griddlecakes upon the peat.
And he could taste them now, and feel the glow
Of steady, aching, tingly, drowsy heat,
As he sat there and let the caking snow
Melt off his boots, staining the sanded floor.
And that brown jug she took down from the shelf —
And every time he'd finished, fetching more,
And piping, 'Now reach up, and help yourself!'
She was a wonder, thon, the gay old wife —
But no such luck this journey. Things like that
Could hardly happen every day of life,
Or no one would be dying, but the fat
And oily undertakers, starved to death
For want of custom. . . . Hell! but he would soon
Be giving them a job. It caught your breath,
That throttling wind. And it was not yet noon;
And he'd be traveling through it until dark.
Dark! 'T was already dark, and might be night
For all that he could see.

And not a spark
Of comfort for him! Just to strike a light,
And press the kindling shag down in the bowl,
Keeping the flame well shielded by his hand,
And puff, and puff! He'd give his very soul
For half a pipe. He could n't understand
How he had come to lose it. He'd the rum —
Ay, that was safe enough; but it would keep

THE DROVE-ROAD

Awile; you never knew what chance might come
In such a storm . . .

 If he could only sleep —
If he could only sleep . . . That rustling sound
Of drifting snow, it made him sleepy-like —
Drowsy and dizzy, dithering round and round.
If he could only curl up under a dyke,
And sleep and sleep . . . It dazzled him, that white,
Drifting and drifting, round and round and round . . .
Just half a moment's snooze. He'd be all right.
It made his head quite dizzy, that dry sound
Of rustling snow. It made his head go round —
That rustling in his ears . . . and drifting, drifting . . .
If he could only sleep . . . he would sleep sound . . .
God, he was nearly gone!

 The storm was lifting;
And he'd run into something soft and warm —
Slap into his own beasts, and never knew.
Huddled they were, bamboozled by the storm —
And little wonder either, when it blew
A blasted blizzard. Still, they'd got to go.
They could n't stand there snoozing until night.

But they were sniffing something in the snow.
'Twas that had stopped them, something big and white —
A bundle — nay, a woman. And she slept.
But it was death to sleep.

 He'd nearly dropped
Asleep himself. 'Twas well that he had kept
That rum; and lucky that the beasts had stopped.

Ay, it was well that he had kept the rum.
He liked his drink; but he had never cared
For soaking by himself, and sitting mum.
Even the best rum tasted better, shared.

JUPITER

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

I

WHEN 'Uncle Bob,' who for many years had served my brother and me as gardener, stable-man, hewer of wood, and drawer of water, quietly died of old age, Jupiter came to take his place. His former employer, Mrs. Crenshawe, gave him this amazing 'character':—

'Jupiter certainly is the most trying darkey in Tippah, and he's bound to do everything in his own way and at his own time, if it kills him. He's lazy and shiftless and untidy, but if you let him alone he gets things done. Anyhow, I don't know how on earth I'll ever do without him, and I'd be perfectly happy if only I could keep him as long as I live.'

When I asked why she let him go, she said she had n't discharged him; Jupiter was leaving of his own accord because Mr. Crenshawe had given him a 'cussin'-out' for taking so long to go to the post-office and back.

'You know it's only a mile to the post-office,' she pleaded, 'and Jupiter always rode, unless he was too lazy to saddle Dame,'—Dame was Mr. Crenshawe's white mare,—'and he hardly ever had any errands to do, unless it was to go to the bank and have a check cashed, or to carry round the notices of a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary,—you know I'm secretary, and it saves stamps to send the notices by Jupiter,—or to fetch out some groceries, or to match some embroidery silk for me; but although he had next to nothing to do, he would be gone

three or four hours every day. However,' she sighed, 'the Lord knows I'm going to miss him.'

'Maybe he won't stay with me, either,' I suggested, cheerfully, for I felt a little guilty, as though I were robbing gentle Mrs. Crenshawe of her chief treasure.

But I made up my mind to keep him if he were as useful as she claimed; and I knew my brother, Judge Roberts, whose house I have kept ever since his wife died of 'the Fever,' in '78, would never give Jupiter a 'cussin'-out.' He leaves to me the management of the servants, who, he declares, treat him as a distinguished visitor; and he says he prefers the privileges of a guest to the responsibilities of a master.

The morning after my little talk with Mrs. Crenshawe, Jupiter, a stalwart figure, more like Hercules than the Father of Olympus, with a carriage whose dignity I have never seen equalled by any white man, sauntered up the lane lined with young walnut trees, which led to our back yard. I was sitting on the steps of the back porch, and I called him to me.

'Where do you live, Jupiter?'

He told me, and when I found that his house was two miles off I had some doubt about his getting to his work in good season every morning.

'What time you want me ter come, Miss Molly?' he asked. 'I kin come whenever you say: five o'clock, fo' o'clock, half-pas' three. Ole folks like me don' require much sleep.'

He looked about forty, but when I

asked his age he said he was 'nigh on to a hund'ed,' and added that he had been married twice and had 'a dozen head o' chillen, not countin' them what wuz dead.'

'All my chillen wuz bawn wid twelve fingers an' twelve toes,' he boasted, 'same as I wuz. The doctor gin'rally cuts 'em off — the little extrys, I mean. Some folks says hit's like the monkeys. Is you ever seed a monkey, Miss Molly?'

Discouraging his curiosity about natural history, I proceeded to set forth his duties. He was to chop wood for the fireplaces and for the kitchen stove, to make the garden and gather the vegetables, to feed the chickens, and to draw water from the well and carry it to the house and to the kitchen.

'Is *that* all? Don' I have ter go ter the post-office? An' don' you want me to help in the kitchen? Aunt Malviny' — the cook — 'is powerful fat, an' I reckon she'd be proud ter have me beat her biscuits every mawnin'. An' I sho' kin cook. I kin make all kinds er cake — Charlotte Polonaise, Blue Grass, Lady Baltimore, tipsy cake, fruit cake, angel cake, marble cake, Jew cakes —'

I cut short Jupiter's eloquence and directed him to the wood-pile. But his culinary accomplishments were soon put to the test. A week after his introduction into our household poor fat Aunt Malviny succumbed to apoplexy and followed her husband, Uncle Bob, to the grave. Jupiter succeeded her, as my brother said, automatically, and great was his indignation when I spoke of looking for another cook.

'Ef you'll lemme bring my gal, Chasty, here to help me, Miss Molly,' he proposed, 'you won't need to hire ary other nigger. Chasty's twelve years old, but she looks fo'teen. I can't make her go ter school, 'cause she's done tuk the notion that every

nigger what learns ter read an' write will die in the penitentiary. You won't have ter pay her no wages, Miss Molly; jus' feed her an' give her some o' yo' ole close. Ef she thought she wuz wuth wages she'd git so uppety that her maw would have to lick her oncet a week, same as she does the boys. Yes, 'm, Sue licks the boys reg'lar; she sho' does her bes' ter raise my chillen right. Some folks thinks she is lazy, 'cause she don't hire out, or take in washin'; but I says she has got her hands full with all that passel o' chillen. When they's little she greases 'em an' she iles 'em an' she cleans out their cisterns, an' when they gits big she licks 'em good an' proper. She's had fifteen chillen an' buried six, an' the younges' wuz bawn las' night an' as it's a gal she wants ter name it Molly, for you, ma'am.'

I made the proper acknowledgment of this compliment, and asked Jupiter if he had any grandchildren. I wanted to know if they had twelve toes.

'Well, Miss Molly, not exackly. I got a piece o' one.'

'Mercy, Jupiter, what do you mean?'

'Well, you see, Miss Molly, Little Jupiter, that's my oldes' son, he ain't never married his gal yit, an' that's why I say their baby ain't no more'n a piece of a gran'chile. An' he did n't have no twelve fingers an' toes, neither. She ain't much, that gal ain't. Puts powder on her face an' spends Little Jupiter's good money, what he made shootin' craps, buyin' some pizen stuff ter take the kinks outen her hair.'

II

When Jupiter was not talking he was cooking. The garden and the chickens were neglected, and Jupiter's maddening habit of never doing anything at the right time would have been the despair of any but the most easy-going of

housekeepers. So long as I let him go his own way, and shut my eyes to the fact that the dishes were washed only once a day and that the interior of the kitchen, though clean, looked like a junk shop, all went well; but whenever I rashly stood out for more order and system, Jupiter always hinted that his talents were wasted in Tippah, and that there was 'big money' to be made in a rest-er-ant in a neighboring city, where his 'Eyetaryn cooking' would be appreciated. Once I remonstrated when he spoke in this tone; it was too much like a threat, and smacked of impertinence.

'Miss Molly, I did n't sass you; I ain't never sassed you,' he protested, so humbly that I had to forgive him, and let him go on in his happy-go-lucky way. Left to himself, he regaled us with the best food we ever had, a joy to the eye as well as to the palate, for Jupiter touched nothing that he did not adorn. Like Imogen, he 'cut our roots in characters.'

To do what he was told to do was gall and wormwood to his proud spirit. If by any makeshift or subterfuge he could evade obedience to orders he was happy. He wanted to take the initiative, to assume responsibility, to spring a surprise on us. If I specified a dessert, there was generally some good reason why that particular dessert could not be prepared that day; but if I weakly let him alone, or said carelessly, 'Fix us up something good, Jupiter,' I was never disappointed. 'The trivial round, the common task' bored him sadly; works of supererogation were his keenest delight. He boasted that he could do everything, 'cep'n' wash an' iron, which is women's work.' He left me no peace until I bought a cow, saying that he loved to milk, and that the butter would pay for the cow's food. His wonderful cakes called for more butter than I could afford to buy in those days, for

times were hard, with cotton only five cents a pound.

One day I was sitting on the back porch, churning and wondering how long I could hold out against Jupiter's entreaties that I buy a little pig, which he would fatten on buttermilk and finally convert into sausage, side-meat, and chitterlings, when to my dismay my valuable servant came up to the steps and said he was mighty sorry, but he was afeard he'd have ter quit.

I nearly upset the churn.

'Leave us, Jupiter? But why?'

'Well, Miss Molly, a man like me needs ter make a whole lot o' money. I got thirteen head o' chillen, an' while the gals is right smart, the boys ain't wuth the powder an' shot it would take ter kill 'em. You pays me eight dollars a month, an' that would n't be enough for me ter take care o' my family on, an' pay my Lodge dues — you know I is a Knight an' Lady of Honor, Miss Molly — withouten I made some more. Now I's been makin' four dollars a month as sexton of St. Faith's, only they don't pay me reg'lar. Howsomever, I kin git erlong on twelve dollars a month. But now I done lost my job as sexton, so I better go to Memphis, an' work in a resterant.'

'But, Jupiter, what happened? Were you discharged?'

'No, *ma'am*. I done discharged myself. Mr. Simpson, he say I *stole*. I ain't never stole nothin' in my life, an' Mr. Simpson ain't got no call ter make a fuss over a little bit o' coal. You know I has ter make the fire in the furnace at St. Faith's every Sunday, good an' early, so the church'll be warm for seven o'clock service. Well, they bought some coal las' fall, an' soon after Christmas when it wuz nearly all gone, I went to Mr. Simpson, the senior warden, they calls him, an' tole him he better buy some more, an' he says he thinks there's plenty for another

Sunday or two. Then I goes to him agin, an' he says I mus' speak ter Mr. Yates, the treasurer. An' Mr. Yates he says he's a treasurer withouten any treasure, an' I better see the rector, 'cause he had n't no money to buy no coal. An' the rector, he say he had n't nothin' to do with business matters, but he would see that the subjick wuz laid before the vestry. An', bless my life, the vestry did n't meet for two months, an' by that time the weather wuz warm an' they did n't need no coal nohow. An' then las' Sunday after church I wuz onhitchin' Mr. Simpson's hoss an' he wuz a-gittin' in his buggy ter drive home when he says, "Well, Jupiter, you pestered us all mightily about coal, but we did n't have to buy any more, after all. I thought the supply we laid in in the fall would last until spring, and it did. It's just a question of knowing how to run a furnace -economically."

"Yessir," I says. "But it sho' wuz hard work wheelin' coal in er wheelbarrer all the way from the freight yards, the other side of the deepo, every Sunday for six weeks." — Yes, Miss Molly,'—in answer to my exclamation of horror, — 'that's what I had ter do. I axed fur coal, an' I axed fur coal, an' the gemmen jus' kep' on payin' no 'tention ter me, an' what else *could* I do? It wuz my business ter keep that church hot. Think I'd let everybody freeze to death with carloads o' coal settin' thar doin' nothin' on the railroad tracks? I uster git up at three o'clock of a dark winter mawnin', an' take your wheelbarrer, Miss Molly,' — this with a confiding smile, as though he were glad to let me have a humble share in this creditable performance, — 'an' go an' help myself ter enough coal ter make the House of the Lord comfortable for his worshipers. Sometimes I had ter make as many as six trips, on a extry col' day. An' Mr.

Simpson calls that stealin'! Stealin' is takin' sompen fur yo' own self, an' I took this here coal fur the Church. I ain't never tooken even one teeny lump fur myself, 'cause I don' burn nothin' but wood, nohow.'

I was not concerned with Jupiter's private interpretation of the Eighth Commandment, but I asked if he would give up the idea of going to Memphis if I could get his job at St. Faith's back for him. His statement that he had 'resigned' I did not credit; Mr. Simpson had doubtless discharged him when he heard of his larceny. For once, I decided to call my brother to my aid. He is a member of the vestry of St. Faith's, and through his influence Jupiter was not only reinstated, but from that time he was paid his four dollars promptly on the first of the month.

III

For a while everything went smoothly. I promised to get a pig the following year if Jupiter would stop teasing me. My idea was to dangle the pig over his head, as a promise of distant reward, hoping in this way to bind him to my service. Absolutely devoted as he was to my interests, he never ceased to pine for Memphis, and the 'big money' he could make there.

Jupiter's daughter — the illiterate Chasty — was soon taught by her father to do everything he was unwilling to do himself. She picked chickens, crawled under the cabins to look for eggs, pulled up weeds, made beds, waited on the table, and, on occasion, as when Jupiter was at church, on a Sunday morning, she could cook a dinner. She was a bright-eyed little thing, always dressed in red calico, with her legs bare, except in winter. At breakfast and supper she scudded back and forth between the house and the kitchen, carrying relays of waffles, bis-

cuits, and batter-cakes; but at dinner, which we ate at one o'clock, we were served by Jupiter himself, whose kinky black head rose above his white jacket and apron 'like a fly in a pan o' milk,' as he pleasantly suggested. Talkative elsewhere, in the dining-room he was all that was correct. My brother or I might unbend, and compliment some gorgeous dish he served, but Jupiter never lost his dignity, or said an unnecessary word. He prided himself on having always lived with 'the quality,' and he did not belie his training.

The first time the Bishop visited St. Faith's after Jupiter's occupation of my kitchen, I arranged to have him dine with us, after the morning service. The Bishop was fastidious, but if Jupiter's cooking did not satisfy him, he deserved to go hungry. Jupiter of course had to be at church all morning, to ring the bell and to blow the organ, but he planned his dinner carefully, and Chasty was left to carry out her father's instructions. We all came home about half-past twelve. I left my brother to entertain the Bishop on the porch, peeped into the dining-room, saw that it was dark and cool, and that my peacock-feather fly-brush was in readiness, then made my way to the kitchen.

Chasty had disappeared.

The fire was out, the vegetables had not been prepared; the chickens, killed and picked the night before, still hung in the well; the ice-cream had not been frozen, and the ice destined for the freezer had melted in its old blanket. There was no clue to Chasty's whereabouts. Jupiter, after saying he would break every bone in her body, wasted no time in conjecture, but went to work. I did what little I could to help, and my brother plied the Bishop with cigars and mint-juleps. In less than two hours, Jupiter stood majestically waving the fly-brush over as good a dinner as the Bishop ever ate; of that I am

sure. Later, while the gentlemen were smoking, I slipped out on the back-porch, where I found Chasty in tears, and Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.

'I ain't er-gwine ter leave it ter yer maw ter lick yer,' he stormed. 'I's gwine ter lick the stuffin' outen yer *myself*. Miss Molly, she done spent the whole blessed mawnin' settin' on Mrs. Simpson's kitchen steps whilst that no-count Pury, what cooks fer Mrs. Simpson, wropped her ha'r. Mrs. Simpson wuz dinin' out, an' Pury did n't have nothin' ter do. Chasty wanted to be primped up ter go ter the pertracted meetin' to-night. I ain't er-gwine ter let her go, an' I's gwine ter wear her out jes' as soon as I gits home from evenin' service. I's gwine ter beat her till she's so sore she can't lay nor set.'

It seemed my duty to interfere. I ordered Jupiter not to whip the child, and promised to punish her thoroughly myself. He went off to church, leaving me to deal with the little sinner. Her tears did not move me, but I was fascinated by her hair. Accustomed as I was to seeing hair 'wropped,' I had never seen such a coiffure as Chasty's. There must have been fifty little short tails sticking out at right angles to her head, each wrapped around with parti-colored rags. No wonder it took Pury two hours to do it. I gazed, and I had an inspiration.

'Chasty,' I commanded, 'sit down on the lowest step.'

She obeyed, sobbing, and I sat on the top step, above her. Spreading a towel on my lap, I proceeded in silence to *un-wrop* her hair. The operation lasted an hour. Chasty wailed that she had had her hair wropped because she wanted to go to the pertracted meetin' that night, and that she might er got erligion, and now maybe she never *would* git erligion, and it would be my fault if she went to the Bad Place when she died. But I was obdurate.

Looking back, I regard this as the most cruel act of my life. Far better if I had let Jupiter 'lick the stuffin' outen her.'

Apart from protracted meetings and barbecues, Jupiter's chief dissipation was 'the Lodge.' He was an enthusiastic Mason, and when the time approached for a visit from the Grand Master of the Templars, for the purpose of initiating new members, he assumed an air of mystery and importance, sometimes tinged with anxiety. Once he came to me with a troubled look on his pleasant black face.

'Miss Molly, would you please, ma'am, tell me what is a *peblet*?'

'A *what*? How do you spell it?'

The dictionary threw no light on the problem, and Jupiter explained that the Grand Master had written that when the procession was formed to meet him at the station every Knight must bear in his hand a 'peblet.' Jupiter would have died rather than confess ignorance. For days he looked gloomy and puzzled, and at last he appealed to me again.

'Don't yer think, Miss Molly, that a nice long stick with a ball on the end would make er good peblet?'

'Jupiter,' I answered earnestly, 'it would make a *fine* peblet. Nothing could be more edifying, impressive, and appropriate.'

His face cleared.

'Yes, 'm; yes, *ma'am*. An' now I comes ter think erbout it, I 'members that's jes' what a peblet *is*. Dunno huccome I ain't thought of it sooner.'

He went about his work with his old debonair gayety, and that night we had angel food for supper. Days passed happily. Discretion forbade any questions about the mystic rites of the Templars; but a week later, when I heard the neighbors' children lamenting the disappearance of many croquet balls I drew my own conclusions. In

justice to the Knights and Ladies of Honor I must add that the balls were afterwards found lying about in the different yards, none the worse except for a few holes where nails had been driven and extracted.

IV

When Jupiter had been with us about two years, and had assumed full charge of me and my brother, the cow and the pig, — for of course I had bought a pig, — the chickens and the garden, a new and important member was added to our family. I am a spinster, and had had no experience with children when the tragic death of my brother's daughter and her husband, in a fire in a theatre, left a little orphan girl of two years to my care. At first I was a little nervous over my new responsibility, and I was not above finding comfort in Jupiter's reassuring words.

'Chillen ain't half the trouble that other animiles is, fer the reason that they got sense, an' the beasties ain't. I ought ter know all erbout chillen; I's had seventeen. Jes' you turn little Missy loose in the back yard, an' ole Jupiter'll see nothin' don't hurt her.'

Missy was backward about talking, and it was after she came to us that she began to put words together. It is of record that her first attempt at a sentence was, 'Missy bonny kitchy Jupy,' which meant that she wanted to put on her sunbonnet and go to the kitchen to see Jupiter; and a pretty picture she made, sitting in her high-chair at the kitchen table, with a piece of dough and a little stick, her sweet dimpled arm copying Jupiter's every motion as he beat the biscuits on a block he had made from a tree-stump and a piece of granite he had coaxed the tombstone maker to give him.

Fed on corn-bread and pot-liquor, 'jes' the same as a setter pup,' Missy

grew round and rosy. Chasty was her devoted handmaiden, Jupiter her humble worshiper and faithful protector. My hold on him now seemed secure; Missy was a greater success than the pig in making him forget Memphis and 'big money.'

Years passed. I began to regard with patronizing pity my friends whose chief topic of conversation was trouble with servants. I never had any trouble. In 1893, when everybody was going to the World's Fair, I decided to leave Jupiter in charge and take a long holiday, spending a week in Chicago and the rest of the summer at a resort on Lake Michigan. My brother had already gone to Buffalo Lithia for his gout, and Missy, no longer fat and freckled, but slim and sweet and shy, had been taken to Europe in the spring by her northern aunt. Jupiter had been restless and discontented ever since her departure, and I thought perhaps my absence would give him a change of occupation and manner of life, and enable him to see more of his family, so that when I came back I should find the Jupiter of former days.

My return home was hastened by this letter:—

TIPPAH, MISS.
sep ninth 1893.

MISS MOLLY,—

We are all well. I hop you ar well. The cat had kittins but I drownd em. The cow will kum in in erbout a month. All yore frens axes me when is you kumin home an has the Jedge got rid of his gout an if Missy has been presented at Cote. I says Missy aint got no call to go to Cote Houses nor yit jails. Please Miss Molly is you heerd from Missy. I xpecks she done forgot ole Jupiter. My boy Cube wuz run over an kilt by the I. C. railrode las weak. A white gemman whut says he wuz the clame agent fur the rode gimme 2 hundred dolars ter sine my name

ter a paper sayin I did n't blame the rode fur killin him. He wuz berried in gran style fur I had had him inshured, an I cut all yore full-blone roses fur ter put on the coffin, but I never teched nary buds. Youll have ter git another cook cause Im er goin ter take the 2 hundred an go to Memphis an start a calf A fur toney cullud folks. Hit sho is lonesome with you an Missy an the Jedge gone. Chasty got married las month but she never tole me till today. She will stay on till you kum back. I made 7 duz kwats of pikkles an pre-sarves an jelly an I put up okra in cans. I am well an hopin you are enjoyin the same Gods blessin.

Yore sarvent

JUPITER.

I took the next train and found everything in good order, but Chasty was impatient to go to Texas, with her husband, and the loss of Jupiter was a calamity. My brother was in New York to meet Missy, and they reached home a week after I did, Missy with fine presents for Jupiter and Chasty, who were not there to receive them.

Over the discomforts and inconveniences and vexations of the following three months I draw a veil. One thing I gained: I revised my uncharitable opinion of women who could talk of nothing but the servant problem.

One morning, not long before Christmas, I was wakened by the familiar sound of the beating of biscuits,—a sound which in happier days had been the equivalent of a rising bell in our household. The cook I had then—the eleventh since Jupiter left me—made only soda biscuits, saying that her doctor had warned her against exercise that might 'injure her organ.' I dressed as quickly as possible, and when I went downstairs there stood Jupiter, his beaming smile a reflection of my own look of pleasure and surprise.

'Howdy, Miss Molly! You sho' is lookin' well. I done sont off that good-fer-nothin' yaller gal I found in my kitchen. I tole her you would not require her sarvices now that I wuz home agin. Lawdy! lawdy! I sho' is glad ter git back ter Tippah. How's Missy, an' the Jedge?'

At this moment they came down, to speak for themselves, and we all wanted to know the fate of the Calf A.

'Hit's done busted up,' said Jupiter, cheerfully, 'an' ter tell the trufe I is glad uv it. I allus has lived wid white folks, an' wid quality, at that, an' I ain't er-gwine ter spen' my declinin'

years waitin' on niggers, what eats with their knife jes' the same as I do, an' what ain't no better'n me, nohow — if they's as good. Yistiddy the white man what I rented my dinin'-hall an' kitchen from say if I don' pay the rent to-day he'd tu'n me out, so I jes' lit out myself, an' beat my way home on a freight car, an' heah I is. An' Miss Molly, if you'll please, ma'am, excuse me fer runnin' off, I'll stay right on now, an' when Missy gits jined togedder at the altar I'll blow the organ fer the weddin' march, an' I'll bake the fines' weddin' cake that ever wuz baked in the State of Mississippi.'

JOHN MASEFIELD

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

DEMOCRACY's best pen, with passion vowed
 'To maimed and halt and blind, in rain and cold,'
 Three mighty epics of the poor hath told:
 The Dauber freezing in the sleeted shroud;
 The widow kneeling in the gallows crowd;
 And that great idyl of the windy wold, —
 The drunkard walking where the dawn unrolled,
 And with changed eyes beholding one who ploughed.

Again, immortal, yoke that share divine
 And fix our eyes 'forever on that sign':
 Plough deep our souls, that can with mirth endure
 Ease to ourselves and burdens to the poor;
 Convert us wastrels; O undying pen,
 Harrow our hearts, 'that we may flower to men.'

DISRAELI AND CONSERVATISM

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

I

SOMEWHERE in the course of his infinite gossip, Augustus J. C. Hare tells of a dinner at which one of the guests spoke of Disraeli as 'that old Jew gentleman who is sitting on the top of chaos.' The phrase, worthy of the master of epigram it describes, has been much in my mind as I have been reading the extended memoirs begun by Mr. Monypenny and now in the hands of Mr. G. E. Buckle. The third volume of the biography ends with the year 1855, when Disraeli was neither old, nor yet quite at the summit of the chaos he was climbing; but the significant philosophy of the man is here, and the first flush of victory. The rest can be only the putting on of the crown and the putting of it off—a little tarnished. His statesmanship reaches its climax with the formation of the Conservative party; after that his career is politics.

The very entrance of Disraeli upon the stage is of a kind to stir the imagination. He was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when a Hebrew was no more than a Shylock to the English people; and although, for social reasons mainly, he was baptized at the age of twelve and through life professed an ardent attachment to the Anglican Church, he never denied his race, but rather gloried in it and held it up always as the chosen vessel of God.

His education was irregular, when the hard discipline of the public schools was regarded as the only training for

victory on the hustings as well as on the fields of Waterloo. He was bizarre in his manners and dress to the point of absurdity, startling London with his curls and waistcoats long before he conquered it by his brains. What should England expect of a candidate for Parliament who, in the days of the Reform Bill, could appear at a dinner wearing 'a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles, falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders'? Sometimes his trousers were green, and heaven knows what other colors, and this at a time when Bulwer's *Pelham* was introducing the fashion of black as the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Mayfair gazed and wondered; but Mayfair did not laugh, at least to his face, for it knew his power of sarcasm, as Parliament was afterwards to know it.

'He was once dining,' says the same lady who has described his raiment, 'with my insufferable brother-in-law, Mr. Norton, when the host begged him to drink a particular kind of wine, saying he had never tasted anything so good before.

'Disraeli agreed that the wine was very good. "Well," said Norton, "I have got wine twenty times as good in my cellar." "No doubt, no doubt," said Disraeli, looking round the table; "but, my dear fellow, this is quite

good enough for such *canaille* as you have got to-day.”

There was, in fact, method in Disraeli's vanity, a deliberate purpose to conquer, by dazzling and bullying, a place to which the ordinary paths of access were for him closely barred. I do not know that he was a special reader of Plutarch, but the precision and tenacity of his ambition resemble nothing in modern history so much as they do those stories from the antique world. Early in his life the two prizes of literature and politics rose before his vision, and, though he never gave up the former, he deliberately chose a practical career for his serious concern and made letters subordinate to it. ‘Poetry,’ he notes in his Diary, ‘is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write.’ Having thus chosen, he determined in his mind the manner of procedure and the warrant of success. ‘Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature,’ is the reflection of his Contarini ‘amid the ruins of Athens.’ There was never a more patient politician than Disraeli; never one who found destiny more clearly in his own will. And if confidence in himself was one side of his shield, the other side was contempt, or something like it, for mankind in general. Writing to his father from Malta, in 1830, he relates this incident:

‘Here the youngers do nothing but play rackets, billiards, and cards, race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown

a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day!’

That in another person might seem like impudent coxcombry. But there is something almost terrible in the thought of a young adventurer of twenty-five calmly adopting such a policy of dealing with men, and by it raising himself to be, as he was for a time, the most powerful leader in the world. Nor was the goal he set before himself any less definite than the means of advance. In 1834, Lord Melbourne, then still Home Secretary in the Reform Cabinet, and Disraeli, a beaten candidate for Parliament, were talking together after dinner, and the typical British peer, the friend of Victoria, was attracted by the cleverness of the Hebrew aspirant. ‘Lord Melbourne,’ as Disraeli tells the story, which is confirmed by Melbourne's biographer, ‘asked how he could advance me in life, and half proposed that I should be his private secretary, inquiring what my object in life might be. “To be Prime Minister.”’ The condescending Whig tried gently to argue the young man out of what must have seemed to him pure infatuation; but he did not forget the remark. When, in 1848, as an old man, he learned of Disraeli's success in Parliament, he was heard to exclaim, ‘By God! the fellow will do it yet.’

These are not isolated anecdotes; they are of a piece with the whole tenor of Disraeli's early years as given in the first volume of the present biography, and as, indeed, it was already well enough known. Where in the course of modern history shall one find anything quite like this conscious shaping of a career? The valor of his game with Fate is recognized and admired even by those who most resent his success.

Certainly he needed patience as well as determination at the outset of his career. Three times he stood for Parlia-

ment as an independent, without money and without energetic backing. Inevitably he was beaten. Then, in 1835, came the famous Tamworth Manifesto of Peel, with its programme for reconstructing the old Tory party to meet the exigencies of modern politics. Its platform could not long satisfy any one who looked below the surface of things, and ten years later Disraeli described it scornfully as 'an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfillment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connections.' But at the time it gave the baffled aspirant an excuse for affiliating himself avowedly with one of the ruling parties. Almost immediately he had himself nominated to the Carlton Club, which was 'the recognized social citadel of Toryism.' He was yet to fail once again, but to fail in such a way that he could answer a scurrilous attack of O'Connell's with the challenge: 'I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand. . . . We shall meet at Philippi.'

Two years later, in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, he was returned for Maidstone, and with him went the Mr. Wyndham Lewis whose widow was to become his wife, aiding him with her money and her loyal sympathy. It was a strange union in some respects, not lacking in those elements that furnish the world with comedy, but heroic also and beautiful. It is a fact that one night when they were driving together to Parliament House she sat all the way with her finger jammed in the door, bearing the torture in silence rather than disturb his mind before an anxious debate. And it is said by Froude that the only instance in which he ever spoke with genuine anger was once when some young

men ventured a jest at Mrs. Disraeli's age and his motives for marriage. 'Gentlemen,' he replied, as he rose and left the room, 'do none of you know what gratitude means?' The world called her frivolous and him mercenary.

II

The career of Disraeli would be memorable were it only for the interest excited by the story of a great ambition working itself out through enormous difficulties and in original ways, but it has this added significance: that it is bound up with the rise of a new political philosophy, or rather with the resuscitation and adaptation of an old philosophy to meet new circumstances. The result of the Revolution of 1688 had been to introduce into politics a kind of drifting utilitarianism and to establish in power an oligarchy which, under various forms and party titles, had ruled in England for a century and a half. Virtually these men were Whigs, and their long close reign was, as Disraeli used to say, somewhat fantastically perhaps, nothing more than the realization of the frustrated efforts of Hampden and the other early leaders of the Rebellion 'to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians.' It held together, despite factional divisions, through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, owing to the pressure of events and the principles instilled into public life by Burke.

But by 1832 such an oligarchy had become anomalous. In the Reform Bill its leaders, with virtuous faces, abdicated, leaving the country with no clear principle or order of government beyond a short-sighted opportunism. Under the primacy of Melbourne (1835-1841) there was the shadow of

Whiggery over the land, but not the power: Parliament was marking time. Then came with Peel the equally shadowy restoration of the Tories. Meanwhile, under the stress of famine in Ireland and labor revolt in England, the new liberal and conservative ideas were becoming conscious aims of government.

Disraeli, as we have seen, entered Parliament as a supporter of Peel, but he soon felt the deep cleft between his own philosophic conservatism and the Tory opportunism of his chief. Various acts of Peel made him appear to Disraeli, and not to Disraeli alone, a defaulter from the interests he was supposed to be protecting; and when, stealing his policy from the discomfited Whigs, he proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, the antagonism between the two men broke out in war to the death. The Repeal was carried in the House of Commons on May 15, 1846, but only by splitting the party into the personal followers of Peel, who for a number of years held together as a separate body, and the fragment of Tories who clung loyally to the landed interests and obstinately to a protective tariff. A month later Peel suffered defeat in a division on the Coercion Bill designed for the temporary and forced pacification of Ireland. Four days after that he resigned.

In this struggle the recognized leader of the outraged Tories was Lord George Bentinck, the son of the Duke of Portland, who gave up the sports and pursuits dear to his heart for the unfamiliar strain of political contention. Without him the party could scarcely have held together against the drawing power of Peel, and Disraeli has left a generous tribute to his character and influence. But for us to-day, all the zest of the drama lies in the personal duel between Disraeli and Peel. Not often does the record of such a war of words retain its

vitality for the reader of a later generation; Parliamentary wit has a sad way of growing stale, and the flashes of lightning that dazzled when they fell have a way of looking like paltry fireworks after a few years. But it is not so with the cold malignant strokes of Disraeli; they pierce and sting to-day as they did when Peel, sitting below on the Treasury bench, was their suffering target. Some of his epigrams pronounced at this time have become proverbial: 'The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes,' for instance, and, 'A Conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.' And when Peel, after his Cabinet had resigned because they could not agree on the Repeal, and had taken office again because the Whigs were too distracted to carry out the policy stolen from them, came before a breathlessly expectant Parliament with no clear statement of his purpose, but with a long rambling discourse on things in general, Disraeli's reply fell with a power of terrible sarcasm that reminds one at times of Achilles shouting over the trenches in the plain of Troy. It is no wonder that Peel was unable to look indifferent or to conceal his 'nervous twitchings,' amid 'the delirious laughter with which the House accepted and sealed the truth of the attacks.' An eye-witness of those scenes has left this account of Disraeli's manner:—

'In conveying an innuendo, an ironical sneer, or a suggestion of contempt, which courtesy forbids him to translate into words—in conveying such masked enmities by means of a glance, a shrug, an altered tone of voice, or a transient expression of face, he is unrivaled. Not only is the shaft envenomed, but it is aimed with deadly precision by a cool hand and a keen eye, with a courage fearless of retaliation. He will convulse the house by the ac-

tion that helps his words, yet leave nothing for his victims to take hold of. He is a most dangerous antagonist in this respect, because so intangible. And all the while you are startled by his extreme coolness and impassibility. . . . You might suppose him wholly unconscious of the effect he is producing; for he never seems to laugh or to chuckle, however slightly, at his own hits. While all around him are convulsed with merriment or excitement at some of his finely wrought sarcasms, he holds himself, seemingly, in total suspension, as though he had no existence for the ordinary feelings and passions of humanity; and the moment the shouts and confusion have subsided, the same calm, low, monotonous, but yet distinct and searching voice, is heard still pouring forth his ideas, while he is preparing to launch another sarcasm, hissing hot, into the soul of his victim.'

With the return of the Whigs to power under Lord John Russell, and the isolated position of the Peelites, the leaders of the Tories had before them the great task of remaking their party. They pulled themselves together sufficiently to form a brief and troubled ministry in 1852, with Derby as First Lord of the Treasury and Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Commons, and again in 1858 and 1866. Before the close of this third administration the Earl of Derby retired, leaving Disraeli as Prime Minister; but the full triumph of Disraeli came in the period from 1874 to 1880, when he was at the head of his own government, for the last four years as the Earl of Beaconsfield. From him the party passed into the hands of Salisbury.

If Disraeli's personal contest with Peel is the dramatic moment of his career, its larger significance lies in the patient effort to infuse a living philosophy into the dumb unthinking Tory-

ism of tradition, and to put meaning into the name Conservative, which the party had assumed in 1835. The Reform Act, while relaxing the grip of the Whig oligarchy, had left the principle of utilitarianism in full operation, and from it was growing the doctrine of *laissez-faire* along with the so-called economic interpretation of history. Under the driving force of Cobden and Bright and the Anti-Corn-Law League, power had passed from the landed proprietors to the manufacturers and the middle classes. Protection was withdrawn from the land, while the taxes for the poor and other burdens laid on it by virtue of its privileges remained in force. But the new Liberal party could not rest here. Already the pressure on it from the more radical organizations was growing severe, and socialism was before it. The conservative elements in its creed had no other tenure than the routine of habit. What was to withstand the onflow? Nothing, unless a true conservatism, based on some permanent principles of human nature, could be reasoned out and brought into play; and this task Disraeli set before himself as a conscious aim.

His philosophy may be found full-fledged in the articles he contributed to the press before his election to Parliament and in the novels written during the Peel administration. Of the latter it is not my purpose to offer here any criticism. They were recognized at the time by a French critic as the creation of historical fiction, and to create a new *genre* in literature is no slight honor. It is fair to say also that, with all their manifest blemishes of taste, they are likely to interest the reader just in proportion to his experience of life and his acquaintance with English political history. John Morley, no lover of Disraeli surely, sums up the traits of the novels in a few phrases, — 'the spirit of whim in them, the ironic solemnity,

the historical paradoxes, the fantastic glitter of dubious gems, the grace of high comedy, all in union with a social vision that often pierced deep below the surface.' Lord Morley is not surprised that Gladstone did not relish these qualities — *eikotós*, as Demosthenes would say.

The most important of Disraeli's early fugitive writings are the *Vindication of the English Constitution* (a 'letter' to Lord Lyndhurst, published in 1835) and the *Letters of Runnymede* (contributed to the *Times* during the first half of 1836). The letters are an attempt to appear in the double rôle of Burke and Junius, and Disraeli, who was neither quite one nor quite the other of those heroic figures, comes, it must be allowed, amazingly near being a mixture of both. Runnymede has not the terrible voice of the gods, and his attack on Lord John Russell, although as venomous in intention as Burke's on the Duke of Bedford and Junius's on the preceding duke (the Russells enjoy an inherited privilege of abuse), has neither the justification nor the deadly efficiency of its Olympian models. Yet Runnymede could sting: —

'You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect. It is an union not uncommon, and in the majority of cases only tends to convert an aspiring youth into a querulous and discontented manhood. But under some circumstances — when combined, for instance, with great station, and consequent opportunities of action — it is a union which often leads to the development of a peculiar talent — the talent of political mischief.'

Disraeli knew that the men on whom he was pouring his scurrilous, and anonymous, invective were not the empty knaves he made them; but political mischief is not always the work of rogues or fools, and Disraeli believed with all his heart — and rightly, wheth-

er the result meant good or evil — that a revolution was under way, and that the spirit of the new Whiggism was 'hostile to the English Constitution.' That must be the palliation of his rancor; that is the explanation also of his endeavor to fortify his own party with a tenable philosophy of government based on the constitutional balance of powers.

III

The conservatism which Disraeli preached in season and out of season, to mocking Whigs and stolid Tories, rests on a few simple facts of human nature. It believes first of all in the virtue of memory as equally important with the spontaneous faculty of invention. It lays stress on the sheer value of the past — what Disraeli, quoting a fine phrase of Sir Edward Coke's, called 'reverend antiquity' — as a constituent part of the present; it emphasizes the need of experience as a brake on the forward-driving unrest of hope. Both Liberal and Conservative admit that change is an inevitable attendant of life; the difference in their attitude is this, that the Liberal tends to regard all change as progress toward something better, whereas the Conservative tends to regard change in itself as a discomfort, to be tolerated only when it removes a specific evil.

Nor does the virtue of this slackening process depend alone on the need of delay to insure a wise choice among the thronging desires of change; it is involved also in the necessity of making sure that the admitted change, when it comes, shall be salutary in its operation rather than subversive of order. For an illustration, take the growing power of the labor unions. Their constitution was at the beginning bitterly contested by men who now, in theory at least, acknowledge the validity of their principles. And, however wise it

may seem that this hostility should have given way in time, it does not follow that the initial check was unsalutary, nor is the surrender an argument of inconsistency. For it should be pretty clear to any one who reads history that a new power of this sort, if, without opposition, it were exercised by men with no discipline of experience, would have been subject to frightful abuses. The injustice and impracticability of many schemes of the unions to-day, after years of training, show what they might have done to hamper prosperity and retard progress had they been allowed to organize freely under the first wild compunctions of injustice.

In this way conservatism is an essential element of sound evolution, and Disraeli was not without warrant in claiming the name of Progressive for his own party against its exclusive appropriation by the Liberals. As a matter of fact all Liberals, except those of the most radical dye, are ready to admit the necessity of conservatism as a wholesome brake on the wheels of change; but they are wont to look with something of contempt on a party whose function is of a purely negative sort. Disraeli had raised a laugh at Peel for stealing the clothes of the Liberals while they were in bathing, yet he himself did not hesitate on occasion to profit by the same kind of transaction, notably in the Franchise Act of 1867, — an act which to the smitten Tories was ‘a political betrayal’ without parallel, for which Disraeli declared that he had been educating his party for years, but which is perhaps best described in Derby’s phrase: they had ‘dished the Whigs.’ It would, indeed, not be easy to deny the Liberals their indulgence of superiority if conservatism had no other office than to eliminate the false starts and oppose a wholesome retardation to the wiser innovations of the really constructive element of government.

But to Disraeli, as to his predecessors, the Conservative party had its own programme of construction. As a negative force conservatism is based on a certain distrust of human nature, believing that the immediate impulses of the heart and visions of the brain are likely to be misleading guides; whereas the liberalism which ran through the eighteenth century by the side of Whiggery, and finally absorbed it, being of the same parentage as the religion of Deism and the philosophy of ‘enlightenment,’ rests on the assumption that, practically speaking, all men are by nature good and need only to be let alone to develop in the right direction. But this distrust of human nature is closely connected with another and more positive factor of conservatism — its trust in the controlling power of the imagination. These, as I analyze the matter, — the instinctive distrust of uncontrolled human nature and the instinctive reliance on the imagination, — are the very roots of the conservative temper, as their contraries are the roots of the liberal and radical temper, the lack of imagination, if any distinction is to be made, being the chief factor of liberalism, and confidence in human nature being the main impulse of radicalism.

Certainly both of these conservative principles lay deeply imbedded in Disraeli’s mind beneath his instinctive feeling that

Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

An instance of his distrust of the common intelligence of his fellows, running even into supercilious contempt, has already been given; and indeed too much stress, if anything, is ordinarily placed on what is called his cynicism. But it is not so often remembered that his reliance on the imagination was a companion of that distrust, and equally strong. And here, in Disraeli’s oppo-

sition to the current of the age, we shall be brought face to face with some curious paradoxes. It should seem that a party whose theories are based on confidence in untrammelled human nature ought to present the aims and destiny of mankind in a fairer light than its adversary; yet the very contrary is the fact. It is no matter of chance that utilitarianism and liberalism and Manchester economics were coincident with the rise of a materialistic and pseudo-scientific philosophy; they are, in fact, branches from the same root. And against the most fundamental of these, the pseudo-science of the day, with its desolating notion of progress, Disraeli set himself with all the strength of his disposition. 'Modern philosophy,' he wrote years before the advent of Darwinism, 'with its superficial discoveries, has infused into the breast of man a spirit of skepticism; but I think that, ere long, science will again become imaginative, and that as we become more profound, we may become also more credulous.' Again, still before Darwin's work, there is in his *Tancred* a delightful bit of satire of Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*, which he dubs *The Revelations of Chaos* :—

'It explains everything!' said Tancred; 'it must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!'

'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance. 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

'No longer so,' said Lady Constance. 'It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese, churned into light. You must read it, 't is charming.'

'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

'Perhaps not. You must read *Revelations*; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came; let me see, did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

'I do not believe I ever was a fish,' said Tancred.

'Oh! but it is all proved.' . . .

'I was a fish, and I shall be a crow,' said Tancred to himself, when the hall door closed on him. 'What a spiritual mistress!'

Most memorable of all was his epigrammatic conclusion of a speech at Oxford in 1864, in the full swing of the new Darwinistic materialism: 'I, my lord, am on the side of the angels.' You may take these things as excellent fooling; they are that, and they are something more than that. They are not an attack on science, properly so called; they are not, after the manner of Gladstone, an attempt to effect a reconciliation between science and religion by distorting both; they are a warning to science to keep within her own field, and any one who is watching the currents of thought to-day knows that the warning has begun to find heedful ears.

And Disraeli's political convictions ran parallel with his religious faith. As early as 1833 he wrote in his diary: 'The Utilitarians in politics are like the Unitarians in religion; both omit imagination in their systems, and imagination governs mankind.' Hence

his kindred distaste for the Manchester School, because their trust in human nature as a purely economic machine was combined with a blindness to the finer feelings and all those less ponderable forces which we sum up under the name of spiritual. His charge was that these economists 'counselled the people of England to lower their tone'; and he was right. It should never be forgotten that while Disraeli, the avowed champion of the soil, was yet in his *Sybil* and in his speeches setting forth the unspeakable condition of the miners and factory-workers, and educating his party for just labor legislation, the virtuous John Bright, who believed that the control of government should be transferred from the despots of the land to the manufacturing classes, was nevertheless opposing laws for the regulation of the hours of work and for protection of children, or for the sheathing of machinery which had a habit of grinding up the workers. History pronounces the philosophy of Manchester one of the most heartless creations of the human brain. And Peel was the tool of Bright and Cobden. These things must be remembered when we hear Disraeli calling himself a *Radical-Tory*, and appealing to the people of England.

It is not strange, therefore, that when Disraeli, in his *Lord George Bentinck*, came to sum up the character of Peel, the Tory in Whig clothing, he should have laid his finger on this defect of imagination as the cause of that statesman's weakness and final failure.

Perhaps the purest example of the conservative distrust of human nature combined with trust in the imagination is the famous myth of Plato's *Republic*, by which the people are to be cajoled into believing in a caste of birth and so persuaded to perform contentedly each his own function in the hierarchy of society. That naked illusion of govern-

ment, as it may be called, has haunted many minds since Plato's day, and sometimes in cruder forms. Such a view of life may seem cynically low, but apparently it is the underlying fact of things: you will find it hard to escape, unless you care to rest order on the more brutal fact of the policeman's club — whose power after all depends on an illusion, in the end.

For there is a true illusion, if the phrase will be accepted, whereby the lower nature of man is charmed by the voice of his higher instincts; and there is a false illusion, which is of the very contrary sort. The one is social and constructive, and is the work, properly speaking, of the imagination; the other is disintegrating and destructive, and is the product of the egotistic desires. In government this higher illusion shows itself historically in many forms, nowhere more than in the creation of that mysterious entity worshiped by all good British Conservatives under the name of the Constitution. The idea underlying this fact is by no means a new thing. It was perfectly known to the hard practical common sense of the Republic of Rome, and its fullest exposition may be read in the philosophical annals of Polybius: —

'As for the Roman Constitution, it had three elements, each of them possessing sovereign powers; and their respective share of power in the whole State had been regulated with such a scrupulous regard to equality and equilibrium, that no one could say for certain, not even a native, whether the Constitution as a whole were an aristocracy or democracy or despotism. And no wonder: for if we confine our observation to the power of the consuls we should be inclined to regard it as despotic; if to that of the senate, as aristocratic; and if, finally, one looks at the power possessed by the people, it would seem a clear case of democracy.

... When any one of the three classes becomes puffed up, and manifests an inclination to be contentious and unduly encroaching, ... the proper equilibrium is maintained by the impulsiveness of the one part being checked by its fear of the other.'

That was precisely the eighteenth and early nineteenth century notion of the British Constitution as a balanced division of the powers of government among king, nobles, and commons.¹ It is the idea which permeated Disraeli's mind from his reading of Bolingbroke and Burke, and which he dinned into the ears of unwilling Whigs with most damnable iteration.

Now it needs no comment to show how this system of constitutional checks, on its negative side, indicates a distrust of the encroaching selfishness of men. On its positive side, a constitutional government is the interlocking harmony of those institutions which are 'the realized experience of a nation.' It was on institutions indeed, those symbols and efficacies of the imagination, which swallow up the individual man in involuntary actions and then render back to him his life enriched by manifold associations, and whose traditional forms are the hands of the past laid caressingly on the present, — it was on institutions that Disraeli most often dwelt, with an eloquence less magnificent no doubt than Burke's, but with a shrewder practical sense. Without them there is only apathy or chaos. 'The rights and lib-

erties of a nation can only be preserved by institutions,' he declared. 'It is not the spread of knowledge or the march of intellect that will be found sufficient sureties for the public welfare in the crisis of a country's freedom.' And he added, — justly, it will be conceded by those who know the man, — 'I would address myself to the English Radicals.'

To Disraeli the House of Commons was never representative of the people as a nation, but of a special class. Full representation, he believed, could not be obtained by the rough machinery of the polls; and one of the best of his early epigrams, which time has not proved untrue, was aimed at measures intended to discredit the representative power of hereditary office: 'In a hasty and factious effort to get rid of representation without election, it will be as well if eventually we do not discover that we have only obtained election without representation.'

For the representation of the whole people Disraeli looked to the sovereign, both by virtue of his isolated pre-eminence, which should enable him to embrace the interests of all classes without prejudice or partiality, and by virtue of his power as a visible symbol of the state to give life and unity to the sympathies of patriotism. Disraeli thought, too, that the Crown was the natural bulwark of the people, in the narrower use of the word, against the encroachments of an oligarchy or plutocracy.

But if Disraeli looked askance at a factious oligarchy, he had large hopes in a prescriptive and landed aristocracy. Leaders the people will have, leadership there will be — if by no other means, then by brute force or deceptive flattery. Disraeli believed that in England this leadership was best secured by a hereditary aristocracy. He was building again on the power of the imagination, holding that the insignia of

¹ It may be observed in passing that in the same Polybian principle the American Constitution finds its real value, rather than in the functional division of government into executive, legislature, and judiciary, taken from Montesquieu's inadequate conception of British history. The balance and checks are lodged in president, senate, and lower house, the office of the judiciary being to correct any transgression of this constitutionally appointed equilibrium. — THE AUTHOR.

authority handed down in one family were likely to bring to the wearer a surer sense of responsibility, and to others a willingness to be guided and to find in the upward-glancing comfort of reverence some compensation for the relative deprivations which discontent and envy have never yet abolished. But he regarded this institution from no bigot's point of view. 'It is not true,' he says, in his *Lord George Bentinck*, 'that England is governed by an aristocracy in the common acceptance of the term. England is governed by an aristocratic principle. The aristocracy of England absorbs all aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and every class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and excel.' Disraeli knew, as Burke knew, that the real force and stability of prescription must rest in the end on its success in fostering and symbolizing and absorbing that natural aristocracy which is the creation of character and talent. And if he failed in his philosophical system, and still more in his political practice, to bring the forms of government into harmony with this natural aristocracy, he failed in company with Burke and others of his kind before him.

IV

Nor need we be surprised at this relative failure. The task of the conservative statesman is in itself far more difficult than that of the liberal or radical. It is not required of the liberal that he should have any consistently elaborated scheme of government. His rôle is to face conditions as they are, in the spirit of an honorable opportunism, and to legislate in view of what seems, to the upright opinion of the day, the immediate and tangible good. His success lies, as Gladstone said, in considering 'actions simply as they are in them-

selves.' As for the radical, he has in his favor all the vast powers of flattery, the natural feeling of men that what they at the moment desire is good and should be granted without hindrance. More particularly his programme is easy at a time when man's innate restlessness has been lifted by false deductions from evolutionary science into a philosophy which regards all change as life and progress and condemns stability as stagnation and death.

Against these impelling forces what has the conservative to offer? To the seductions of flattery he can oppose only the cautions of control, based on a distrust of human nature which in times of ordinary tranquillity wears the face of sullen pride. To counteract an opportunism which deals frankly with the material needs of the hour, he can appeal only to the intangible considerations of remote consequences and ancient precedents. It may be true that society is ultimately governed by the imagination, but he who in an assembly of practical men rises to defend existing institutions on this seemingly insubstantial ground is at an enormous disadvantage in comparison with one who has behind his arguments the urgency of the eager present. The conservative may at times have the selfishness of possession on his side, and indeed his strength is likely to depend on this contingent motive; but, especially in an age permeated by humanitarian sympathies, this occasional advantage may be often used to discredit him by the radical, while the liberal may be cajoled into believing that a certain concession will entail no considerable loss or will even accrue to the profit of property.

It is not strange, therefore, that the history of England since the Revolution of 1688, with intervals of timid obstruction, has been the record of a gradual yielding to the steady thrust of

opportunism. And this movement has been aided by the accidental fact that the leading conservatives have proved themselves inadequate to the great charge laid upon them. Some of them, such as Laud and his master, confused conservatism with an unwholesome reaction. Others, such as Hobbes, based their politics on a strained and logic-ridden philosophy. Filmer was childish. Bolingbroke lacked common honesty. Burke, the noblest of them all philosophically, was practically inefficient. And Disraeli had not only his origin against him, but suffered from disabilities of a more personal sort.

Above all things it behooves the conservative, who appeals to the imagination of men, to see that his own imagination is sound and true; and it is a fact which no admirer of Disraeli can deny, that his words sometimes ring false. One feels this shabby strain in his novels; one regrets it now and then in the rodomontade of his political addresses; the emotion which floats in his imagery is sometimes shallow when it pretends to be profound. More fatal still was the inability of Disraeli to distinguish between his private ambitions and his aims as a statesman. That, indeed, is a failing of all save the saints, and the saints are scarcely desirable members of Parliament; but in Disraeli this weakness was of a kind that laid itself open to easy attack. No candid man can endure patiently the falsetto note in his laudation of the Jews, or the cloudy mysticism in which he wrapped up his everlasting allusions to the 'Eastern Question.' Critics and biographers have asked in bewilderment what he meant by this Eastern question; the answer is too disconcertingly simple. I fear that by the mystery of the East Disraeli meant just himself.

The question of sincerity is inevitably raised. It is not fair to charge Disraeli with treachery to protection, as

his enemies charged him so furiously in Parliament and on the hustings. Protection in his view was merely an incident in the larger cause of conservatism; and we now know that almost immediately after the Repeal he started to wean his party from their narrower self-concern. But withal one is bound to admit that certain of his actions, such for example as the denial of having sought office from Peel and his notorious plagiarism from Thiers, were below the Parliamentary standard of honor. In comparison with Gladstone he was a philosopher and statesman; he was a genius opposed to a man of great talent — as it is fair to say that conservatism is in general the intuition of genius, whereas liberalism is the efficiency of talent. But there was yet something in the character of Gladstone which inspired confidence despite the most flagrant vicissitudes of his policy; something that Disraeli lacked.

Sincerity is an elusive quality, hard to define. When in 1852 Disraeli, in the new rôle of Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought forward his first budget, it was not only torn to pieces by Gladstone, but was made the occasion of a scathing diatribe against his political foe. So bitter was this personal antipathy that it is plausibly given as one of the motives which led Gladstone to refuse office in Derby's Cabinet and to throw himself openly into the Liberal party.

And this is Gladstone's account of the debate to his wife: 'I had therefore to begin by attacking him for these [personalities]. . . . My great object was to show the Conservative party how their leader was hoodwinking and bewildering them. . . . *God knows I have no wish to give him pain.*'

There is in that underscored clause a mark of the particular sort of self-deception that is often, and not unjustly, denounced as British middle-class cant.

Of that kind of insincerity Disraeli was singularly free. But in the manner of Gladstone, in his careful use of details, in his subordination of personal ends to what his group believed to be right, the British mind saw mirrored its own 'massive, sincere, and majestic' self; and it gave to Gladstone a public allegiance which Disraeli never won, and did not altogether deserve.

That is the tragic aspect of Disraeli's dazzling success; it is also the transient aspect, and not the permanent. Personally, we shall, perhaps, long continue to picture him as 'that old Jew gentleman'; but the time may come when, alarmed by the policy of drifting, we shall be glad to think of him as still, through his philosophy of government, 'sitting on the top of chaos.'

THIS OLDER GENERATION

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

I READ with ever-increasing wonder the guarded defenses and discreet apologies for the older generation which keep filtering through the essays of the *Atlantic*. I can even seem to detect a growing decision of tone, a definite assurance of conviction, which seems to imply that a rally has been undertaken against the accusations which the younger generation, in its self-assurance, its irreverence for the old conventions and moralities, its passion for the novel and startling, seemed to be bringing against them. The first faint twinges of conscience felt by the older generation have given place to renewed homily. There is an evident anxiety to get itself put on record as perfectly satisfied with its world, and desirous that its sons and daughters should learn anew of those peculiar beauties in which it has lived. Swept off its feet by the call to social service and social reform, it is slowly regaining its foundation, and, slightly flushed, and with

garments somewhat awry, it proclaims again its belief in the eternal verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality.

It is always an encouraging sign when people are rendered self-conscious and are forced to examine the basis of their ideals. The demand that they explain them to skeptics always makes for clarity. When the older generation is put on the defensive, it must first discover what convictions it has, and then sharpen them to their finest point in order to present them convincingly. There are always too many unquestioned things in the world, and for a person or class to have to scurry about to find reasons for its prejudices is about as healthy an exercise as one could wish for either of them. To be sure, the reasons are rarely any more than *ex post facto* excuses, — supports and justifications for the prejudices rather than the causes thereof. Reason itself is very seldom more than that. The important point is that one should feel the need of a reason. This always indi-

cates that something has begun to slide, that the world is no longer so secure as it was, that obvious truths no longer are obvious, that the world has begun to bristle with question marks.

One of the basic grievances of this older generation against the younger of to-day, with its social agitation, its religious heresy, its presumptive individuality, its economic restlessness, is that all this makes it uncomfortable. When you have found growing older to be a process of the reconciliation of the spirit to life, it is decidedly disconcerting to have some youngster come along and point out the irreconcilable things in the universe. Just as you have made a tacit agreement to call certain things non-existent, it is highly discommoding to have somebody shout with strident tones that they are very real and significant. When, after much struggling and compromise, you have got your world clamped down, it is discouraging to have a gale arise which threatens to blow over all your structure. Through so much of the current writing runs this quiet note of disapprobation. These agnostic professors who unsettle the faith of our youth, these 'intellectuals who stick a finger in everybody's pie in the name of social justice,' these sensation-mongers who unveil great masses of political and social corruption, these remorseless scientists who would reveal so many of our reticences — why can't they let us alone? Can they not see that God's in his heaven, all's right with the world?

II

Now I know this older generation, which doth protest so much. I have lived with it for the last fifteen years, ever since I began to wonder whether all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. I was educated by it, grew up with it. I doubt if any genera-

tion ever had a more docile pupil than I. What they taught me, I find they still believe, or at least so many of them as have not gone over to the enemy, or been captured by the militant youth of to-day. Or, as seems rather likely, they no longer precisely believe, but they want their own arguments to convince themselves. It is probable that when we really believe a thing with all our hearts, we do not attempt to justify it. Justification comes only when we are beginning to doubt it.

By this older generation I mean, of course, the mothers and fathers and uncle and aunts of the youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty who are beginning their professional or business life. And I refer of course to the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class. Now this older generation has had a religion, a metaphysics, an ethics, and a political and social philosophy, which have reigned practically undisputed until the appearance of the present generation. It has at least never felt called upon to justify itself. It has never been directly challenged, as it is to-day. In order to localize this generation still further, we must see it in its typical setting of the small town or city, clustered about the institutions of church and family. If we have any society which can be called 'America,' it is this society. Its psychology is American psychology; its soul is America's soul.

This older generation, which I have known so well for fifteen years, has a religion which is on the whole as pleasant and easy as could be devised. Though its members are the descendants of the stern and rugged old Puritans, who wrestled with the devil and stripped their world of all that might seduce them from the awful service of God, they have succeeded in straining away by a long process all the repellent attitudes in the old philosophy of life.

It is unfair to say that the older generation believes in dogmas and creeds. It would be more accurate to say that it does not disbelieve. It retains them as a sort of guaranty of the stability of the faith, but leaves them rather severely alone. It does not even make more than feeble efforts to reinterpret them in the light of modern knowledge. They are useless, but necessary.

The foundation of this religion may be religious, but the superstructure is almost entirely ethical. Most sermons of to-day are little more than pious exhortations to good conduct. By good conduct is meant that sort of action which will least disturb the normal routine of modern middle-class life: common honesty in business life, faithfulness to duty, ambition in business and profession, filial obligation, the use of talents, and always and everywhere simple human kindness and love. The old Puritan ethics, which saw in the least issue of conduct a struggle between God and the devil, has become a mere code for facilitating the daily friction of conventional life.

Now one would indeed be churlish to find fault with this devout belief in simple goodness, which characterizes the older generation. It is only when these humble virtues are raised up into an all-inclusive programme for social reform and into a philosophy of life, that one begins to question, and to feel afar the deep hostility of the older generation to the new faith.

Simple kindness, common honesty, filial obedience, it is evidently still felt, will solve all the difficulties of personal and social life. The most popular novels of the day are those in which the characters do the most good to each other. The enormous success with the older generation of *The Inside of the Cup*, *Queed*, and *V.V.'s Eyes*, is based primarily on the fact that these books represent a sublimated form of the

good old American melodramatic moral sense. And now comes along Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee with his *Crowds*, — what a funny, individualized, personal-responsibility crowd he gives us, to be sure, — and his panacea for modern social ills by the old solution of applied personal virtue. Never a word about removing the barriers of caste and race and economic inequality, but only an urging to step over them. Never a trumpet-call to level the ramparts of privilege, or build up the heights of opportunity, but only an appeal to extend the charitable hand from the ramparts of heaven, or offer the kindly patronage to the less fortunate, or — most dazzling of all — throw away, in a frenzy of abandonment, life and fortune. Not to construct a business organization where dishonesty would be meaningless, but to be utopianly honest against the business world. In other words, the older generation believes in getting all the luxury of the virtue of goodness, while conserving all the advantages of being in a vicious society.

If there is any one characteristic which distinguishes the older generation, it is this belief that social ills may be cured by personal virtue. Its highest moral ideals are sacrifice and service. But the older generation can never see how intensely selfish these ideals are, in the most complete sense of the word selfish. What they mean always is, 'I sacrifice myself for you,' 'I serve you,' not, 'We coöperate in working ceaselessly toward an ideal where all may be free and none may be served or serve.' These ideals of sacrifice and service are utterly selfish, because they take account only of the satisfaction and moral consolidation of the doer. They enhance his moral value; but what of the person who is served or sacrificed for? What of the person who is done good to? If the feelings of sacrifice and service

were in any sense altruistic, the moral enhancement of the receiver would be the object sought. But can it not be said that for every individual virtuous merit secured by an act of sacrifice or service on the part of the doer, there is a corresponding depression on the part of the receiver? Do we not universally recognize this by calling a person who is not conscious of this depression, a parasite, and the person who is no longer capable of depression, a pauper? It is exactly those free gifts, such as schools, libraries, and so forth, which are impersonal or social, that we can accept gratefully and gladly; and it is exactly because the ministrations of a Charity Organization Society are impersonal and businesslike that they can be received willingly and without moral depression by the poor.

The ideal of duty is equally open to attack. The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions. One is 'supposed' to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being 'unnatural.' One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of family life is the useless energy that is expended by the dutiful in keeping these artificial channels open, and the correct amount of current running. It is exactly this that produces most infallibly the rebellion of the younger generation. To hear that one ought to love this or that person; or to hear loyalty spoken of, as the older generation so often speaks of it, as if it consisted in an allegiance to something which one no longer believes in, — this is what soonest liberates those forces of madness and revolt which bewilder spiritual teachers and guides. It

is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

But when they are loves, you have duty no longer meaning very much. Duty, like sacrifice and service, always implies a personal relation of individuals. You are always doing your duty to somebody or something. Always the taint of inequality comes in. You are morally superior to the person who has duty done to him. If that duty is not filled with good-will and desire, it is morally hateful, or at very best, a necessary evil, — one of those compromises with the world which must be made in order to get through it at all. But duty without good-will is a compromise with our present state of inequality, and to raise duty to the level of a virtue is to consecrate that state of inequality forevermore.

III

It is the same thing with service. The older generation has attempted an insidious compromise with the new social democracy by combining the words 'social' and 'service.' Under cover of the ideal of service it tries to appropriate to itself the glory of social work, and succeeds in almost convincing itself and the world that its Christianity has always held the same ideal. The faithful are urged to extend their activities. The assumption is that, by doing good to more individuals, you are thereby becoming social. But to speak of 'social democracy,' which of course means a freely coöperating, freely reciprocating society of equals, and 'service,' together, is a contradiction of terms. For, when you serve people or do good to them, you thereby render

yourself unequal with them. You insult the democratic ideal. If the service is compulsory, it is menial and you are inferior. If voluntary, you are superior. The difference, however, is only academic. The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values. The slave serves gladly instead of servilely. That is, he turns his master into a slave. That is why good Christian people can never get over the idea that Socialism means simply the triumph of one class over another. To-day the proletarian is down, the capitalist up. To-morrow the proletarian will be up and the capitalist down. To pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree is the highest pitch to which Christian ethics ever attained. The failure of the older generation to recognize a higher ethic, the ethic of democracy, is the cause of all the trouble.

The notorious Victorian era, which in its secret heart this older generation still admires so much, accentuated all the latent individualism of Christian ethics, and produced a code which, without the rebellion of the younger generation, would have spiritually guaranteed forever all moral caste divisions and inequalities of modern society. The Protestant Church, in which this exaggerated ethic was enshrined, is now paying heavily the price of this debauch of ethical power. Its rapidly declining numbers show that human nature has an invincible objection to being individually saved. The Catholic Church, which saves men as members of the Beloved Community, and not as individuals, flourishes. When one is saved by Catholicism, one becomes a democrat, and not a spiritual snob and aristocrat, as one does through Calvinism. The older generation can never understand that superb loyalty which is loyalty to a community, — a

loyalty which, paradoxical as it may seem, nourishes the true social personality in proportion as the individual sense is lessened. The Protestant Church in its tenacious devotion to the personal ideal of a Divine Master — the highest and most popular Christian ideal of to-day — shows how very far it still is away from the ideals and ethics of a social democracy, a life lived in the Beloved Community.

The sense of self-respect is the very keystone of the personality in whose defense all this individualistic philosophy has been carefully built up. The Christian virtues date from ages when there was a vastly greater number of morally depressed people than there is now. The tenacious survival of these virtues can be due only to the fact that they were valuable to the moral prestige of some class. Our older generation, with its emphasis on duty, sacrifice, and service, shows us very clearly what those interests were. I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals, as a defensive measure. Morals are always the product of a situation; they reflect a certain organization of human relations which some class or group wishes to preserve. A moral code or set of ideals is always the invisible spiritual sign of a visible social grace. In an effort to retain the *status quo* of that world of inequalities and conventions in which they most comfortably and prosperously live, the older generation has stamped, through all its agencies of family, church, and school, upon the younger generation, just those seductive ideals which would preserve its position. These old virtues upon which, however, the younger generation is already making guerilla warfare are simply the moral support with which the older generation buttresses its social situation.

The natural barriers and prejudices

by which our elders are cut off from a freely flowing democracy are thus given a spiritual justification, and there is added for our elders the almost sensual luxury of leaping, by free grace, the barriers and giving themselves away. But the price has to be paid. Just as profits, in the socialist philosophy, are taken to be an abstraction from wages, through the economic power which one class has over another, so the virtues of the older generation may be said to be an abstraction from the virtue of other classes less favorably situated from a moral or personal point of view. Their swollen self-respect is at the expense of others.

How well we know the type of man in the older generation who has been doing good all his life! How his personality has thriven on it! How he has ceaselessly been storing away moral fat in every cranny of his soul! His goodness has been meat to him. The need and depression of other people has been, all unconsciously to him, the air which he has breathed. Without their compensating misfortune or sin, his goodness would have wilted and died. If good people would earnestly set to work to make the world uniformly healthy, courageous, beautiful, and prosperous, the field of their vocation would be constantly limited, and finally destroyed. That they so stoutly resist all philosophies and movements which have these ends primarily in view is convincing evidence of the fierce and jealous egoism which animates their so plausibly altruistic spirit. One suspects that the older generation does not want its vocation destroyed. It takes an heroic type of goodness to undermine all the foundations on which our virtue rests.

If then I object to the ethical philosophy of the older generation on the ground that it is too individualistic, and, under the pretense of altruism,

too egoistic, I object to its general intellectuality as not individual enough. Intellectually the older generation seems to me to lead far too vegetative a life. It may be that this life has been lived on the heights, that these souls have passed through fires and glories, but there is generally too little objective evidence of this subjective fact. If the intuition which accompanies experience has verified all the data regarding God, the soul, the family, and so forth, — to quote one of the staunchest defenders of the generation, — this verification seems to have been obtained rather than the issues might be promptly disposed of and forgotten. Certainly the older generation is rarely interested in the profounder issues of life. It never speaks of death, — the suggestion makes it uncomfortable. It shies in panic at hints of sex-issues. It seems resolute to keep life on as objective a plane as possible. It is no longer curious about the motives and feelings of people. It seems singularly to lack the psychological sense. If it gossips, it recounts actions, effects; it rarely seeks to interpret. It tends more and more to treat human beings as moving masses of matter instead of as personalities filled with potent influence, or as absorbingly interesting social types, as I am sure the younger generation does.

The older generation seems no longer to generalize, although it gives every evidence of having once prodigiously generalized, for its world is all hardened and definite. There are the good and the criminal, and the poor, the people who can be called nice, and the ordinary people. The world is already plotted out. Now I am sure that the generalizations of the truly philosophical mind are very fluid and ephemeral. They are no sooner made than the mind sees their insufficiency and has to break them up. A new cutting is made,

only in turn to be shaken and rearranged. This keeps the philosopher thinking all the time, and it makes his world a very uncertain place. But he at least runs no risk of hardening, and he has his eyes open to most experience.

I am often impressed with the fact that the older generation has grown weary of thinking. It has simply put up the bars in its intellectual shop-windows and gone off home to rest. It may well be that this is because it has felt so much sorrow that it does not want to talk about sorrow, or so much love that to interpret love tires it, or repulsed so many rude blows of destiny that it has no interest in speaking of destiny. Its flame may be low for the very reason that it has burned so intensely. But how many of the younger generation would eagerly long for such interpretations if the older would only reveal them! And how little plausible is that experience when it is occasionally interpreted! No, enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor, — all the heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world, seem only to make the older generation uneasy. The spirit, in becoming reconciled to life, has lost life itself.

As I see the older generation going through its daily round of business, church, and family life, I cannot help feeling that its influence is profoundly pernicious. It has signally failed to broaden its institutions for the larger horizon of the time. The church remains a private club of comfortable middle-class families, while outside there grows up without spiritual inspiration a heterogeneous mass of people without ties, roots, or principles. The

town changes from a village to an industrial centre, and church and school go through their time-honored and listless motions. The world widens, society expands, formidable crises appear, but the older generation does not broaden, or if it does, the broadening is in no adequate proportion to our needs. The older generation still uses the old ideas for the new problem. Whatever new wine it finds must be poured into the old bottles.

Where are the leaders among the older generation in America who, with luminous faith and intelligence, are rallying around them the disintegrated numbers of idealistic youth, as Bergson and Barrès and Jaurès have done in France? A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward Democracy, led by battled veterans in a war against privilege. But how soon the older generation became wearied in the march! What is left now of that shining army and its leader? Must the younger generation eternally wait for the sign?

The answer is, of course, that it will not wait. It must shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals and revolutionary points of view as wholeheartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation. The shuddering fear that we in turn may become weary, complacent, evasive, should be the best preventive of that stagnation. We shall never have done looking for the miracle, that it shall be given us to lighten, cheer, and purify our 'younger generation,' even as our older has depressed and disintegrated us.

A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

IN spite of its ominous sound, the suggestion of a league of nations to enforce peace has no connection with any effort to stop the present war. It is aimed solely at preventing future conflicts after the terrific struggle now raging has come to an end; and yet this is not a bad time for people in private life to bring forward proposals of such a nature. Owing to the vast number of soldiers under arms, to the proportion of men and women in the warring countries who suffer acutely, to the extent of the devastation and misery, it is probable that, whatever the result may be, the people of all nations will be more anxious to prevent the outbreak of another war than ever before in the history of the world. The time is not yet ripe for governments to take action, but it is ripe for public discussion of practicable means to reduce the danger of future breaches of international peace.

The nations of the world to-day are in much the position of frontier settlements in America half a century ago, before orderly government was set up. The men there were in the main well disposed, but in the absence of an authority that could enforce order, each man, feeling no other security from attack, carried arms which he was prepared to use if danger threatened. The first step, when affrays became unbearable, was the formation of a vigilance committee, supported by the enrolment of all good citizens, to prevent men from shooting one another and to punish offenders. People did not wait for

a gradual improvement by the preaching of higher ethics and a better civilization. They felt that violence must be met by force, and when the show of force was strong enough violence ceased. In time the vigilance committee was replaced by the policeman and by the sheriff with the *posse comitatus*. The policeman and the sheriff maintain order because they have the bulk of the community behind them, and no country has yet reached, or is likely for an indefinite period to reach, such a state of civilization that it can wholly dispense with the police.

Treaties for the arbitration of international disputes are good. They have proved an effective method of settling questions that would otherwise have bred ill-feeling without directly causing war; but when passion runs high, and deep-rooted interests or sentiments are at stake, there is need of the sheriff with his *posse* to enforce the obligation.

There are, no doubt, differences in the conception of justice and right, divergencies of civilization, so profound that people will fight over them, and face even the prospect of disaster in war rather than submit. Yet even in such cases it is worth while to postpone the conflict, to have a public discussion of the question at issue before an impartial tribunal, and thus give to the people of the countries involved a chance to consider, before hostilities begin, whether the risk and suffering of war are really worth while. No sensible man expects to abolish wars altogether, but we ought to seek to reduce the

probability of war as much as possible. It is on these grounds that the suggestion has been put forth of a league of nations to enforce peace.

Without attempting to cover details of operation (which are, indeed, of vital importance and will require careful study by experts in international law and diplomacy), the proposal contains four points stated as general objects. The first is that before resorting to arms the members of the league shall submit disputes with one another, if justiciable, to an international tribunal; second, that in like manner they shall submit non-justiciable questions—that is, such as cannot be decided on the basis of strict international law—to an international council of conciliation, which shall recommend a fair and amicable solution; third, that if any member of the league wages war against another before submitting the question in dispute to the tribunal or council, all the other members shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against the state that so breaks the peace; and fourth, that the signatory powers shall endeavor to codify and improve the rules of international law.

The kernel of the proposal, the feature in which it differs from other plans, lies in the third point, obliging all the members of the league to declare war on any member violating the pact of peace. This is the provision that provokes both adherence and opposition; and at first it certainly gives one a shock that a people should be asked to pledge itself to go to war over a quarrel which is not of its making, in which it has no interest, and in which it may believe that substantial justice lies on the other side. If, indeed, the nations of the earth could maintain complete isolation, could pursue each its own destiny without regard to the rest; if they were not affected by a war between two

others or liable to be drawn into it; if, in short, there were no overwhelming common interest in securing universal peace, the provision would be intolerable. It would be as bad as the liability of an individual to take part in the *posse comitatus* of a community with which he had nothing in common. But in every civilized country the public force is employed to prevent any man, however just his claim, from vindicating his own right with his own hand instead of going to law, and every citizen is bound when needed to assist in preventing him, because that is the only way to restrain private war, and the maintenance of order is of paramount importance for every one. Surely the family of nations has a like interest in restraining war between states.

It will be observed that the members of the league are not to bind themselves to enforce the decision of the tribunal or the award of the council of conciliation. That may come in the remote future, but it is no part of this proposal. It would be imposing obligations far greater than the nations can reasonably be expected to assume at the present day; for the conceptions of international morality and fair play are still so vague and divergent that a nation can hardly bind itself to wage war on another, with which it has no quarrel, to enforce a decision or a recommendation of whose justice or wisdom it may not be itself heartily convinced. The proposal goes no further than obliging all the members to prevent, by a threat of immediate war, any breach of the public peace before the matter in dispute has been submitted to arbitration; and this is neither unreasonable nor impracticable. There are many questions, especially of a non-justiciable nature, on which we should not be willing to bind ourselves to accept the decision of an arbitration, and where we should regard compulsion by armed interven-

tion of the rest of the world as outrageous. Take, for example, the question of Asiatic immigration, or a claim that the Panama Canal ought to be an unfortified neutral highway, or the desire by a European power to take possession of Colombia. But we ought not, in the interest of universal peace, to object to making a public statement of our position in these matters at a court or council before resorting to arms; and in fact the treaty between the United States and England, ratified on November 14, 1914, provides that all disputes between the high contracting parties, of every nature whatsoever, shall, failing other methods of adjustment, be referred for investigation and report to a permanent international commission, with a stipulation that neither country shall declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted.

What is true of this country is true of others. To agree to abide by the result of an arbitration, on every non-justiciable question of every nature whatsoever, on pain of compulsion in any form by the whole world, would involve a greater cession of sovereignty than nations would now be willing to concede. This appears, indeed, perfectly clearly from the discussions at the Hague Conference of 1907. But to exclude differences that do not turn on questions of international law from the cases in which a state must present the matter to a tribunal or council of conciliation before beginning hostilities, would leave very little check upon the outbreak of war. Almost every conflict between European nations for more than half a century has been based upon some dissension which could not be decided by strict rules of law, and in which a violation of international law or of treaty rights has usually not even been used as an excuse. This was true of the war between France and Austria

in 1859, and, in substance, of the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. It was true of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, of the Russo-Turkish War in 1876, of the Balkan War against Turkey in 1912, and of the present war.

No one will claim that a league to enforce peace, such as is proposed, would wholly prevent war, but it would greatly reduce the probability of hostilities. It would take away the advantage of surprise, of catching the enemy unprepared for a sudden attack. It would give a chance for public opinion on the nature of the controversy to be formed throughout the world and in the militant country. The latter is of great importance, for the moment war is declared argument about its merits is at once stifled. Passion runs too high for calm debate, and patriotism forces people to support their government. But a trial before an international tribunal would give time for discussion while emotion is not yet highly inflamed. Men opposed to war would be able to urge its injustice, to ask whether, after all, the object is worth the sacrifice, and they would get a hearing from their fellow citizens which they cannot get after war begins. The mere delay, the interval for consideration, would be an immense gain for the prospect of a peaceful settlement.

In this connection it may be of interest to recall the way in which the mediæval custom of private war was abolished in England. It was not done at one step, but gradually, by preventing men from avenging their own wrongs before going to court. The trial by battle long remained a recognized part of judicial procedure, but only after the case had been presented to the court, and only in accordance with judicial forms. This had the effect of making the practice far less common, and of limiting it to the principals in the quarrel instead of involving a general breach

of the peace in which their retainers and friends took part. Civilization was still too crude to give up private war, but the arm of the law and the force in the hands of the crown were strong enough to delay a personal conflict until the case had been presented to court. Without such a force the result could not have been attained.

Every one will admit this in the case of private citizens, but many people shrink from the use of international force to restrain war; some of them on the principle of strict non-resistance, that any taking of life in war cannot be justified, no matter what its purpose or effect. Such people have the most lofty moral ideals, but these are not a part of true statesmanship, unless they aim at the total welfare which may require the attacking of evils even by forcible means. Many years ago when an Atlantic steamship was wrecked it was said that some of the crew made a rush for the boats, beating the passengers off, and that the captain, who was urged to restore order by shooting a mutineer, replied that he was too near eternity to take life. The result was a far greater loss of life than would have been suffered had he restored order by force. Probably no man with the instincts of a statesman would defend his conduct to-day. He was not a coward, but his sentiments unfitted him for a responsible post in an emergency.

Most people who have been thinking seriously about the maintenance of peace are tending to the opinion that a sanction of some kind is needed to enforce the observance of treaties and of agreements for arbitration. Among the measures proposed has been that of an international police force, under the control of a central council which could use it to preserve order throughout the world. At present such a plan seems visionary. The force would have to be at least large enough to cope with the

army that any single nation could put into the field, — under existing conditions let us say five millions of men fully equipped and supplied with artillery and ammunition for a campaign of several months. These troops need not be under arms, or quartered near The Hague, but they must be thoroughly trained and ready to be called out at short notice. Practically that would entail yearly votes of the legislative bodies of each of the nations supplying a quota; and if any of them failed to make the necessary appropriation there would be great difficulty in preventing others from following its example. The whole organization would, therefore, be in constant danger of going to pieces.

But quite apart from the practical difficulties in the permanent execution of such a plan, let us see how it would affect the United States. The amount of the contingents of the various countries would be apportioned with some regard to population, wealth, and economic resources; and if the total were five million men, our quota on a moderate estimate might be five hundred thousand men. Is it conceivable that the United States would agree to keep anything like that number drilled, equipped, and ready to take the field on the order of an international council composed mainly of foreign nations? Of course it will be answered that these figures are exaggerated, because any such plan will be accompanied by a reduction in armaments. But that is an easier thing to talk about than to effect, and especially to maintain. One must not forget that the existing system of universal compulsory military service on the continent of Europe arose from Napoleon's attempt to limit the size of the Prussian army. He would be a bold or sanguine man who should assert that any treaty to limit armaments could not in like manner be evaded; and however much they were

limited, the quantity of troops to be held at the disposal of a foreign council would of necessity be large, while no nation would be willing to pledge for the purpose the whole of its military force. Such a plan may be practicable in some remote future when the whole world is a vast federation under a central government, but that would seem to be a matter for coming generations, not for the men of our day.

Moreover, the nations whose troops were engaged in fighting any country would inevitably find themselves at war with that country.

One cannot imagine saying to some foreign state, 'Our troops are killing yours, they are invading your land, we are supplying them with recruits and munitions of war, but otherwise we are at peace with you. You must treat us as a neutral, and accord to our citizens, to their commerce and property, all the rights of neutrality.' In short the plan of an international police force involves all the consequences of the proposal of a league to enforce peace, with other complex provisions extremely hard to execute.

A suggestion more commonly made is that the members of the league of nations, instead of pledging themselves explicitly to declare war forthwith against any of their number that commits a breach of the peace, should agree to hold at once a conference, and take such measures—diplomatic, economic, or military—as may be necessary to prevent war. The objection to this is that it weakens very seriously the sanction. Conferences are apt to shrink from decisive action. Some of the members are timid, others want delay, and much time is consumed in calling the body together and in discussions after it meets. Meanwhile the war may have broken out, and be beyond control. It is much easier to prevent a fire than to put it out. The country that is plan-

ning war is likely to think it has friends in the conference, or neighbors that it can intimidate, who will prevent any positive decision until the fire is burning. Even if the majority decides on immediate action, the minority is not bound thereby. One great power refuses to take part; a second will not do so without her; the rest hesitate, and nothing is done to prevent the war.

A conference is an excellent thing. The proposal of a league to enforce peace by no means excludes it; but the important matter, the effective principle, is that every member of the league should know that whether a conference meets or not, or whatever action it may take or fail to take, all the members of the league have pledged themselves to declare war forthwith on any member that commits a breach of the peace before submitting its case to the international tribunal or council of conciliation. Such a pledge, and such a pledge alone, can have the strong deterrent influence, and thus furnish the sanction, that is needed. Of course the pledge may not be kept. Like other treaties it may be broken by the parties to it. Nations are composed of human beings with human weaknesses, and one of these is a disinclination to perform an agreement when it involves a sacrifice. Nevertheless, nations, like men, often do have enough sense of honor, of duty, or of ultimate self-interest, to carry out their contracts at no little immediate sacrifice. They are certainly more likely to do a thing if they have pledged themselves to it than if they have not; and any nation would be running a terrible risk that went to war in the hope that the other members of the league would break their pledges.

The same objection applies to another alternative proposed in place of an immediate resort to military force: that is the use of economic pressure, by

a universal agreement, for example, to have no commercial intercourse with the nation breaking the peace. A threat of universal boycott is, no doubt, formidable, but by no means so formidable as a threat of universal war. A large country with great natural resources which has determined to make war, might be willing to face commercial non-intercourse with the other members of the league during hostilities, when it would not for a moment contemplate the risk of fighting them. A threat, for example, by England, France, and Germany to stop all trade with the United States might or might not have prevented our going to war with Spain; but a declaration that they would take part with all their armies and navies against us would certainly have done so.

It has often been pointed out that the threat of general non-intercourse would bear much more hardly on some countries than on others. That may not in itself be a fatal objection, but a very serious consideration arises from the fact that there would be a premium on preparation for war. A nation which had accumulated vast quantities of munitions, food, and supplies of all kinds, might afford to disregard it; while another less fully prepared could not.

Moreover, economic pressure, although urged as a milder measure, is in fact more difficult to apply and maintain. A declaration of war is a single act, and when made sustains itself by the passion it inflames; while commercial non-intercourse is a continuous matter, subject to constant opposition exerted in an atmosphere relatively cool. Our manufacturers would complain bitterly at being deprived of dyestuffs and other chemical products on account of a quarrel in which we had no interest; the South would suffer severely by the loss of a market for cotton; the shipping firms and the export-

ers and importers of all kinds would be gravely injured; and all these interests would bring to bear upon Congress a pressure well-nigh irresistible. The same would be true of every other neutral country, a fact that would be perfectly well known to the intending belligerent and reduce its fear of a boycott.

But, it is said, why not try economic pressure first, and, if that fails, resort to military force, instead of inflicting at once on unoffending members of the league the terrible calamity of war? What do we mean by 'if that fails'? Do we mean, if, in spite of the economic pressure, the war breaks out? But then the harm is done, the fire is ablaze and can be put out only by blood. The object of the league is not to chastise a country guilty of breaking the peace, but to prevent the outbreak of war, and to prevent it by the immediate prospect of such appalling consequences to the offender that he will not venture to run the risk. If a number of great powers were to pledge themselves, with serious intent, to wage war jointly and severally on any one of their members that attacked another before submitting the case to arbitration, it is in the highest degree improbable that the *casus fœderis* would ever occur, while any less drastic provision would be far less effective.

An objection has been raised to the proposal for a league to enforce peace on the ground that it has in the past often proved difficult, if not impossible, to determine which of two belligerents began a war. The criticism is serious, and presents a practical difficulty, grave but probably not insurmountable. The proposal merely lays down a general principle, and if adopted the details would have to be worked out very fully and carefully in a treaty, which would specify the acts that would constitute the waging of war by one

member upon another. These would naturally be, not the mere creating of apprehension, but specific acts, such as a declaration of war, invasion of territory, the use of force at sea not disowned within forty-eight hours, or an advance into a region in dispute. This last is an especially difficult point, but those portions of the earth's surface in which different nations have conflicting claims are growing less decade by decade.

It must be remembered that the cases which would arise under a league of peace are not like those which have arisen in the past, where one nation is determined to go to war and merely seeks to throw the moral responsibility on the other while getting the advantage of actually beginning hostilities. It is a case where each will strive to avoid the specific acts of war that may involve the penalty. The reader may have seen, in a country where personal violence is severely punished, two men shaking their fists in each other's faces, each trying to provoke the other to strike the first blow; and no fight after all.

There are many agreements in private business which are not easy to embody in formal contracts; agreements where, as in this case, the execution of the terms calls for immediate action, and where redress after an elaborate trial of the facts affords no real reparation. But if the object sought is good, men do not condemn it on account of the difficulty in devising provisions that will accomplish the result desired; certainly not until they have tried to devise them. It may, indeed, prove impossible to draft a code of specific acts that will cover the ground; it may be impracticable to draft it so as to avoid issues of fact that can be determined only after a long sifting of evidence, which would come too late; but surely that is no reason for failure to make the

attempt. We are not making a treaty among nations. We are merely putting forward a suggestion for reducing war, which seems to merit consideration.

A second difficulty that will sometimes arise is the rule of conduct to be followed pending the presentation of the question to the international tribunal. The continuance or cessation of the acts complained of may appear to be, and may even be in fact, more important than the final decision. This has been brought to our attention forcibly by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We should have done very wisely to submit to arbitration the question of the right of submarines to torpedo merchant ships without warning, provided Germany abandoned the practice pending the arbitration; and Germany would probably not have refused to submit the question to a tribunal on the understanding that the practice was to continue until the decision was rendered, because by that time the war would be over. This difficulty is inherent in every plan for the arbitration of international disputes, although more serious in a league whose members bind themselves to prevent by force the outbreak of war. It would be necessary to give the tribunal summary authority to decree a *modus vivendi*, to empower it, like a court of equity, to issue a temporary injunction.

In short, the proposal for a league to enforce peace cannot meet all possible contingencies. It cannot prevent all future wars, nor does any sensible person believe that any plan can do so in the present state of civilization. But it can prevent some wars that would otherwise take place, and if it does that it will have done much good.

People have asked how such a league would differ from the Triple Alliance or Triple Entente, — whether it would not be nominally a combination for peace which might in practice have quite a

different effect. But in fact its object is quite contrary to those alliances. They are designed to protect their members against outside powers. This is intended to insure peace among the members themselves. If it grew strong enough, by including all the great powers, it might well insist on universal peace by compelling the outsiders to come in. But that is not its primary object, which is simply to prevent its members from going to war with one another. No doubt if several great nations, and some of the smaller ones, joined it, and if it succeeded in preserving constant friendly relations among its members, there would grow up among them a sense of solidarity which would make any outside power chary of attacking one of them; and, what is more valuable, would make outsiders want to join it. But there is little use in speculating about probabilities. It is enough if such a league were a source of enduring peace among its own members.

How about our own position in the United States? The proposal is a radical and subversive departure from the traditional policy of our country. Would it be wise for us to be parties to such an agreement? At the threshold of such a discussion one thing is clear. If we are not willing to urge our own government to join a movement for peace, we have no business to discuss any plan for the purpose. It is worse than futile, it is an impertinence, for Americans to advise the people of Europe how they ought to conduct their affairs if we have nothing in common with them; to suggest to them conventions with burdens which are well enough for them, but which we are not willing to share. If our peace organizations are not prepared to have us take part in the plans they devise, they had better disband, or confine their discussions to Pan-American questions.

To return to the question: would it

be wise for the United States to make so great a departure from its traditional policy? The wisdom of consistency lies in adherence to a principle so long as the conditions upon which it is based remain unchanged. But the conditions that affect the relations of America to Europe have changed greatly in the last hundred and twenty years. At that time it took about a month to cross the ocean to our shores. Ships were small and could carry few troops. Their guns had a short range. No country had what would now be called more than a very small army; and it was virtually impossible for any foreign nation to make more than a raid upon our territory before we could organize and equip a sufficient force to resist, however unprepared we might be at the outset. But now, by the improvements in machinery, the Atlantic has shrunk to a lake, and before long will shrink to a river. Except for the protection of the navy, and perhaps in spite of it, a foreign nation could land on our coast an army of such a size, and armed with such weapons, that unless we maintain forces several times larger than at present, we should be quite unable to oppose an attack before we had suffered incalculable damage.

It is all very well to assert that we have no desire to quarrel with any one, or any one with us; but good intentions in the abstract, even if accompanied by long-suffering and a disposition to overlook affronts, will not always keep us out of strife. When a number of great nations are locked in a death-grapple, they are a trifle careless of the rights of the bystander. Within fifteen years of Washington's Farewell Address we were drawn into the wars of Napoleon, and a sorry figure we made for the most part of the fighting on land. A hundred years later our relations with the rest of the world are far closer, our ability to maintain a complete isolation

far less. Except by colossal self-deception we cannot believe that the convulsions of Europe do not affect us profoundly, that wars there need not disturb us, that we are not in danger of being drawn into them; or even that we may not some day find ourselves in the direct path of the storm. If our interest in the maintenance of peace is not quite so strong as that of some other nations, it is certainly strong enough to warrant our taking steps to preserve it, even to the point of joining a league to enforce it. The cost of the insurance is well worth the security to us.

If mere material self-interest would indicate such a course, there are other reasons to confirm it. Civilization is to some extent a common heritage which it is worth while for all nations to defend, and war is a scourge which all peoples should use every rational means to reduce. If the family of nations can by standing together make wars less frequent, it is clearly their duty to do so, and in such a body we do not want the place of our own country to be vacant.

To join such a league would mean, no doubt, a larger force of men trained for arms in this country, more munitions of war on hand, and better means of producing them rapidly; for although it may be assumed that the members of the league would never be actually called upon to carry out their promise to fight, they ought to have a potential

force for the purpose. But in any case this country ought not to be so little prepared for an emergency as it is to-day; and it would require to be less fully armed if it joined a league pledged to protect its members against attack, than if it stood alone and unprotected. In fact the tendency of such a league, by procuring at least delay before the outbreak of hostilities, would be to lessen the need of preparation for immediate war, and thus it would have a more potent effect in reducing armaments than any formal treaties could have, whether made voluntarily or under compulsion.

The proposal for a league to enforce peace does not conflict with plans to go further, to enforce justice among nations by compelling compliance with the decisions of a tribunal by diplomatic, economic, or military pressure. Nor, on the other hand, does it imply any such action, or interfere with the independence or sovereignty of states except in this one respect, that it would prohibit any member, before submitting its claims to arbitration, from making war upon another on pain of finding itself at war with all the rest. The proposal is only a suggestion, defective probably, crude certainly; but if, in spite of that, it is the most promising plan for maintaining peace now brought forward, it merits sympathetic consideration both here and abroad.

WAR NOTES FROM A NEWSPAPER DESK

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

TO-DAY, June 18, forty-six weeks after the Kaiser's declaration of war, Bernhardt is selling at five cents a copy on Broadway. He was a dime only a week ago, and I cannot say whether the price has been forced down by the pressure of competition or by the approach of peace. I have read somewhere that great calamities like the present — war, plague, famine, earthquake — frequently usher in a revolt against ordinary methods of reason and in the direction of mysticism. In some such mystic yearning for relief, for escape from the monotony of forty-six weeks of casualty lists and seven-column headlines, I find myself turning to Bernhardt for a sign, fancying his decline on the Broadway curb as bound up in some way with the weariness, the longing for peace, which now rises out of the official dispatches, the notes and counter-notes, the billion-dollar credits in Parliament, and out of the very speeches of chancellors and prime ministers when they express their utter conviction of the justice of their cause and their confidence in ultimate victory.

Forty-six weeks do not measure the length of this war to me. Nor am I much better off when I think of the landmarks of the months, back through Lemberg and Przemyśl to the Carpathians, to the Lusitania, to the second battle of Ypres, to the first battle of Ypres, to the Aisne, to the Marne, to Liège. The long horror comes home

closest when measured in terms of Bernhardt, who was 75 cents in cloth before the outbreak of hostilities, who was 50 cents in paper when Louvain gave us our first taste of the Will to Conquer, who came down to 25 cents on the bookstands, along with 'Poultry-Raising at a Profit' and '300 Easy Parlor Tricks,' as the theory of modern war seeped into the popular consciousness, and who is now offered at 5 cents a copy to a world familiarized with war on three fronts, with *francs-tireurs* and operations on inside lines, with air bombardments and asphyxiating gas.

How long this frightful nightmare has been upon us you can realize only when you pronounce 'Bernhardt' and the name stirs old, vague memories. Bernhardt belongs in the dim past with such half-forgotten names as Von Kluck, the Crown Prince, King Albert, Nicholas Nicolaievitch, Sir John French — even Hindenburg has faded into the background, even Joffre, even the Kaiser, who began the war as a very vivid personality and has petrified into a symbol, a phrase. Von Kluck, of the two-inch scare heads, for whom no task was too great and no task too small — 'Von Kluck Threatens Paris,' 'Von Kluck Captures Machine Guns,' 'Von Kluck Advances on Forty-Mile Front,' 'Von Kluck Wins Bridge Head' — his name is a shadow. All names are now shadows, for the romance of great leaders, the magic of personal combat, has long vanished out of this war which has resolved itself into a slow grinding of

anonymous masses against each other.

For that matter, we have even given up thinking of masses and nations. The hearts of half the world, the minds of the rest of humanity are fixed upon one thing — shells. Neither strategy, nor tactics, nor fanaticism, nor courage, nor hate, enter into the dispatches, the special correspondence, the war expert's speculations, the editorials, the forecasts of chancellors and prime ministers, but shrapnel only and high explosive, barbed-wire and incendiary bombs. These are the protagonists, who have seized not merely the centre of the stage, but the entire proscenium, ousting men, issues, passions, ideals, principles. After thousands of years of speculation regarding the nature and purpose of the state, we know to-day. The state exists for the production of shells, government is for the regulation of shells. Not progress, not happiness, not virtue, not efficiency, is the purpose of society, but shells; and if not shells, then shrapnel. Civilization has reached the point where we have a Minister of Munitions. Civilization moves on, and future wars, or perhaps this war before it ends, will see a higher specialization, a Minister of High Explosives, a Minister of Low Explosives, a Lord Chancellor of Shrapnel, Secretary of State for Lyddite, for Melinite, for Shimosé Powder, with Under Secretaries for Picric Acid, for Hydrochloric Acid, for Saltpetre, and — who knows? if the war goes on, if the Will to Conquer persists — a Minister of Dum-dum Bullets and Arsenic.

II

A little before nine o'clock in the morning, six days in the week, a slim, thin-haired man, with an iron-gray moustache and humorous eyes of a light blue, sits down at a desk in our office, adjusts his pince-nez gently but firmly,

and draws to his ear, figuratively speaking this time, a knotted mass of wires that stretch out to the six continents and the seven seas. Several million puppets dance at the further ends of the wires, — some of them are called Joffre, Asquith, Mackensen, Hindenburg, Bethmann-Hollweg, Nicholas Nicholaievitch, — and at the near end of the wires is he, our Telegraph Editor. You have read in magazine stories of the heaven-born newspaper man who unerringly rips out the heart of a 'story' and so rises to fame and fortune. Ripping out the heart of a 'story' calls up the picture of a vast mass of detail into which the great newspaper man reaches his hand and grasps the essentials. Our telegraph editor has found comparatively little opportunity in the war news for such major operations. His business has been rather to build muscles and flesh around the bare skeleton of the official dispatches which the cables bring him.

His work is constructive engineering of a high kind. He must find in the curt summary of a hundred words sufficient material for an honest narrative that shall not be crushed under the weight of the ornamental cornice which is the headline. His task is infinitely harder than the problems that Joffre and Hindenburg must deal with. For the time is past when commanders in the field must make instant decisions on the basis of fragmentary reports brought in by sweating aides-de-camp. A skirmish nowadays lasts three days and a battle two months, and the deliberations of the General Staff are like the papers read at the Philadelphia Academy of Political Science. But our telegraph editor must frame his decisions between 10:15 and 11:15 for the first edition; he must rectify his lines between 11:45 and 12:45 for the second edition; he must reshape his strategy for Wall Street, and see to it that mat-

ters are definitely pointed to victory or defeat for the Final, at 3:35.

For this purpose the telegraph editor makes no use of textbooks, which are all in the Military Expert's office. Behind his desk, it is true, hangs a large map of Central Europe, but it is largely interior decoration. He has a simpler method for the geography of Europe and the chronology of the war. He carries them in his head. He recalls automatically the A. P. story of a Zeppelin flying over Denmark, which came on October 4 *via* Amsterdam, and identifies it as an early version of the story of a Zeppelin in distress over the North Sea, which came to him *via* Paris on October 15. Long experience of human fallibility in times of peace has given him an instinct for piercing to the truth behind the reticencies, the paraphrases, and the afterthoughts of the war dispatches. Just as before the war he had his comparative scale of veracity completely worked out, — knowing just how far you could believe the A. P. correspondent at Peking and the United Press representative at Los Angeles, — so now he has Paris, Berlin, London, Petrograd, Stockholm, and Geneva classified in the scale of authenticity, not formally, but by instinct, as I have said. Automatically the spluttered lines of the 'flimsy' shape themselves to him as a double-column head, a single 51, or a mere stickful somewhere in the inside pages near the real-estate news.

He has his difficult moments. There have been weeks in this war when the telegraph editor was in the same position as Field-Marshal French, a nation behind him crying for heavy results in the shape of fat headlines, and no ammunition with which to get his results; only two lines from Paris saying that the situation shows no change from the statement of last night; only a remark from Berlin that operations are pro-

gressing quite as foreseen. For the yellow editor there is a way out. He can always pick up a story of Francis Joseph berating his defeated generals, with a faithful paraphrase of the imperial scolding, and put a seven-column head over that. He can always print a story of the imminent fall of the Dardanelles as reported by a Greek merchant from Sophia who reaches Rome via Salonica, Lesbos, Venice, and Alexandria, and put a scare head over that. The most conservative of telegraph editors have been compelled to write double-column heads on the capture of very small trenches; but sometimes even the necessary fifty yards of trenches have not been forthcoming. On such occasions, while the Russian lines on the Bzura are holding firm under Hindenburg's fire, while General Foch is countercharging north of Arras, our telegraph editor bites at an apple and wishes the horrible slaughter were over. Among the victims of the slow-grinding deadlock in the trenches of northern France you must not forget our telegraph editor.

His sufferings are acutest perhaps at 10:30 in the morning. This war, as you have read, has been emphatically an afternoon paper's war. The official war bulletins at Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, London, are given out some time in the afternoon, which means five to six hours earlier in New York and so beyond the reach of the morning papers. It is we of the afternoon press that have scored the most important victories. Only during the first months of the war, when there were important occurrences in the Pacific, did the morning papers have a chance. If I were the proprietor of a great morning daily in New York I wonder if I could resist the temptation to have the war spread to China and eastern Siberia. The greatest 'story' of the war, so far as we of neutral America are concerned, the destruction of the Lusitania, was entirely

an afternoon story. For us the sinking of the great ship, and the appalling loss of life; for the morning papers merely the exact counting of the dead, the hunt for survivors, and the recording of the amazement and horror of mankind.

No, a newspaper office on the afternoon of a *Lusitania* story is decidedly not the storm centre which you have read about in the magazines or seen on the stage — city editors in shirt sleeves shouting like Richard III on Bosworth Field, reporters dashing madly through slamming doors, copy boys hurdling the desks toward the pneumatic dispatch-tubes. A *Lusitania* afternoon in our office finds the city room in a hush, the men at the typewriters a little faster than usual, but quieter, too, the copy boys moving a little more swiftly, but with no turmoil. It is among the editorial writers on the other side of the house that you will find excitement, strain, a feverish exchange of opinion. For they are the men who must write to-morrow their reasoned opinion on what it all means — and what does it mean?

The men in the telegraph room and city room, having immediate work to do, do it with silent efficiency. The city editor turns frequently to the telephone, but he does not bawl through half a dozen telephones at once as you have seen him do on the stage. He shouts up the speaking tube to the composing room, but his voice does not rise to a shriek of agony. And the telegraph editor, fixing his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose, sinking a little deeper into his chair, reads, cuts, writes, adjusts, transposes, condenses, expands, rebuilds for the first extra, rebuilds for the second extra, glances at the clock, finds he has still three minutes for his summary, revises his list of survivors, writes a new head for the London Cunard office story,

shifts a first-page London item, 6.35, on to the inside to make room for a *Queenstown*, 6.55 — and the sheets fly from his hand to the hook, and from the hook they are carried to the tube, and the 'takes' descend by tube, until the managing editor announces that there are no more extras.

III

Ever since official war reports have been written, I suppose, they have followed a literary technique of their own. Among the rules of bulletin-writing that will never be changed are those which prescribe that little victories shall be described at much greater length than big victories, that small defeats shall be promptly acknowledged for the purpose of creating an atmosphere of absolute frankness, and that serious reverses shall at first be passed over in silence, then alluded to as a matter of course, and ever after that characterized as a strategic retirement, a rectification of the front, a readjustment of the wings in closer coöperation with the centre, a consolidation of position, a withdrawal from positions that had lost importance, and so forth. These are the classical methods, and they have been liberally employed in the present war. If, for instance, one were to reread the official dispatches from Petrograd during the Galician battles of May and June, one would seldom find the word retreat or retirement. But on successive days or in successive weeks the dispatches calmly speak of the fighting before Tarnow, the fighting on the Wisloka, the fighting at Przemyśl, our front west of Lemberg, our front east of Lemberg, each position being from ten to twenty miles in the rear of the position last mentioned. An army is never beaten, an army seldom retreats, and yet somehow an army is found a good deal far-

ther behind where it was the week before.

It is a method which deceives no one who compares the reports of one day with those of the day before. Only, official war bulletins are written not for information but for moral effect, and are intended, not for the enlightened, but for the unlearned and anxious masses who live only from day to day. Upon them, too, the truth ultimately comes. Vaguely they feel that all is not going well at the front, but by the time the truth is realized there is always at hand a fuller explanation of the comparative insignificance of what might at first seem a serious defeat, and of the real advantages won by our army falling back intact. In that word 'intact' the writer of official dispatches finds great comfort. When important positions are lost it is reassuring to know that, though our positions are lost, our army is intact. And when the army itself has been badly beaten it is a comfort to know that the morale of the army is intact. And when the morale of the army comes under suspicion, there is still the Will of the Nation, the Determination to Conquer, which remains intact. Even in the bitter business of war, the phrase-makers have their rôle.

Teachers of rhetoric must admire the admirable brevity of the average official war report. It has some of the qualities which we were taught at college to look for in Matthew Arnold, — simplicity, conciseness, force. What it does not have of the Matthew Arnold style is Matthew Arnold's orderly lucidity and his sense of proportion. The style is rather that of Picasso and Cézanne. It is the habit of the official reporter, in describing a battle-front 400 miles long, to jump 100 miles after a comma, and to put the capture of 150 men, 2 machine guns, and 3 mine-throwers in the same sentence with the

retirement of a couple of army corps on a front of 20 miles. If, for example, I had to issue an afternoon bulletin dealing with events on a battle-front extending from Albany, New York, to Richmond, Virginia, my report, according to the classical formula, would run somewhat as follows:—

'In the sector of Poughkeepsie our artillery has bombarded the enemy's positions. We destroyed an ammunition train on the road from Asbury Park to Ocean Grove, and forced an airship to descend within the enemy's lines near Old Point Comfort. During the evening of the 19th our forces delivered an attack to the east of Yonkers, and took possession of two lines of trenches on a front of 150 yards, extending to the tenth green on the Van Cortlandt golf links; between Trenton and the James River we have effected a regrouping of our forces some distance in the rear of our advanced positions, which were no longer essential to our strategic purpose. There have been artillery exchanges at Valley Forge, and in the vicinity of Saratoga and Princeton.'

Over this report the *Evening Telegram* would put a seven-column headline, 'Americans Smash Invaders' Lines in Furious Drive Against Van Cortlandt.'

Am I making merry over a rather sad business, blind to the ache and the blood and tears that are concealed behind the dry, disjointed, chaotic formulas of the official reporter? I am not in the least light-hearted. I can see clearly the anxious millions in the towns, in the villages, in the lonely farms and woodcutters' huts to whom these bulletins are offered for anything but information — for consolation, for good cheer, for sustained courage, for readiness to make greater sacrifices still. And, if the story is one of disaster, I can see the mercy as well as the pos-

sible policy of appeasing those anxious hearts with a medley of geography, tactics, and mathematics. I often think with sympathy of the official in the War Office at Paris, Petrograd, Vienna, London, Berlin, to whom falls the final revision of these official reports. He is himself a man, subject to fears, hopes, passions. Defeat must come as dark to him as to any one of us; yet it is his business, like the clown in the comedy, to laugh while his heart is breaking, to laugh in the form of vaguely defined trenches, indefinite bombardments, a dozen prisoners captured, an army corps 'holding its own.'

I cannot help thinking of those utterly bitter days for France when Von Kluck was driving into the heart of the country, when the armies were falling back and back, when Paris seemed doomed, and the bulletins kept coming out regularly about our left wing retiring in order across the Meuse, and then across the Aisne and across the Marne, and still south, falling back intact, its morale unimpaired, inflicting huge losses on the enemy, falling back to positions chosen beforehand by our generals. I cannot help thinking of the author of the Russian bulletins between the Dunajec and Lemberg. Being, after all, a man and a Russian, he must have bent under the pall of defeat; he must have felt the loss of hundreds of thousands of men, the vanishing of great dreams, — Hungary, Constantinople, the open sea. I cannot help thinking even of the stiff Prussian official who penned the phrase about the strategic withdrawal of Von Kluck's right wing to the Aisne. He, too, must have felt the bitterness of vanished dreams, — Paris taken, the French beaten, the English destroyed, the armies marching under the Arc de Triomphe. Much more exhausting, I imagine, than the attacks and counter-attacks of the trenches must be the

strain of sitting in a censor's office and distilling artificial consolation out of the bitter facts of defeat.

IV

We newspapermen printed a vast amount of rubbish during the year of war. By reflecting the nonsense of diplomats, chancellors, war experts, statisticians, professors, scientists, and young women just landed from Rotterdam and convinced that the Germans were bound to win, we justified our claim to be the mirror of the universe. Some of this rubbish we printed unconsciously, in sheer ignorance, but a great deal we inserted, I imagine, for relief. As newspapermen we wanted to break up the monotony of long columns on the first page. As neutrals we were glad to vary the monotony of long German victories with a perfectly disastrous bit of secret information regarding conditions in Berlin, by way of Zurich and Venice to London and so to us.

Most of this rubbish was of anti-German cast, and it is these small 'fillers' that the Germans had in mind when they cried out at the campaign of lies that was waged against them. Lies they may have been, but to call them a campaign is absurd, when you consider their purpose, which was mental relief, and their effect, which was utter futility. In your heart can you blame the telegraph editor who gave a stickful on the first page to the first resplendent bit of war news, the story of how Roland Garros, king of French aviators, on the day after war was declared hurled his aeroplane full speed against one of the Kaiser's Zeppelins and with it went down to destruction? As it turned out, as we might have known from the first, this was not real war news, but it was magnificent.

We, of the ultra-respectable press,

grew cautious very soon. We even went to the extent of appointing expert editorial watchers to run down and destroy such lurid passages as might have escaped the Argus-eyed telegraph editor. We sifted the news rigorously and built up a reputation for impartiality and authoritativeness which made people turn to us for the truth about things. Yes, they looked for the truth about the war in our carefully sifted columns and then turned eagerly to the tit-bits in the yellow and semi-yellow press. If things went ill for the Belgians round Liège, it was heartening to think of Garros's magnificent act of self-devotion, which the Will to Believe made true for a good many of us. People read eagerly enough of old Von Emmich committing suicide with the despairing cry, 'Liège will be the tomb of the German army.' How many times did the German Crown Prince perish, simultaneously or consecutively? How many times did the Kaiser stalk through the night, a bent figure of grief, his hair turned snow-white? There was a particularly glorious afternoon, eight columns wide, when Von Kluck, after the battle of the Marne, asked permission of Joffre to withdraw unmolested into Germany, offering never to take up arms against France. There was that other occasion when Von Kluck, bitterly upbraided by the Kaiser, went forth into the trenches and had himself severely wounded.

This silly gossip of the cables was generally against Germany, but not always. German ingenuity received grudging tribute. I recall clearly the oil casks that the German Admiralty sank off the British coast as storage reservoirs for submarines. I recall the fog bombs that Count Zeppelin invented for the invasion of England, and even German thoroughness could hardly go beyond carrying fog to London.

v

I am not apologizing for the telegraph editor who yielded to temptation and printed news infinitely more gripping than the official dispatches, though quite untrue. And yet it is hard to blame human telegraph editors and common readers for sometimes believing, when even the experts were frail and believed extraordinary things, or at least professed to believe them. I frequently think of this war, which can be classified into various phases under so many different heads, as the history of the rise and fall of a long line of experts. Colonel Repington, of the *London Times*, dominated our columns for several weeks, until it became apparent that he was fallible, both as an expert in the face of a war that proved the undoing of experts and as an Englishman who wanted England to win. Repington, of the *Times*, made way for Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset, of the *Petit Parisien*. He had his day, and the fighting shifted to the east, and for a brief space we sat at the feet of Colonel Shumsky, of Petrograd. For a few days, too, the papers paid cable tolls on the commentaries of a retired major-general on the *Giornale d'Italia*, in Rome, and then for a good many Sundays the cable editors plunged heavily on the eloquent and copious J. L. Garvin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. From time to time we have had Hilaire Belloc, the best of all the Englishmen, with the exception of Spenser Wilkinson, and in the days of Allied adversity it was stimulating to turn to Belloc and watch him add up the German casualty lists into the millions. On the German side we had Major Moraht, of the *Tageblatt*, sober but patriotic. At the moment of writing the floor is to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, friend of Lloyd George.

If the world turned rapidly from one

expert to another, it was not merely because we soon recognized their limitations. If the war turned out so new in its methods, its spirit, its size, as to make a hash of all expert information, we might have been reconciled. But worse than that, the experts argued in a way that made us all M. Jourdain; we all recognized we had been experts all our lives without knowing it. For they all started out with the same assumption: Repington, Garvin, Belloc, and Nicoll, that England would win, Moraht that Germany must win, and Rousset that the French would win. For Garvin the English were never beaten, but only retired, for Rousset the French always fell back on stronger positions, and for Moraht the extraordinary regrouping effected by Hindenburg while marching backwards from Warsaw was a guarantee of the realization of the Will to Conquer.

We, the military experts of neutral American newspapers, drafted for sudden service from various departments of journalism, started with a decided advantage over the Repingtons and the Morahts. In the first place we were somewhat outside the swirl of national hopes and fears, and in the second place we were not hampered by excess of specialized knowledge. It is true that for a time we were under the influence of established military literature. We spoke of river valleys and natural lines of invasion, until the war showed us that armies could go anywhere. We spoke of railways feeding the armies, until motor traction showed the armies to be independent of railways. We spoke of rivers holding up the enemy's advance, until Von Kluck had crossed six rivers in two weeks and recrossed three rivers in three days. We spoke of flanks and centres, until the battle lines stretched from sea to mountain, and there were no flanks. Then we spoke of the impossibility of

flanking operations, until Hindenburg outflanked the Russians. Then we spoke of deadlock and the impossibility of breaking through, until the English broke through at Neuve Chapelle and the Germans in Galicia.

The method of sticking colored pins into a large-scale map proved a failure from the beginning. During the first three weeks in Belgium we did not know where to put in the pins. That was before the time of official reports. On the strength of highly imaginative dispatches from Paris and Amsterdam we ran long lines of red pins, denoting Britons, through Brussels and up to Antwerp. Thick files of blue pins denoting Frenchmen were mobilized on the plain of Waterloo and to the outskirts of Liège. When we learned that there were no Britons in Brussels, no Frenchmen backing up the Belgians south of Liège, it was too late. The armies were all in northern France, and for two weeks moved forward so swiftly that the pins could not keep up. And, when the lines assumed fixity and the pins began to justify themselves, the armies became deadlocked, and for ten months the pins remained immovable on the Aisne and in Flanders, until the sight of them became a weariness.

As prophets, we proved a failure, we experts. But in explaining how things had happened after the event we did not do so badly. To the extent that we helped to clear up a bit of the fog that hung over the battle line, we did it by discarding military history, Napoleonic precedents, the matching of division against division, casualty list against casualty list, and gun weight against gun weight. We went to the maps and read the official reports, and, by checking one against the other, by allowing for exaggerations, regroupings, readjustments, and by reading a bit between the lines, we were enabled to call

up some picture of what was going on in Flanders and Galicia. We tried to be neutral (at least, some of us did), but never reached the ideal of non-partisanship. Too frequently we turned for Allied consolation, for signs of a Russian advance, for indications of a German breakdown, to the unrivaled maps of the German atlas-makers. In our hearts we felt that the Allies were fighting for the freedom of the human soul against the formalism, the oppressive systematization, the drill and preparedness of the Prussian, and so we looked for comfort in the pages of Justus Perthes of Gotha, and in Baedeker. And the starred hotels in Baedeker, the highly recommended pensions, the art-galleries and theatres and shops and beer-gardens, were like the echoes of a dead past.

VI

During a year of war I must have read several thousand columns of special correspondence, — in English, in German, in French, in Italian, — and the vast bulk of this mass of special observation has been meaningless. The Will to Believe has run riot among the special correspondents. They have reported what they expected to see, or what we might have known without going out to see, and only at rare intervals what they have seen with the eye of the specialist. They went to England prepared to meet the awkward, inarticulate, resolute Englishman, and they found him. They went to France for French courage beneath French gayety, and they found it. In Berlin they went to see the crowds escorting their men to the railway stations, tearful but disciplined, sober but rigorously determined to win, the Prussian spirit dominating a nation, and they found it. They found the Viennese gay, the Russian fatalistic. Any one

having a fair acquaintance with the popular novels of the nations, or, better still, with the book reviews of such novels when translated, could have written the greater part of the correspondence that has come from the front. At my desk I could have written of tongue-tied English subalterns who cannot bring themselves to say 'Good-bye' to their fathers, of French lieutenants who kissed before going off on perilous missions, of Russian lieutenants who said, '*Nitchevo*.' Altogether the war has been too big for the correspondents.

And when you have collated all the special dispatches from Petrograd, from Cologne, from Przemyśl, from Somewhere in France, and struck out the obvious misstatements and conjectures, and deleted all traces of the Will to Believe, and in every way treated them with rigorous scholarship as if you were editing an utterly unimportant Elizabethan, there emerges from this mass of special correspondence nothing special at all, but a picture which is the same for northern France as for Galicia, for the Yser as for the Vistula. It is a picture of the sameness of modern war, but more than that, of the sameness of the spirit of man, that incorrigible human soul which is one beneath the mask of national habits and idiosyncrasies. To this extent I imagine the advocates of war are right when they speak of war as a normal function of the race. For in times of peace the nations differ — they differ in creed, in clothes, in speech, in social ideals, in art, in their soups and stews and biscuits; but war makes them uniform, dresses them in the same dust-colored khaki, puts them into the same five-foot trench, with or without cement, with or without footboards, and gives them the same outlook, the same appetites, the same fears, the same

whimsies and relaxations. The troop-trains from Berlin are scrawled over with chalk, 'Nach Paris.' The troop-trains from Paris are scribbled over, 'A Berlin.' The troop-trains from Petrograd are decorated with effigies of the Kaiser, the trains from Munich with effigies of King George and Poincaré.

The special correspondent imagines that he draws a picture of the German battle-lines when he describes the Landwehrmen with their harmonicas. But he is only depicting our common humanity. For in the French trenches across a hundred yards of barbed-wire ground they are giving recitals on the trombone, and in the English trenches they are playing on the mouth-organ. The English Tommy calls the shrapnel puffs 'Archibald,' and the Frenchman calls them 'Petite Marmite,' and I am certain that there are German, Russian, Serb, and Turkish equivalents. The Kaiser's Landwehrmen call their subterranean bomb-proofs 'Villa-Sommerfrisch,' the British nail up signs, 'Ritz,' 'Regent Street,' and the French call them 'Au Moulin Rouge.'

I sometimes wonder why this war or any war should be described as marking the breakdown of civilization when every dispatch from Petrograd, by its sameness to every dispatch from Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, describes a set of common conditions which attest the essential brotherhood of man.

VII

Always the same, our poor human nature, and not the least in its Will to Believe. I have stood at the telegraph editor's desk and read official dispatches spelling disaster for the Allies, the Russians breaking up fast on the Vistula, the French battering in vain at the lines around Arras, cargo boats and trawlers torpedoed in the North Sea,

a British battleship torpedoed in the Dardanelles, and the war-expert part of me has said things looked dark, but the Will has insisted on believing that it was n't as bad as all that: that the Russians had plenty of men, that over there on the extreme left wing in Bukovina there might yet come a blow that would send the Austro-Germans reeling, that once the French started moving forward there would be no stopping them, that England had plenty of battleships, that the German casualty lists were growing at an enormous rate; and I have cheered up. This lower element in me, the Will, has sometimes taken control of the rational war expert in me, and set him to hunting in the largest available maps of Galicia for a river upon the farther bank of which the Russians might make a stand. And when no rivers were available, no swamps, no mountain chains, no bridge-heads, when the plain wording of the triumphant dispatches from Berlin refused to be explained away, to be modified, to be postponed, I have gone out on the street and bought a copy of the *Evening Telegram*, and there, over the same disheartening dispatch I have just read from the wire, I have found comforting head-lines: 'Enormous German Losses as Germans Press on,' 'Czar's Forces Smash Kaiser's Lines' — smash fifty yards out of a line of 900 miles. And if the *Telegram's* head-lines are by any chance reinforced by an interview with a Peoria citizen returning from Germany, who says Berlin feels the pressure of famine, I am altogether cheered up. I know that the Peoria citizen spent twelve hours in Berlin, and that his observations are based on his dinner at the Kaiserbrau in Unter den Linden, and that he thought Berlin was starving because he could not make the waiter understand; but nevertheless I am comforted.

SIDE-ISSUES OF THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

THE war widens, and it will widen still more before it is over. To the nine powers who were in the arena last August three more have already been added,—Turkey on the Germanic side, Portugal and Italy on the side of the Allies. Some three fifths of the total population of the earth and over three fifths of its land surface may at this moment be classed as belligerent. In Europe, of course, the proportion is much higher. Some seventy-five per cent of the peoples of Europe, inhabiting roughly 3,200,000 square miles out of a total area of slightly more than 3,800,000, are now at war. From the north of Scotland to the south of Spain and thence to Constantinople and the Ural Mountains, and so round the entire circuit of the Old World, only about one person in eight, only about one acre in six, lie outside the struggle. Of the fifty-six million Europeans who are at present neutral, perhaps only the twenty who dwell in the Spanish Peninsula are certain to continue so; one half of the remainder are possible, the other half likely, combatants. As matters stand to-day Turkey and the Germanic powers together dispose of some 460,000 square miles of European soil and 119,000,000 inhabitants, and the Allies in Europe of six times as much territory and about two and a half times as many subjects.

This European ratio of belligerent men and areas to neutral, huge as it is, is considerably exceeded in Africa. If

we disregard the fiction which reckons Morocco as an independent state, the only really non-combatant regions in that vast continent are the Spanish colonies, the Kingdom of Abyssinia, and the Republic of Liberia. These states cover rather more than one twentieth of the land of Africa, and embrace rather less than one tenth of its peoples. All the rest, that is to say about 95 per cent of the soil and 90 per cent of the inhabitants, belongs to the warring powers. In Asia, as nearly as I can make out, half the area and slightly over half the population come within the category of belligerents. In North America a twelfth of the people, occupying somewhat more than half the territory, own allegiance to Great Britain; and the remainder are apprehensive, and not without reason, that they too may be drawn into the conflict. The only continent, indeed, that may be said to be immune from the war-madness is Spanish America, where not more than one sixtieth of the area and one one hundred and sixtieth of the inhabitants come even technically within the zone of hostilities.

Looking round the entire world, one can with some confidence predicate neutrality for China, for Mexico, for by far the greater part of South America, and for Spain; but for no other country. The United States, the Republic of Switzerland, the small kingdoms in the north of Europe, and the tempestuous powers of the Balkans are all alike obliged to take into account the possibility of intervention. It is a

possibility that varies, according to circumstances, from the near to the remote; but in no case is it absent. Twelve powers are already in the war. That number will almost certainly be increased by three additions, possibly by four, perhaps by nine. Meanwhile it is enough to go on with. Of the belligerents now in the field one finds that the Allies, owning altogether more than 28,000,000 square miles and ruling nearly 870,000,000 people, are fighting the 150,000,000 subjects and the 2,200,000 square miles of territory that stand to the credit of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. 'The greatest of all wars,' so far as numbers and area are concerned, more than justifies its title.

It justifies it, too, in many other ways. Former wars were wars of armies and governments; this is a war of nations. Former wars were wars of soldiers; this is a war in which the chemist and the manufacturer and the workman at home are as vital to victory as the fighters at the front. Former wars were on a great scale; but none of them saw, as this has seen, some 20,000,000 men under arms. Former wars were expensive, but never until now has civilization paid \$50,000,000 a day for the pleasure of blowing itself to pieces. Former wars brought in their train, within certain limits, a derangement of commerce; but no war, except this one, has precipitated an economic and financial upheaval of such unimaginable dimensions that there is probably not a single human being on this planet who has not in one way or another, for good or evil, directly or indirectly, been affected by it. Former wars took place — or such of them at any rate as can alone be compared with the present one — before the credit system had become internationalized, before the telegraph and the cable and the railway and the steamship were invented, while the mechanism of mod-

ern trade was as yet in its infancy, and when each nation, to a degree we can now hardly conceive, was able in the main to support itself. This war has burst upon a world so bound together by ten thousand links of commerce, finance, and communications, that a shot fired in the Dardanelles sends down the price of wheat in Chicago, and the intervention of Great Britain disorganizes for the time being the trade of China and Brazil, and armies are raised in the ends of the earth, transported across the seven seas to a single spot, and are there fed and clothed and munitioned from the resources of another hemisphere thousands of miles away.

Former wars spread, and sometimes spread far, beyond their source of origin. We all remember what Macaulay wrote of Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War: 'The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.' But this war as a breeder of world-wide strife seems almost to lower its predecessors to the level of domestic broils. The guns it has set a-blazing have been heard among the bean-fields of Shantung, amid the islands of the Pacific, in the Malacca Straits and the Bay of Bengal, off the coast of Chile, within earshot of the Falkland Islands, at the head of the Persian Gulf, along the course of the Tigris and Euphrates, on the banks of the Nile, in the Caucasus and Persia, among the oil palms of Togoland and the Cameroons, in the waterless wastes of Southwest Africa and among the mangrove forests of East Africa, in the Italian Alps and the Adriatic, in the Mediterranean and on the Gallipoli Peninsula, in the Baltic,

the English Channel, the Irish Sea, the Black Sea, the North Sea, and the Ægean, from the Danube to the Baltic, from Paris to Warsaw, and from Switzerland to the Straits of Dover.

Former wars saw nearly all the present antagonists fighting with or against one another. But this one alone has witnessed such a gathering of peoples and races as to make it almost a microcosm of humanity. Canadians and Australians, New Zealanders and West Indians, Sikhs and Pathans, Ghurkas and Garhwalis, Rajputs and Marathas, Tunisians and Senegalese, Algerians and Malagasy, — these are but a few of the outlying peoples who for the first time in history have been summoned from overseas to fight the battle of European freedom on European soil; and the last and greatest of the Crusades, now on foot in Gallipoli, is composed of forces more varied and romantic than Boniface of Montferrat or Henry of Flanders ever knew. Former wars, for all their cruelties, were in general conducted in accordance with enlightened contemporary opinion. This one, beneath the eyes of the whole world, has seen the revival of old practices and the invention of new ones that outrage all the instincts and standards of our sensitive and compassionate age. Former wars saw armies numbered by the hundreds of thousands where to-day we reckon them by millions; fronts of a score of miles that now stretch out fifty times as far; battles of days that now take weeks; less ammunition spent in a whole campaign than to-day suffices for a single engagement; quick decisions, open fighting, and the easy predominance of the human factor, where now we behold victories that end in a gain of less than a mile, a prolonged warfare of subterranean clinches, and machinery rivaling and all but displacing men as the first essential of success.

No comparison, indeed, is possible between this conflict and its forerunners. It beggars them all. The advance in military technique registered by the aeroplane and the submarine is hardly greater than the margin by which this war transcends all other wars as a political and economic convulsion, in the magnitude of its destructiveness and the world-wide sweep of its consequences. For us in Europe it has changed, not merely the conditions, but the very atmosphere of life. I despair, indeed, of bringing home to the American consciousness how completely the normal elements of existence have vanished; with what mingling of oppressiveness and exaltation the war weighs on the thoughts and speech of all of us, transforming every business, every interest, every avocation, and the whole spirit and purpose of private and public pursuits; how unforgettably near and dark hangs its thundercloud of waste and misery and grief, and yet how bright is its lining of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness and heroic devotion. Nothing else in the world matters except the war and its fortunes and problems and the immensity of the effort needed for its proper conduct.

II

In some ways, perhaps, the nature and scope of that effort can be better observed in Great Britain than in any of the other belligerent countries. For Great Britain, when the war broke out, was a peaceable, industrial nation, absorbed in domestic issues; not unprepared for war, — the navy was ready and the Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men was ready, — but decidedly unprepared for a European war on this unexampled scale. Her task in the past year has been to shoulder a three-fold burden never before laid upon any land. To control the seas so as to insure for

herself and her allies an uninterrupted freedom of maritime communications with all the strategic mobility and economic vitality implied therein; to perform for her allies the indispensable functions of banker and manufacturer; and at the same time to build up a military force adequate to the needs of the situation and not less than twenty times greater than any she had previously contemplated, — these have been the labors of Hercules at which she has toiled for the past twelve months.

That there are shadows on her record I should be the last to deny. It could not be otherwise with a people somewhat slow of imagination, little used to the direction or control of the state, fiercely individualistic and unorganized, and kept by its rulers in a stupid and exasperating ignorance of the facts and character of the war. Hence among ministers a backwardness in envisaging the problem before them as a whole, and among the people, here and there, an unrealizing lethargy and too great an indulgence in the habits and pleasures of peace. In the British manner these shortcomings have been trumpeted to the skies. That deceptive trick of the English people of taking what they do well as a matter of course, while loading their failures or defects with extravagant lamentations, is one of the most embarrassing obstacles to a true understanding of their character; and I dare say that no small part of the world of onlookers, taking its cue from the London press, is persuaded that the British masses are shirking their work, spending their high wages on drink and horse-racing and football matches, and pursuing 'business as usual' with an almost horrible insensibility to the national interests.

If such an impression exists among any readers of this magazine, I beg them to get rid of it. So far as it is not

sheer exaggeration, it is justified only in the case of a troublesome but extremely exiguous minority. The great body of the workingmen have done magnificently; and for the backslidings of the weaker vessels among them the indecision and myopia of the government, a very formidable rise in the cost of living, and the revelation of huge profits made by contractors and a few employers, are more immediately responsible than any native lack of energy or self-control or patriotism.

The government have failed to do all that they might and should have done to bring the war home to the people. They failed to foresee that an indiscriminate system of voluntary recruiting would draft into the army thousands and scores of thousands of men who would be better serving their country by going on with their work at home. They failed to establish any rational balance between military and industrial needs, between the numbers required at the front and the numbers required at the forge and the factories to supply the equipment and munitions of war and to carry on the commerce of the country, on which its ability to meet its financial liabilities must largely depend. They failed to realize in advance that high explosive shells and machine guns would prove in this war the prerequisites of victory, and they were unpardonably tardy in waking up to the truth and in acting upon it. What they are doing now to organize labor and industries and to restrict inordinate profits could have been done, and should have been done, six months ago.

But in all wars Britain begins slowly and finishes strongly; and if there is a debit side to the national account, there is also an imposing list of credit items. The British navy has been invaluable; the British army has been something more than useful; and the

financial skill and courage of the government have gone far to insure an all but indefinite capacity to furnish the country and its allies with the sinews of war. Not far short of 3,000,000 men have voluntarily offered themselves for service at the front. In the face of such a spectacle, without parallel in history, it is little less than ludicrous to question the spirit of the British people. What is needed, however, to make that spirit reach its maximum of productivity and effectiveness, is guidance and organization; and these are at last forthcoming. There has been much to deplore and a little to be ashamed of in the British record during the past year, but there has been vastly more to admire; and I, for one, am confident that we are turning at this moment one of the most glorious pages in British annals. I am not thinking solely or even mainly of naval or military successes in the seven widely separated theatres of war in which Great Britain is engaged. I am thinking of a nation strung up to the heroic pitch, wholly united in a cause that holds out no prizes but those of duty done, honor fulfilled, and security won by valor and sacrifice, absorbing discipline and steadied by it without losing their characteristic flexibility and self-reliance, and pitting against a monstrous mechanism of tyranny the full, spontaneous, and orderly strength of millions of free men.

Great Britain, it may be said, has not yet scaled these heights of splendor. But she is nearing them; she is climbing already beyond the lower slopes; she will gain the summit. She will not, however, do so without carrying still further that process of shedding old habits of thought and old ways of doing things which set in from the first moment of the war. We have seen in the past twelve months two developments of unique significance in British

life — the exaltation of the state and the crushing down of party politics. It has been made a reproach to the Socialists of all lands that they did not prevent the war. If they cared for the reply, they might well make answer that at any rate it has had to be waged by applying their doctrines. Whether that shows the common sense of Socialism or merely its abnormality, I shall not attempt to determine. But the fact is patent that in Great Britain, as in all the other belligerent countries, the state has taken on an unprecedented increase of powers and responsibilities. For the time being, the old economics are dead.

The British are among the least submissive and the most independent of peoples. Yet their chief complaint against their government at this moment is that it has not sufficiently restricted their liberties, that it does not enforce discipline on every human being in the kingdom, that it does not prescribe for each one of them his or her special sphere of usefulness. Every step that the state has taken beyond the province assigned to it in times of peace has been received with a round of popular applause. The state regulates the prices of food; the state makes vast purchases of necessary commodities for resale to the people; the state takes over the railways; the state gags the press; the state, by one enactment after another, places the entire kingdom under what is virtually martial law; the state fixes wages, annexes profits, takes control of the saloons, starts new industries, enters the insurance business, commandeers all the engineering works in the country, abolishes trade-union restrictions, regulates and disciplines labor, — essays, in short, a hundred enterprises that would be utterly closed to it in ordinary times.

The approval with which the British people have watched and encouraged

these inroads upon their traditional philosophy is something more than a tribute to necessity. It implies a conscious recognition that the organization of Great Britain as a community has hitherto been singularly defective and that only state action can improve it. This recognition, in my judgment, will outlive the war. A sane and humorous people like the British are never likely to deify the state as the Germans have deified it; but they will more and more incline to enlarge its functions and to invoke its assistance. The awful transitional period that lies ahead of Europe, when the stimulus of war is removed and its ruin and waste come to be counted, and a desperate scramble of readjustment and rebuilding begins, will force all nations to turn to the state for leadership in the work of salvage. I cannot conceive that in Great Britain all problems of government ownership or control of such utilities as the railways, such services as the banks and stock exchange, and such industries as mining, will not after the war be considered from a new standpoint. I cannot conceive that the British people, when peace returns, will tolerate for long the failure of the state to recolonize the British countryside or to provide a genuinely national system of education. Still less can I conceive of the Empire continuing to be the same loose, unfederated, disjointed congeries of states that it was when the war began; or of domestic politics being resumed on anything like their old footing; or of women continuing to be excluded from that share in public and professional life to which their incomparable services during the war have with compelling effect underscored their claim; or of emigration from an exhausted and overburdened Great Britain to the ampler skies and prospects of Greater Britain beyond the seas being allowed to pursue its old haphazard course.

System, organization, discipline; a new sense of the state; a more realistic conception of unity throughout the nation and of brotherhood among all classes, — these are the attributes that one hopes may survive the war and animate the British people without detriment to their native impulses of initiative and self-confidence. I find myself relying, blindly perhaps but profoundly, upon those three or four millions of young men who will have volunteered for the war, to introduce into Great Britain, on the return of peace, a wider democracy, not so much of political forms as of spirit and opportunity, a national and not a party outlook in public affairs, a better type of legislator than 'the tired lawyer,' and a higher standard of efficiency in the business of government. With the soldiers of the war, if they will but hold together and assert themselves, rests the future of the nations engaged in it; and in France and Great Britain and Italy, the three belligerent lands in which political life is most highly developed, their influence will naturally be thrown, not on the side of a resumption of party politics, but on the side of prolonging and upholding the temper and methods of the really national governments that the plain urgencies of the war have already set up in London and in Paris.

If Great Britain has much to learn from Germany, Germany has far more to learn from Great Britain. But the capacity of each to assimilate what gives strength to the other is by no means identical. Great Britain can find room for, and in almost all departments of life stands to benefit by, those qualities of patient foresight, scientific exactitude, thoroughness in preparation, thrift, realism, and devotion to the state of which Germany has set so far-shining an example. For these are virtues that already exist in the British character, but are largely lost to the

national service through faulty organization. They can be developed and they can be applied without any harm to, and, indeed, with a positive enrichment of, those traits that are the backbone of the British people. Great Britain, for instance, could adopt national military service without canonizing the uniform or enthroning a military caste. She could extend the functions of the state and yet still regard its agents and functionaries with the good-humored tolerance of to-day. She could reach Germany's standard of education and intelligence without forfeiting her ancient dower of a natural and resourceful rebelliousness. She could become as systematic, economical, and provident as her adversary and still retain her talent for meeting responsibilities gladly and for thriving on emergencies. What Britain, in short, can borrow — and, if she is to hold her own in the war and in the not less difficult times that will succeed the war, must borrow — from Germany is in the nature of expansion. What Germany can borrow from Great Britain is in the nature of explosion. Once plant in the Fatherland the careless British doctrine that a man is a human being and not a cog in a machine, and the whole apparatus of autocracy, caste-government, impotent parliaments, and manufactured opinion begins to crack and crumble.

I fancy that in any event it will hardly emerge intact when the defeat which is as distant as it is inevitable strips from the ruling classes in Germany the prestige of infallibility and success. The people have long been beating against the bars. More and more they have begun to ask for a share in the government commensurate with their numbers and intelligence, and to realize that the ballot, as an end in itself, is insufficient: that divorced from direct responsibility, it is little more than a national plaything, and that it affords no

adequate security against the subjection of government to the interests of a single class or against the capricious and hazardous policies of a semi-absolutism. For some years before the war the German people had been working round to the conclusion that no emperor, however patriotic, and no chancellor, however dexterous, could be quite so safe a guardian of the national interests as the nation itself. I do not say that they had actually reached that conclusion or that, even if they had, they possessed the political capacity to give effect to it. But unquestionably that was the direction in which the German mind was moving. It seems not unreasonable to assume that the defeat of Germany in this war, by discrediting the whole philosophy of the state for which the Hohenzollerns have stood, must powerfully aid the political enfranchisement of the masses.

But it is, perhaps, on Russia that the war is destined to work its greatest effects. Whatever else happens, the days of Prussianism in the Empire of the Czars are numbered; and with its disappearance there vanishes a baleful influence that since the days of Peter the Great has corrupted the Slavonic spirit and interposed an estranging barrier between the Czar and his peoples. Changing the name of the capital from St. Petersburg to Petrograd was a small thing but symbolic. It was a token that the Russian sovereign and his subjects, long separated by Prussian ascendancy in the court, the army, and the bureaucracy, were at last coming together in a mutually intelligible identity. The true genius of the Russian people is kindly, tolerant, and democratic. It is almost everything, indeed, that the Prussian spirit is not. That is why this war is for Russia essentially a war of moral liberation that will clear a path for the fruition and expansion of all that is most genuinely Russian. The

results may be long in showing themselves, but those who know Russia best and are possessed of something of her own unconquerable faith have the least doubt of their ultimate advent. Another and a decisive milestone is being passed on the long and tortuous road of Russia's progress toward liberalism and unity.

III

But it is on wider problems than these that the observer of the present struggle soon finds himself ruminating. There is not a question of all the many questions that have harassed European statesmanship for the past hundred years that has not been started by it into fresh vitality; and one at least, forgotten by all diplomats and remembered only by dreamers, has reëmerged from a still older tomb. Poland! That name, that ideal, that inveterate aspiration of a people martyred with the peculiar callousness of the eighteenth century, — what 'practical' man gave it, until the present war and Russia's resounding pledge of national resurrection, a single moment's thought? Yet the final and, as it were, the sacramental token of victory for the Allies has been solemnly and sincerely declared to be the ancient kingdom of Poland reconstituted and made whole. And the principle by virtue of which this miracle is to be wrought is the principle of nationality. There, if anywhere, is the point of sharpest opposition between the Teutonic powers and the Allies. The triumph of the former means the trampling of the smaller peoples of Europe beneath the jackboot of Prussian militarism; the triumph of the latter is the vindication of their right to security and self-realization.

But one who, with this clue in his hands, seeks to thread the maze of European politics, will find 'the principle

of nationality' an erratic and even convulsive guide. By its light he may, indeed, picture to himself, without too much effort, the lost provinces restored to France, Belgium once more independent, and the neighboring kingdoms as self-contained and relatively tranquil as they are to-day. But as his eyes travel eastward, he becomes aware that, if nationality is to determine everything, very little is left of the map of Europe. Poland rises again; Austria-Hungary disappears, the German elements gravitating toward the Hohenzollerns and the Slav toward the Romanoffs, leaving Hungary to form a Magyar Switzerland; a Greater Serbia, a Greater Roumania, emerge; Bulgaria expands to the limits of her original agreement with Serbia and Greece; Italy annexes whatever in Austria and along the Dalmatian coast is Italian in speech or sentiment or by tradition; and Greece overflows into Asia Minor. Such a rearrangement is not impossible, if and when the Allies win. But it raises almost as many problems as it solves, and the more he looks into it the more will a dispassionate onlooker wonder whether nationality may not prove as refractory and aggressive — and may not be the forcing-bed of as many wars — as religion itself.

Not even here, however, do we reach the limits of this 'greatest of all wars.' Is the five-hundred-years-old curse of Turkish rule at last and really to be removed from Europe? Is Russia actually within sight and touch of her insistent goals, — Constantinople and an outlet to the warm waters? And if the Turks are driven from Europe, can they hold their own or maintain any sort of authority in Asia Minor? Syria and Palestine, Mesopotamia and Arabia, what is to become of them? Can Great Britain with her eighty million Moslem subjects be indifferent to the fate of a country that contains the holy places

at Mecca and Medina, and that commands the trade route to India as well as the coasts of Egypt? Is another and a greater empire to rise where the Assyrian and Babylonian empires fell? Will cities more magnificent than they cover the sites of Nineveh and Babylon, and the Tigris spread fertility like the Nile, and Mesopotamia become once more the granary of the East, and the oil-wells of Kerkuk rival those of Baku? These are not idle speculations. They are as much and as pertinently the conceivable consequences of the war as the fate of Germany's possessions in Africa and the Pacific, and the round-ing-off of the all-British route from Cairo to the Cape.

But all forecasts, all possibilities, are subject to the issue of the struggle and the nature of the peace. The world is

at war to-day very largely because the Congress of Vienna one hundred years ago redrew the map of Europe on the artificial and transient lines of dynastic claims and antiquated technicalities, and ignored the rights and sentiments and individuality of the peoples it was dealing with. Since then democracy and nationality have made themselves felt as the most potent of all forces in the politics of to-day. If the settlement is guided by them, a new and saner dispensation may be created such as Europe has not seen since the peace of the Antonines was broken. For by far the most crucial question propounded by the war is not its effect upon this country or upon that, but whether it is to end merely to be renewed later on, or whether 'the greatest of all wars' is to be also the last.

WAR AND THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

BY L. P. JACKS

WHAT is the cause of the terrible calamities which are now falling on the civilized world? Surely it lies in the fact that the economic development of mankind has outstripped the moral development. The nations of the world have grown richer without becoming wiser and juster in a corresponding degree. We all know that the possession of great riches is a dangerous thing — dangerous for the possessor and dangerous for his neighbors. We all know what the dangers are; we know further that they can be averted only if the moral development of the man's character keeps pace with the economic de-

velopment of his wealth. I suppose that few of us would object to a man's increasing his possessions tenfold, provided that his sense of justice and his wisdom were increased to correspond. But if his wisdom and sense of justice lagged behind, while his fortune went ahead, we should be justly alarmed for the consequences both to the man and to his neighbors. This holds good of nations as well as of individuals. And the fact is that during the past fifty years the wealth of the world has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, while the morality of the world has moved only at a snail's pace.

Indeed, there are pessimists who maintain that morality has not improved, but rather deteriorated. That I do not believe; at all events it is a disputable proposition. It may be true of certain countries, — I believe it is true of Germany, — but it is not true of the civilized world taken as a whole. At the same time it is indisputable that morality, by which I mean justice and wisdom, has not advanced, anywhere, in the degree that is needed to deal justly and wisely with the enormous accession of riches which has suddenly fallen to the lot of the human race. Material prosperity has taken the world unawares; morally the nations were unprepared for it; some of them made ready for war, but none of them made ready for the greater dangers of peace. The nations have acquired all this wealth, but in the deepest sense they don't know what to do with it; they don't know how it ought to be handled; they don't know how to make it a blessing, or even how to prevent it from being a curse. This disparity between the moral and the economic development is the prime cause of our present trouble.

As things now are, — wealth advancing by leaps and bounds, justice and wisdom advancing at a snail's pace, — rich nations are bound to be quarrelsome nations. They will be quarrelsome in various ways, — in the first place, internally. Within the nation itself there will be class-war, the struggle between the poor and the rich, which may and probably would break out into armed civil strife unless the contending parties were restrained by their common fear of foreign aggression. These internal quarrels — at least the fiercest of them — are centred on the question of wealth, and they are most bitter in those countries where there is most wealth to be divided and quarreled about. And the reasons for this are quite obvious. Where-

ever classes or individuals distrust one another, they will find means to pick a quarrel. Mutual distrust always follows from the presence of ill-digested wealth in a community. The rich suspect the poor of having designs on their property. The poor suspect the rich of trying to oppress them and take advantage of them. Whether these suspicions are well founded or not does not matter. They exist; neither party has confidence in the good faith of the other; and quarrels are bound to break out the moment a pretext is forthcoming.

Before the present war began all the wealthy nations of Europe were seething with this sort of strife. It was bitter in every one of them; but it was even more bitter in the United States, a country which is probably more wealthy than any other, and at the same time less exposed to the danger of foreign attack.

But while the internal quarrels are serious, more serious still are the external quarrels which are produced by the ill-digested wealth of nations. And here I will call your attention to a simple, obvious, and unquestionable fact. The present world-war is, in the main, a war between *rich* nations. It is not a war between nations who are fighting, like starving dogs, for the bare means of subsistence. With the exception of Serbia and Montenegro, who of course are not the principals, each of the belligerent powers possesses vast territories and vast accumulations of wealth. Judged by any reasonable standard of human satisfaction, each has within itself not only enough, but far more than enough, to provide for the wants of its inhabitants. If any of these countries cannot produce for itself all that its population requires, it is at all events rich enough to buy from those who can. Every one of them is enormously rich. Unless they were, they could not wage war on its present scale.

I am going to suggest that the enormous wealth of these nations has something to do with the fact that they are at war and a great deal to do with their being at war on the present stupendous scale. We all know that this war has been brought about by a complicated tangle of causes. From among the tangle I shall pick out this one, and ask you to concentrate attention upon it.

My contention is that vast accumulations of national wealth, so far from inclining nations to live at peace with one another, have, in the present backward state of international morality, precisely the opposite effect. The possession of great riches acts upon nations in the same way that we sometimes see it act upon individuals. Instead of making them contented with what they have, it makes them covetous to get more. It gives rise to ambitions which have no limit and suffer no restraint. It provokes jealousy and arouses predatory instincts. A rich but vulgar-minded man, living in the society of men who are richer than himself, is apt to be jealous on that account. The fact that they have more than he has makes him determined to get more himself, possibly at their expense. So among nations. They may all be rich together, but if some are richer than others, then those that are less rich are apt to look with envy on those that are more rich; those that are more rich on the other hand will suspect that the less rich have designs on their possessions; and so will arise an atmosphere of hatred, envy, and suspicion which sooner or later is bound to issue in strife.

These, I submit, are very simple and obvious truths. Just because they are so simple and obvious I am afraid that they are often overlooked.

But here I must guard myself from being misunderstood. It is not true that all the industrial nations of the

world have been equally corrupted by their wealth. None has escaped corruption altogether; but in some the evil is much less than in others. It is not true that every nation is jealous of its neighbors or eager to raid their possessions; and those that are jealous are not all jealous to the same degree. Most of them, if the peoples as distinct from the governments could speak, are peaceably inclined. Some of them wish nothing better than to be left in peace to pursue their own economic development, leaving the rest to do the same. But to produce the state from which war arises it is not necessary that every nation should envy every other. It is quite enough if there be one black sheep in the flock. The presence of one nation whose wealth has so operated on the national character as to make it envious of others and greedy for more will be enough to upset the peace of the world. The action of that one nation, and its known character, will breed a general sense of insecurity in the rest, will cause them to be on their guard and put them in the attitude which is ready to strike. And that attitude when it becomes general will give rise to new suspicions, to new competitions in armaments, and to all those dangerous suggestions of war which the mere existence of armaments never fails to produce.

This, as we all know to our cost, is precisely what has occurred. And my point is that precisely this was bound to occur, and is likely to occur again in a state of society whose moral development is so far behind its economic development as our own is at the present day. The wealth of nations, operating upon a backward morality, becomes a bone of contention, instead of being, as the thinkers of a past generation hoped it would be, the basis of peace. It provokes the cupidity, the envy, the boundless ambition of which war is the

necessary sequel. It need not and does not provoke these passions everywhere; but it is certain to provoke them somewhere; and that is enough to upset the peaceable equilibrium of the world. Consider how this enormous accumulation of national wealth has come into existence. It is partly the result of the conquest by the more powerful races of the backward territories of the earth. But in the main it is the result of industry carried on by enormous populations and aided by the discoveries of physical science. Now what has industry to do with war?

Industry appears at first sight to be a force opposed to war. Communities which are engaged in producing wealth look upon war as a fatal interruption of their work, and as a disastrous destruction of the fruit of their labors. Moreover, the nations which are engaged in commerce lose the aptitudes which make them efficient in war, and they acquire other aptitudes which make them inefficient. The desire for military glory is displaced by the desire for economic success and for the satisfactions it brings in its train. And in addition to all this, trade between nations tends to break down the barriers of race and geography; and sets up a network of international interests which act in favor of peace. All this is obvious and familiar.

Unfortunately this is not the end of the story. While it remains true that the actual *process* of producing wealth is one which works in favor of peace, it is none the less true that *the wealth when it is produced* becomes a cause acting in favor of war. The peaceful tendencies of the process of industry are undone by effects which the material fruits of industry produce on an imperfectly developed type of human character. These effects are such that bitter strife is the almost inevitable consequence.

Here we come to what seems to me the great defect in Herbert Spencer's treatment of this question. Spencer thought that industry was going to drive war out of the world. His reasons for so thinking were simple. In the first place he saw that industry had those peaceful tendencies which I have already mentioned. But over and above this, he pointed out that nations devoted to industry would find themselves forced to abandon the kind of social organization which is essential to war. What militancy requires is centralization, — that is, a state of society which places all the individual citizens under the immediate command of the state, so that the whole community may be ready to act together, at a moment's notice, against the common foe. And this centralization, which as you know is the characteristic of the Prussian system, while necessary to nations which live by war, Spencer regarded as fatal to nations which live by trade. What trade requires before all else is just that freedom for individual initiative which the citizen must surrender under the state of war. Just as war, to be successful, demands centralization, so industry, to be successful, demands decentralization. Thus the end of war would come about by a natural process of evolution. Industrial communities would gradually find out that the centralized system was opposed to their interests as wealth-producers; that system would gradually be eaten into and destroyed, until at last these industrial communities, which had lost the taste for war in the meantime, would find themselves so decentralized that the carrying on of war would be in any event impossible.

Thus in the end wars would cease automatically. And all this, it will be observed, is to be brought about by the natural development of industrialism — the wealth-making, as opposed to

the war-making, instinct of mankind. Industrialism therefore is the great enemy of militarism; the two are engaged in a struggle for mastery; and the end of the struggle will be the triumph of industrialism and the downfall of militarism. Spencer's own words are these: 'A long peace is likely to be accompanied by so vast an increase of manufacturing and commercial activity, with accompanying growth of appropriate political structures within each nation [he means decentralized institutions], and strengthening of those ties between nations which mutual dependence generates, that hostilities will be more and more resisted, and the organization adapted for the carrying them on will decay.'¹

In Spencer's opinion, then, a long peace (he does not tell us how long) is all that industrial communities need to cripple the machinery of war, and to deaden the desire for it, so that further conflicts will become impossible.

Now all this appears to be excellent reasoning, and incontrovertible so far as it goes. But unfortunately it stops short at the point where some tremendous forces come into operation of which Spencer takes no account. It describes with almost perfect truth the effect which the *process* of wealth-making has on the habits or characters of industrial nations. But it says nothing of the effects which come from the *wealth itself* after it has been produced. How the process of producing wealth acts on the character of nations, is one question, and this Spencer deals with; how the wealth when produced reacts on the nations which have produced it, is another question, and this Spencer leaves out of the account. It is as though you were studying the character of a man engaged in making his fortune by trade. You might conclude that the man, in order to succeed in

business, must avoid quarrelsome habits, must consider his employees and customers, must conciliate the good opinion of other people, must learn to live and let live and maintain a generally pacific attitude to his fellow men, and so on. I suppose that Dr. Johnson was thinking of all this when he said to Boswell, 'Sir, a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is engaged in making money.'

But it is obvious that we must not stop here. We must ask further, 'What will be the effects on the man of his money after he has made it?' The process of earning ten thousand dollars, by industry, may conceivably be a very wholesome discipline. But the possession of the fortune, when earned, may have consequences of a very different order. It may fill the man with pride and ostentation; it may turn him into an offensive snob; it may give him a swelled head. It may have a yet more disastrous effect. Instead of leaving him contented with what he has got, it may only provoke his desire to get more.

Or a worse thing still may happen. His wealth, instead of making him feel comfortable and at ease, may fill him with constant dread lest it be lost or stolen. He may fall into a habit of suspecting that everybody has designs on his fortune, and all those good conciliatory habits which he acquired while earning his money will be replaced by bad suspicious habits, leading him to keep a loaded revolver under his pillow and a fierce dog at his garden gate.

All this applies closely to the question of militarism and industrialism, and especially to Spencer's treatment of it. Spencer leaves us at the point where the biggest question still remains to be asked. Admitting the truth of all he says about industrialism as a peace-making process among nations, we have still to inquire into the after-

¹ *Political Institutions*, p. 736.

effects on the nations of that which industry produces. Industry produces vast accumulations of material wealth. It has made the nations of the West rich in a degree which staggers the imagination. What is the effect of those riches? Does their possession make the nations pacific in their relations with one another? Does it tend to the elimination of jealousy? Does it produce a sense of security and mutual trust among the peoples of Europe? Does it lead us to abandon our armaments? Does it involve the downfall of that centralized system of government which is needed for the carrying on of war? And if by chance war breaks out, does it shorten the period of conflict, and tend to keep the area within narrow limits, and render the conduct of operations less bloody, less cruel? Does it mitigate the passions of hatred or the desire for revenge? Alas, we know that it does none of these things.

In all our studies of industrialism, and of its relation to the question of war and peace, let us bear in mind the distinction I have drawn between the social effects of the process of industry, and the social effect of that which industry produces — national wealth. The distinction appears to me vital. While admitting, with certain reservations, that the industrial process is on the whole pacific, we may yet find that the fruit of the process is the prime cause of war. It may be true, as Spencer teaches, that the effect of industry considered as a process is to break down the system of centralized and coercive government. But when the need arises, as it does arise, of guarding the fruits of industry against the predatory designs of other nations, or when the fear exists, as it does exist, that such designs are in preparation, then it is that these industrial communities are driven, in spite of their own interests, to revert to the military type of

organization, thereby losing to militarism all that they have gained by industrialism. Thus industrialism, instead of destroying militarism, may lead to its establishment on a firmer basis than ever.

As the world is now constituted, and as 'prosperity' is now understood, it may be said without reservation that in proportion as a nation grows rich by industry, it becomes an object of apprehension to itself and of jealousy to its neighbors. That riches bring no content is a moral platitude when applied to individuals. But our greatest thinkers have sometimes forgotten that the same holds good of nations. In times of peace the richest nations, as we have seen, are apt to be the most discontented. Prior to the outbreak of the present conflict the industrial nations were being strained to the breaking point by suppressed civil war. They were never further from satisfaction. The rich were fighting to become richer; the poor were fighting to become less poor.

And if this were true of the classes within the nations, it was equally true of the nations as wholes. All of them were apprehensive in regard to what they possessed already, and some of them, at all events, covetous of possessing more. Every one of the great powers was guarding its hoard and building up armaments, either to protect its own possessions, or to raid those of its neighbors. The warlike preparations were in proportion to the wealth at stake. I do not think there was ever so much fear in the world as there was during the ten years which preceded the war. And it was the kind of fear which is born of the possession of great riches, — the dread lest what you have should be taken away or diminished, the knowledge that others are jealous, the feverish haste to pile up wealth so as to provide a margin for

future losses. The attitude of the great powers constantly reminded one of the miser who lies awake at night suspecting that every sound is the footfall of an approaching thief. It was a poor sort of 'prosperity.'

We delude ourselves in thinking of national wealth as though it were necessarily enjoyed by the nations which possess it. As things now are, the sense of its precariousness spoils the enjoyment. And the day comes at last when all the wealth which industrialism has been piling up for generations has to be handed over to militarism to provide the means of mutual destruction, the extent of the destruction being measured by the amount of industrial wealth forthcoming for the purpose.

In view of the facts, therefore, I think we shall not be wise in looking any longer to industrialism as the force which is to antagonize war.

But I must add that in speaking of industrialism, I am thinking of it as it is now understood and carried on. That is to say, I am thinking of that kind of industry whose sole object is the production of material wealth — broadly speaking, the industry of the modern world. The last fruit of that kind is not peace, but war, — war produced by the passions to which the possession of mere material wealth inevitably gives rise.

But there is another kind of industry whose final object is not material wealth but the joy of the worker. There is a kind of industry which is its own reward. It was that kind that built the Cathedral of Rheims — the kind that creates beautiful things. There is precious little of it in the world at present. But I am hoping — I cannot say I am as yet convinced — that the present war, by demonstrating the utter futility of the kind of industrialism so long in vogue, will give that other and better kind a chance and an opportunity

such as it has not had for three hundred years. It seems to me as if the age of mechanism, the age in which we have lived so long, the age which the future will look back upon as one of the dreariest and saddest in the history of the world, were being burned out and destroyed. If this conflagration does not destroy it, then there must be another. For till it is gone there will be no rest, no peace, for man.

My general conclusion is, therefore, that we shall never get rid of war until we get rid of that type of civilization which directs the energies of nations to the production of mere material wealth. In other words militarism will not go till we get a reformed industrialism. So long as nations are engaged in piling up national fortunes, they are creating the forces that make for war.

The question remains whether the wealth of nations would lose its strife-producing qualities if it were more justly distributed among the members of each community. Suppose some system were introduced which gave to every citizen a fair share of the national wealth. Would that lead to universal peace?

Before that question can be answered, we must understand the meaning of our terms. What do we mean by 'a fair share'? Do we mean a share which is considered fair by the man who gets it? Or do we mean one which is considered fair by some tribunal, or authority, appointed to settle the matter, but which possibly the man himself may regard as unfair? This, of course, would not remove the cause of strife. To do that you must not merely insure to the citizen his just share of the world's goods, but you must get him to recognize it as just. Otherwise discontent will remain, and however free the community may be from foreign war, the danger of civil war will always be present.

But the danger would not be over even if we were to introduce a scheme of distribution which everybody recognized as just. We should still have to deal with cupidity and covetousness. Everybody might feel that he was getting as much of this world's goods as he was entitled to; and yet his desire to get a great deal more might be unabated. 'This,' he might say, 'is all I can fairly claim; but it is not enough to satisfy me.' There would still be room for avarice and for the play of the predatory instincts. There is nothing in the recognized fairness of the distribution to prevent an astute and covetous individual from practicing on those who are less astute and covetous than himself. Which is only another way of saying that peace is not yet assured.

Furthermore, we have to consider the question in its international aspects. Two states existing side by side might have solved their economic problems to the perfect satisfaction of their respective citizens. Each of those states might possess enormous funds of justly distributed wealth. But though the citizens of each might be perfectly contented when they looked within their own borders, yet they might be profoundly envious when they looked across the frontier. These rich nations

would not be prevented from hating, envying, and fighting one another by the mere fact that each regarded its domestic arrangements as satisfactory. So that, unless the problem is solved on an international basis, it is not solved at all.

All of which drives me back to my original conclusion. So long as the world is committed to that kind of industrialism which seeks satisfaction in the possession of material wealth, and devotes its main energies to the creation of that wealth, I see no prospect of peace. The root of strife will remain uncut, and militarism will continue to feed itself on the fruits of industry. There will, no doubt, be long intervals of peace, during which industry will pile up its fruits; but only to find that it has been providing the commissariat for future wars. I place my hope in the gradual opening up to man of other satisfactions than those which attend the possession of material wealth. Difficult as this may seem of realization, I cannot but believe that the present war will leave our material industrialism so shattered and discredited, that men and nations will be willing to entertain other objects of endeavor than the mere creation of material wealth. At least they will be more willing than they have been hitherto.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHAVING THOUGHTS

'TALKING of shaving the other night at Dr. Taylor's,' wrote the biographer Boswell, 'Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished." I thought this not possible, till he specified so many of the varieties in shaving, — holding the razor more or less perpendicular; drawing long or short strokes; beginning at the upper part of the face, or the under; at the right side or the left side. Indeed when one considers what variety of sounds can be uttered by the windpipe, in the compass of a very small aperture, we may be convinced how many degrees of difference there may be in the application of the razor.'

So they talked of shaving at Dr. Taylor's before the advent of the safety-razor; and our curiosity can never be satisfied as to just what so acute an observer as Dr. Johnson would have thought of this characteristically modern invention to combine speed and convenience. I can imagine Boswell playfully reminding the doctor how that illustrious friend had quite recently expressed his disapproval of bleeding. 'Sir,' says Samuel, as he actually did on another occasion, 'courage is a quality necessary for maintaining virtue.' And he adds (blowing with high derision), 'Poh! If a man is to be intimidated by the possible contemplation of his own blood — let him grow whiskers.' At any rate among a thousand shavers to-day, two do not think so much alike that one may not be influenced by this consideration and regard Byron, composing his verses while

shaving, as a braver poet than if he had performed the operation with a safety.

The world of shavers is divided into three classes: the ordinary shaver; the safety shaver; and the extraordinary-safety shaver, who buys each safety razor as soon as it is invented and is never so happy as when about to try a new one. To a shaver of this class, cost is immaterial. A safety razor for a cent, with twenty gold-monogrammed blades and a guarantee of expert surgical attendance if he cuts himself, would stir his active interest neither more nor less than a safety razor for a hundred dollars, with one Cannotbedull blade and an iron-clad agreement to pay the makers an indemnity if he found it unsatisfactory. He buys them secretly, lest his wife justly accuse him of extravagance, and practices cunning in getting rid of them afterward; for to a conscientious man throwing away a razor is a responsible matter. It is hard to think of any place where a razor blade, indestructible and horribly sharp as it is, — for all purposes except shaving, — can be thrown away without some worry over possible consequences. A baby may find and swallow it; the ashman sever an artery; dropping it overboard at sea is impracticable, to say nothing of the danger to some innocent fish. Mailing it anonymously to the makers, although it is expensive, is a solution, or at least shifts the responsibility. Perhaps the safest course is to put the blades with the odds and ends you have been going to throw away to-morrow ever since you can remember; for there, while you live, nobody will ever disturb them. Once, indeed, I — but this is getting too per-

sonal: I was simply about to say that it is possible to purchase a twenty-five cent safety razor, returnable if unsatisfactory, and find the place of sale vanished before you can get back to it. But between inventions in safety razors, the extraordinary-safety shaver is likely to revert to first principles and the naked steel of his ancestors.

And as he shaves he will perhaps think sometimes of the unhappy Edward II of England, who, before his fall, wore his beard in three corkscrew curls — and was shaved afterward by a cruel jailer who had it done *with cold water!* The fallen monarch wept with discomfort and indignation. 'Here at least,' he exclaimed reproachfully, 'is warm water on my cheeks, whether you will or no.' But the heartless shave proceeded. Razed away were those corkscrew curls from the royal chin, and so he comes down to us without them, shaved as well as bathed in tears, — one of the pitifulest figures in history. Personally, however, I prefer to think of kindlier scenes while shaving. Nothing that I can do now can help poor Edward: no indignation of mine can warm that cold water; perhaps, after all, the cruel jailer had a natural and excusable hatred of corkscrew curls anywhere. I should feel quite differently about it if he had warmed the water; but although a man may shave himself with cold water, certainly nobody else has a right to.

There have been periods in the history of man when I, too, would probably have cultivated some form of whiskering. Perhaps, like Mr. Richard Shute, I would have kept a gentleman to read aloud to me while my valet starched and curled my whiskers, — such being the mode in the seventeenth century when Mr. Shute was what they then called, without meaning offense, a turkey merchant; and indeed his pride in his whiskers was nothing out

of the common. Or, being less able to support a valet to starch and curl and a gentleman to read aloud 'on some useful subject,' — poor gentleman! I hope that he and Mr. Shute agreed as to what subjects were useful, but I have a feeling they did n't, — I might have had to economize, and might have been one of those who were 'so curious in the management of their beards that they had pasteboard cases to put over them at night, lest they turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep.' Nevertheless, wives continued to respect their husbands in about the normal proportion. Within the relatively brief compass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, I, who would have gone smooth-shaven in the fourteenth, could conceivably have fluttered in at least thirty-eight separate and beautiful arrangements of moustaches, beard, and whiskers. Nor, I suspect, did these arrangements wait invariably upon the slow processes of nature. One does not *have* to grow whiskers. Napoleon's youthful officers were fiercely whiskered, but often with the aid of helpfully adhesive gum; and in the 1830's there occurs in the *Boston Transcript*, as a matter of course, an advertisement of 'gentlemen's whiskers ready-made or to order.' We see in imagination a quiet corner at the whiskerer's, with a mirror before which the Bostonian tries on his ready-made whiskers before ordering them sent home; or again, the Bostonian in doubt, selecting now this whisker and now that from the *Gentlemen's Own Whisker Book*, and still with a shade of indecision on his handsome face as he holds it up to be measured. 'Perhaps, after all, those *other* whiskers' —

But the brisk, courteous person with the dividers and tape-measure is reassuring. 'Elegant whiskers!' he repeats at intervals. 'They will do us both credit.'

The matter has, in fact, been intelligently studied; the beautifying effect of whiskers reduced to principles. If my face is too wide, a beard lengthens it; if my face is too narrow, it expands as if by magic with the addition of what have sometimes been affectionately called 'mutton chops' or 'siders'; if my nose projects, almost like a nose trying to escape from a face to which it has been sentenced for life, a pair of large, handsome moustaches will provide a proper entourage,—a nest, so to speak, on which the nose rests contentedly, almost like a setting hen; if my nose retreats backward into my face, the æsthetic solution is obviously galways. A stout man can do wonders with his appearance by adopting a pointed beard, and a suit of clothes, shirt, necktie, and stockings with pronounced vertical stripes. A thin man, on the other hand, becomes at once substantial in effect, without being gross, if he cultivates side-whiskers, and wears a suit of clothes, shirt, cravat, and stockings with pronounced horizontal stripes. If my face lacks fierceness and dynamic force, it needs a brisk, arrogant moustache; or if it has too much of these qualities, a long, sad, drooping moustache will counterbalance them. I read in my volume of *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* that 'the movements of the moustache are dependent on the muscle called *depressor alæ nasi*. By specially cultivating this muscle, men might in course of time make the movements of the moustache subject to voluntary control. Just think what a capacity for emotional expression lies in such a simple organ as the dog's caudal appendage, aptly called the 'psychographic tail' by Vischer; and moustaches are double, and therefore equal to two psychographic appendages! Truly I know not of which to think first — a happy man wagging his moustache or a happy

dog wagging two tails. And yet here am I, shaving away the daily effort of this double psychographic appendage to become visible! One might almost think that my *depressor alæ nasi* was a vermiform appendix.

It has been said by some critics that whiskers are a disguise. I should be unwilling to commit myself to this belief; nor can I accept the contrary conviction that whiskers are a gift of Almighty Providence in which the Giver is so sensitively interested that to shave them off is to invite eternal punishment of a kind — and this, I think, destroys the theory — that would singe them off in about two seconds. Whiskers are real, and sometimes uncomfortably earnest; the belief that they betoken an almost brutal masculine force is visible in the fact that those whose whiskers are naturally thinnest take the greatest satisfaction in possessing them, — seem, in fact, to say proudly, '*These* are my whiskers!' But I cannot feel that a gentleman is any more disguised by his whiskers, real, ready-made, or made to order, than he would be if he appeared naked or in a ready-made or made-to-order suit. Whiskers, in fact, are a subtle revelation of real character, whether of the kind that exist as a soft, mysterious haze about the lower features or such as inspired the immortal limerick, — I quote from memory, —

There was an old man with a beard
Who said, 'I am greatly afeard
Two larks and a hen,
A jay and a wren,
Have each made a nest in my beard.'

Yet I feel also and strongly that the man who shaves clean stands, as it were, on his own face.

We have, indeed, but to visualize clearly the spectacle of a man shaving himself and put beside it the spectacle of a man starching and curling his whiskers, to see the finer personal dig-

nity that has come with the general adoption of the razor. I am not going to attempt to describe a man starching and curling his whiskers, — it would be too horrible, — but I like to dwell on the shaver. He whistles or perhaps hums. He draws hot water from the faucet — Alas, poor Edward! He makes a rich, creamy lather either in a mug or (for the sake of literary directness) on his own with a shaving stick. He strops his razor, or perhaps selects a blade already sharpened for his convenience. He rubs in the lather. He shaves, and, as Dr. Johnson so shrewdly pointed out that night at Dr. Taylor's, 'Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished.' Perhaps he cuts himself, for a clever man at self-mutilation can do it even with a safety; but who cares? Come, Little Alum, the shaver's friend, smartly to the rescue! And then, being shaved, he exercises the shaver's prerogative and powders his face. Fortunately the process does not always go so smoothly. There are times when the Local Brotherhood of Razors have gone on strike and refuse to be stropped. There are times at which the twelve interchangeable blades are hardly better for shaving than twelve interchangeable postage stamps. There are times when the lather might have been fairly guaranteed to dry on the face. There are times when Little Alum, the shaver's friend, might well feel the sting of his own powerlessness. But these times are the blessed cause of genial satisfaction when all goes happily.

Truly it is worth while to grow a beard — for the sake of shaving it off. Not such a beard as one might starch and curl — but the beginnings — an obfuscation of the chin, cheeks, and upper lip — a horror of unseemly growth — a landscape of the face comparable to

that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower'

in Browning's grim poem of 'Childe Roland.' Then is the time to strop your favorite razor! I wonder, while stropping mine, if any man still lives who uses a moustache cup?

PULLMAN CARS

COLLEGE presidents have the doubtful pleasure of being frequently interviewed on the most various subjects; they have the greatest freedom of utterance in public; and yet there is one topic that they are inclined to avoid, one subject which they either handle with gloves or not at all. Perhaps, like Shelley and the love of which he sang, they feel that scholarship is too often profaned for them to profane it; they take refuge in their official reports, which they know very few will ever read, and express the desire of their hearts and the deepest professional wisdom in pages whose only destiny is to be buried in archives. And yet a few presidents have spoken out to the public on the central problems of education. Such phrases as the 'three-ring circus' and the 'country club' helped to make Mr. Wilson famous; and now President Hyde has said that we must furnish 'Pullman cars' to our better students, so that they may be separated from mediocrity and may travel to learning in a class by themselves. Here indeed is reaction in high places, and courage too. For his words are redolent with special privilege, and it is likely that the Students' Protective Association will soon issue a memorial demanding equal rights and equal rewards for all, reasserting the Sixteen-Hours-a-Week Law and reminding President Hyde that all American citizens are created free and equal.

Now it would be a joke if the students should make such a protest, and

yet it would be highly serious; for it is the general American belief that all students should have the same training and the same teachers. We have confounded political equality, which is possible, with intellectual equality, which is impossible. Almost all of us have taken for granted that the old utilitarian ideal of the greatest good to the greatest number would solve any difficulty. The result has been that our colleges are wide open. Any one can get into them, and very few, after entrance, fail to get out of them duly adorned with a degree. For us, it has been a comforting spectacle, and we have been confirmed in our satisfaction by foreign savants who congratulate us profusely on our national passion for education and go home without regret to universities whose degrees mean something.

But the minority to which President Hyde belongs is growing: the important minority who believe in the inequality of the students, so far as intelligence is concerned; who have realized that our democracy depends not merely on the general average but also on our ability to foster and produce the best. If that is aristocracy, we need aristocracy; if that means Honor Schools, let us have Honor Schools. But above all, let us encourage our college presidents to unburden themselves on educational questions. We assure them that there is an eager public who appreciate slang when uttered in a good cause, and who will tolerate even weighty argument, if directed against the intellectual apathy and slackness of our colleges.

For it is absurd that the good, the bad, and the indifferent should all take the same courses, hear the same professors, and receive the same degrees; a business firm which gave the same tasks to all its employees would soon be in bankruptcy. Our reluctance to

admit any difference of ability between one man and another is so profound that we have come near to killing distinction. The trouble with the 'Pullman car' phrase is that it suggests luxury, ease of motion, and porters, whereas what our best students really need is hard work, the stimulus of competition, and the total absence of 'porters.' For porters have altogether too nearly the same function as the ordinary professor; they both examine their passengers at frequent intervals and are very careful to remove from them all signs of the long and dusty journey. If some metaphor is necessary, perhaps one drawn from the aristocracy of athletics would do. We wish President Hyde would found a training table.

ON BEING THE LAST TO BED

BED is a kind of solecism after all: one can't quite imagine the angels tucking their heads under their wings or having any ado with blankets. Even the 'young-eyed cherubim,' one is sure, need no slumber to preserve that immortal youthfulness of gaze; and if man is a little lower than the angels, it may be because, however great and good he may become, he still must sleep.

Yet one aspires! There are nights when the ebullient soul refuses to simmer and sink to flat tepidity, when one can look the clock squarely in the face with ignoring insolence, when not even the thought of the inevitable drowsy morrow can send one packing to his pillow. Let the raveled sleeve of care for once go unmended, and the white night have its way.

They're all upstairs and asleep. Bless their dear hearts! we love them all; but one can't play Robinson Crusoe with a family about — even he was at his best before that ill-omened day when Man Friday appeared. Herein lies the essential prosiness of the Swiss

Family Robinson, that with all the turtles and other pleasing fauna of their marvelous isle, and despite the equally amazing flora, — distinctly I remember cloves, and there must have been yams, inevitable product of desert islands, combining the security of the potato with a name suggesting the lip-smackings of the more refined negroid types, — in spite of all these things, I say, good Robinson with all his interesting brood, crowned and completed by his admirable wife, was in no case to know the things which solitude, divinest mystagogue, reveals to her initiates.

That strained interval once tided over in which it is still possible that the voice of wifely counsel may recall the admitted difficulty of rising betimes, with Health and Wealth to greet one, the room becomes a microcosm. Need it be said that only one light is burning? There must be shadows, wherein Wonder may play at hide-and-seek, like Horace's maidens among the ineffectual willows — and there is, too, the light bill. I repeat, the room is now a microcosm, complete, enclosed. Out-of-doors is a mere matter of conjecture, like the nature of the atom. The mind may posit various things. Perhaps the shrubbery has stolen down the hillside, lured by the unheard melodies of some unseen Amphion. Or perhaps — to dismiss the thought of such vegetable vagaries — it may be silently raining, and every leaf be lifting up her face in speechless rejoicing. The imagination even slips back to the habit of twoscore years ago, and considers the fairies. But more immediate things have also changed. The chairs have a settled look, as if resting. The arm-chair stretches out its arms, in solid, middle-aged fashion, like a stoutish person of some consequence, plump hands on fatter knees. The tables literally stand. It is the Hour of all the furniture — or would be, were the fur-

niture granted its just privacy. The flowers in the vases look bored: they have been fresh all day, and counted upon this time to wilt in decent retirement. No self-respecting herb of the field likes to wither publicly. I cannot garden, but this much I know.

Now, in the midst of all this change, I too am changed. Proportion and perspective, shy in the stress of living, come back and arrange experience. All day long my mind has had to work; now — there is no other word for it — it fairly cavorts! So a tired horse astonishes us by his outrageous galloping, when once the green grasses and the pleasant waters acquaint him that he is his own horse again.

Only the cat sleeps on, with a tentative ear hung out for signals from potential mice. A remarkable cat this, fully convinced, not that we keep a cat, but that he cherishes a few humans as pets. Between the intervals of letting him out and in, all day long, I manage to do a little work — and I am sure he thinks that I fall short of the standard of strict honor in so doing. The cat rises and the mood, birdlike, flies away. Arched back, extended paw, and the *miaou* of tolerant contempt apprise me that it is again his will and pleasure to walk abroad. This time, though, the man triumphs. Cat under my left arm, candle in my right hand, I reach the cellar stairs and put him down. He runs to the bottom with ridiculous, unfeline strides, and the air of having said 'cellar' when he spoke. I dispose of a portion of my income for the benefit of the furnace, and crawl yawning up the stairs. Bed has its merits after all. The last object I see is the cat, sitting upright in his box, his back pointedly turned, with the attitude of one who will presently remove his shoes, if only I will have the decency to withdraw. Good-night, then — 'and so, to bed.'